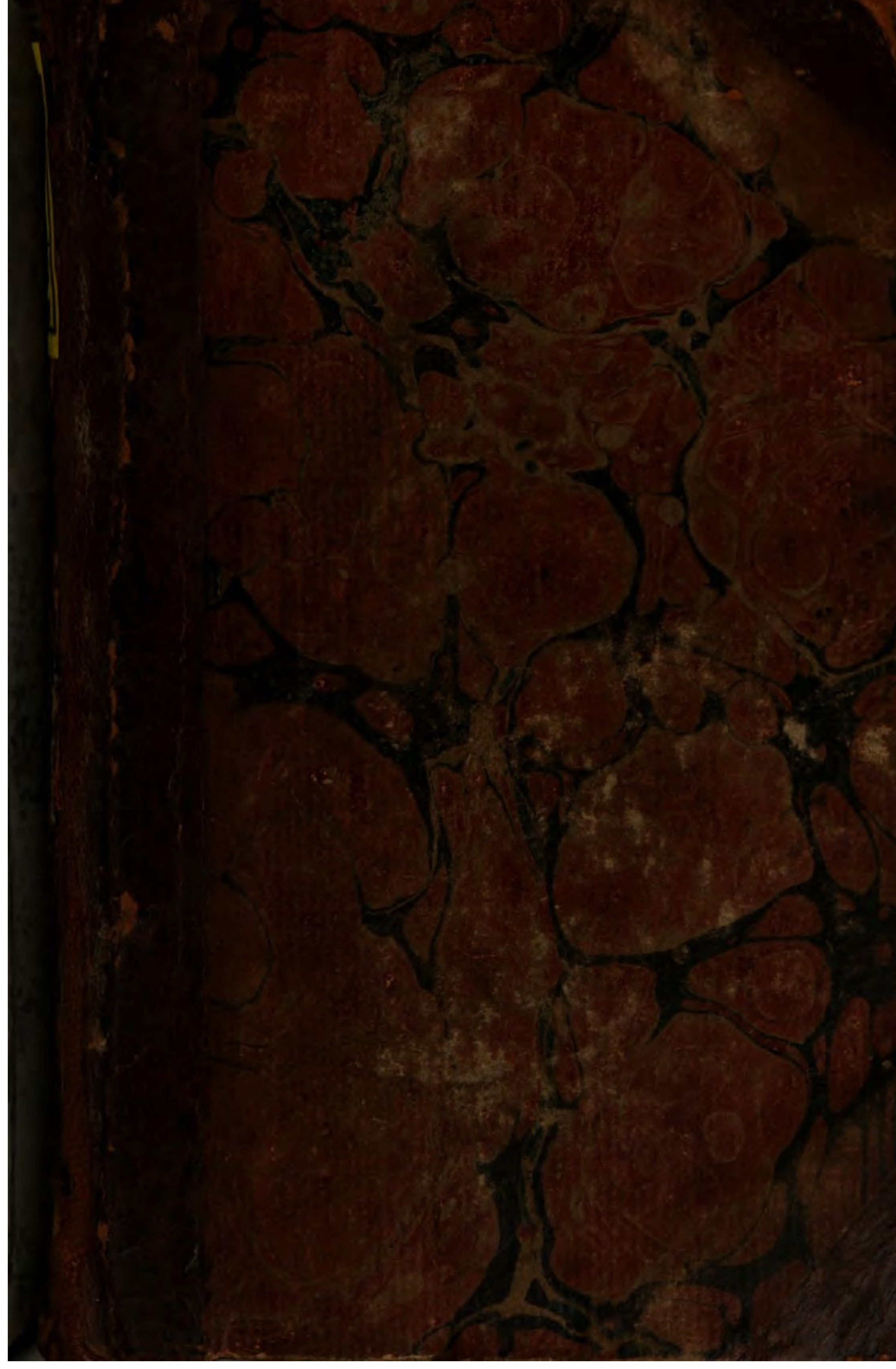




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Part Vol I

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P O E M S

BY

Allan Ramsay.

*Men still are Men, and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the Sons of cold Despair.—
We bring some new materials; and what's old,
New cast with Care, and in no borrowed Mold;
Late Times the Verse may read, if these refuse,
And from sower Criticks vindicate the Muse.*

Dr. YOUNG.

V O L. II.



L O N D O N:

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TO THE
CRITICK.



TAND, Critick, and before ye read,
Say, are ye free of party-fead,
Or of a faul sae scrimp and rude,
To envy every thing that's good?
And if I shou'd (perhaps by chance)
Something that's new and smart advance,
Resolve ye not with scornful snuff,
To say 'tis a' confounded stuff;
If that's the case, fir, spare your spite,
For, faith, 'tis not for you I write:
Gae gie your censure higher scope,
And *Congreve* criticise or *Pope*,
Young's satires, or *Swift's* merry smile,
These, these are writers worth your while.
On me your talents wad be lost,
And tho' you gain a simple boast;
I want a reader wha deals fair,
And not ae real fault will spare;
Yet with good humour will allow
Me praise, when e'er 'tis justly due:
Blest be sic readers, — but the rest
That are with spleen and spite opprest;

May *Bards* arise to gar them look divine
 To death, with lays the maist divine,
 For sma's the skaith they'll get by mine.

How many, and of various natures,
 Are on this globe the crowd of creatures;
 In *Mexiconian* forests fly,
 Thousands that never wing'd our sky:
 'Mangst them there's ane of feathers fair,
 That in the musick bears nae skair,
 Only an imitating ranter,
 For whilk he bears the name of taunter;
 Soon as the sun springs frae the east,
 Upon the branch he cocks his crest,
 Attentive, when frae bough and spray
 The tunefu' throats salute the day:
 The brainless beau attacks them a',
 No ane escapes him great or sma';
 Frae some he takes the tone and manner,
 Frae this a bass, frae that a tenor,
 Turns love's soft plaint to a dull bustle,
 And sprightly airs to a vile whistle;
 Still labouring thus to counterfeit,
 He shaws the poorness of his wit.
 Anes, when with echoe loud the taunter
 Tret with contempt ilk *native Chanter*,
 Ane of them says, we own 'tis true,
 Few praises to our fangs are due,
 But pray, sir, let's have ane frae you.

The RAM and BUCK.

A Ram, the father of a flock,
 Wha'd mony winters stood the shock

Of

Of northern winds and driving snaw,
Leading his family in a raw,
Throw wreaths that clad the laigher field,
And drave them frae the lowner bield.
To crop contented frozen fare,
With honesty on hills blown bare.
This ram of upright hardy spirit,
Was re'lly a horn'd head of merit.
Unlike him was a neighbouring goat,
A mean faul'd, cheating, thieving sot;
That tho' posselt of rocks the prime,
Crown'd with fresh herbs and rowth of thime,
Yet slave to pilfering; his delight
Was to break gardens ilka night,
And round him steal, and aft destroy
Even things he never could enjoy:
The pleasure of a dirty mind
That is sae viciously inclin'd.

Upon a borrowing-day, when fleet
Made twinters, and hog-wedders bleet,
And quake with cauld: behind a ruck
Met honest toop and snaking buck,
Frae chin to tail clad with thick hair,
He bad defiance to thin air;
But trusty toop his fleece had riven,
When he amang the birns was driven:
Half naked the brave leader stood,
His look compos'd, unmov'd his mood.
When thus the goat (that had tint a'
His credit baith with great and sma',
Shunn'd by them as a pest, wad fain
New friendship with this worthy gain.)
Ram, say, shall I give you a part
Of mine, I'll do't with all my heart,

'Tis yet a lang cauld month to *Beltan*,
 And ye've a very raggit kelt on;
 Accept, I pray, what I can spare,
 To clout your doublet with my hair.

No, says the ram, tho' my coat's torn,
 Yet ken, thou worthless, that I scorn,
 To be oblig'd at any price
 To sic as you, whose friendship's vice;
 I'd have less favour frae the best,
 Clad in a hatefu' hairy vest
 Bestow'd by thee, than as I now
 Stand but ill drest in native woo.
 Boons frae the generous make ane smile,
 Frae miscr'ants make receivers vile.

EPIGRAM.

*On receiving a present of an Orange from
 Mrs. G. L. now Countess of ABOYNE.*

NOW, *Priam's* son, thou may'st be mute,
 For I can blythly boast with thee;
 Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
 The fairest gave the fruit to me.

HEALTH: A POEM. *Inscrib'd to the
 Right Honourable the Earl of STAIR.*

BE'r mine the honour, once again to hear,
 And see the *best of men* for me appear,

I'll proudly chant: be dumb, ye vulgar throng,
Stair bids me sing, to him these lays belong;
If he approves, who can condemn my song?

Of Health I sing; O Health my portion be,
And to old age I'll sing if blest'd by thee.
Blessing divine! heaven's fairest gift to man!
Soul of his joys! and lengthner of his span!
His span of life preserv'd with panting breath,
Without thy presence proves a ling'ring death.

The victor kings may cause wide nations bow,
And half a globe with conqu'ring force subdue;
Bind princes to their axletrees, and make
The wondr'ing mob of staring mortals quake:
Erect triumphal arches, and obtain
The loud huzza from thousands in their train:
But if her sweetness balmy health denies,
Without delight pillars or eneids rise.

Cosmellius may on silky twilts repose,
And have a num'rous change of finest cloaths;
Box'd in his chair, he may be born to dine
On *Ortelons*, and sip fine *Tokay* wine.
His liver, if an inflammation seize,
Or wasting lungs shall make him cough and wheeze;
No more he smiles, nor can his richest toys,
Or looking-glass, restore his wonted joys:
The rich brocade becomes a toilsome weight,
The brilliant gem offends his weakly sight;
Perfumes grow nauseous then, nor can he bear
Loud tuneful notes, that us'd to charm his ear.
To please his taste the cook attempts in vain,
When now each former pleasure gives him pain.

Nor flowing bowls, loud laugh or midnight freak,
 Nor smutty tale, delight the roving rake;
 When health forsakes him, all diversions tire;
 There's nothing pleases, nothing can inspire
 A blithsome smile; he shuns the shine of light,
 And broken slumbers make a weary night.
 If silent sleep attempts to bring him ease,
 His watching fancy feels the whole disease:
 He dreams a mountain lies upon his breast,
 Or that he flies the fury of some beast;
 Sees, at vast distance, gushing from the rocks,
 The cooling stream, — while burning thirst provokes
 Him, fainting, to climb up the craggy edge,
 And drag his limbs through many a thorny hedge;
 Hangs o're a precipice, or sinks in waves:
 And all the while he sweats, turns, starts and raves.

How mad's that man, push'd by his passions wild,
 Who's of his greatest *Happiness* beguil'd;
 Who seems, whate're he says, by actions low,
 To court *disease*, our pleasure's greatest foe?

From *Paris*, deeply skill'd in nice ragoos,
 In oleos, falmongundies and hogoes'
Montanus sends for cooks, that his large board
 May all invented luxury afford:
 Health's never minded, while the appetite
 Devours the spicy death with much delight.
 Mean time king *Arthur's* fav'ry knighted loyn
 Appears a clown, and's not allow'd to join
 The marinated smelt, and sturgeon joles,
 Soup vermicell, foud turbet, cray and foals,
 Fowls *a la daube*, and omelet of eggs,
 The smother'd coney, and bak'd padocks legs,

Pullets a bisk, and orangedo pye,
 The larded peacock, and the *Tarts de Moy*,
 The collard veal, and pike in cassorole,
 Pigs *a la Braise*, the tanfy and brusole;
 With many a hundred costly mingled dish,
 Wherein the moiety of flesh or fish
 Is wholly lost, and vitiate as the taste
 Of them who eat the dangerous repast;
 Until the feeble stomach's over-cram'd,
 The fibres weaken'd, and the blood inflam'd.
 What aking heads, what spleen, and drowzy eyes,
 From undigested crudities arise?
 But when *Montano's* paunch is over cloy'd,
 The *Bagnio*, or *Emetick* wine's employ'd.
 These he imagines methods the most sure,
 After a surfeit, to complete a cure:
 But never dreams how much the balm of life
 Is wasted by this forc'd unnat'ral strife.
 Thus peuther vessel must by scouring wear,
 While plate more free from dross continues clear.
 Long unconsum'd the oak can bear the beams,
 Or lie for ages firm beneath the streams:
 But when alternately the rain and rays,
 Now dash, then dry the plank, it soon decays.
 Luxurious man! altho' thou'rt blest with wealth,
 Why shouldst thou use it to destroy thy health?

Copy *Mellantius*, if you'd learn the art,
 To feast your friends, and keep their souls alart,
 One good substantial *British* dish or two,
 Which sweetly in their natural juices flow,
 Only appear. And here no danger's found,
 To tempt the appetite beyond its bound;
 And you may eat, or not, as you incline;
 And, as you please, drink water, beer or wine.

8 HEALTH: A POEM.

Here hunger's safe, and gratefully appeas'd,
The spleen's forbid, and all the spirits rais'd,
And guests arise regal'd, refresh'd and pleas'd.

Grumaldo views, from rais'd parteres around,
A thousand acres of fat furrow'd ground,
And all his own ; — but these no pleasure yield,
While spleen hangs as a fog o'er every field:
The lovely landskip clad with gilded corn,
The banks and meads which flowers and groves adorn,
No relish have ; his envious fullen mind,
Still on the fret, complains his fate's unkind :
Something he wants which always flies his reach,
Which makes him groan beneath his spreading beach.
When all of nature, silent, seem to shun
Their cares, and nod till the returning sun ;
His envious thoughts forbid refreshing sleep,
And on the rack his hopeless wishes keep :
Fatigu'd and drumbly from the down he flies,
With skinny cheek, pale lips and blood-run eyes.
Thus toil'd with lab'ring thoughts he looks agast,
And tasteless loaths the nourishing repast.
Meager disease an easy passage finds,
Where joy's debarr'd, in such corroded minds.
Such take no care the springs of life to save,
Neglect their Health, and quickly fill a grave.

Unlike gay *Myrtle*, who with chearful air,
Less envious, tho' less rich, no slave to care,
'Thinks what he has enough, and scorns to fret,
While he sees thousands less oblig'd to fate,
And oftner from his station casts his eye
On those below him, than on them more high :
Thus envy finds no access to his breast,
To sow'r his gen'rous joys, or break his rest.

He

He studies to do actions just and kind,
 Which with the best reflections chear the mind :
 Which is the first preservative of Health,
 To be preferr'd to grandeur, pride and wealth.
 Let all who would pretend to common sense,
 'Gainst pride and envy still be on defence.
 Who love their Health, nor would their joys controul,
 Let them ne'er nurse such furies in their soul.

Nor wait on strolling *Phimos* to the stews,
Phimos who by his livid colour shews
 Him load with vile diseases, which are fixt
 Upon his bones, and with his vitals mixt.
 Does that man wear the image of his God,
 Who drives to death on such an ugly road ?
 Behold him clad, like any bright bridegroom,
 In richest labours of the *British* loom ;
 Embroider'd o'er with gold, whilst lace or lawn
 Waves down his breast, and ruffles o'er his hand,
 Set off with art, which vilely he employs
 In sinks of death, for low dear purchas'd joys.
 He grasps the blasted shadow of the fair,
 Whose sickly look, vile breath, and falling hair,
 The flag'd embrace, and mercenary squeeze,
 The twangs of guilt, and terrors of disease,
 Might warn him to beware, if wild desire
 Had not set all his thoughtless soul in fire.
 O poor mistaken youth ! to drain thy purse,
 To gain the most malignant humane curse !
 Think on thy flannel, and mercurial dose,
 And future pains, to save thy nerve and nose.
 Think, heedless wight, how thy infected veins
 May plague thee many a day with loathsome pains,
 When the *French* foe his woeful way has made,
 And all within has dire detachments laid ;

There

There long may lurk, and, with destruction keen,
 Do horrid havock e'er the symptom's seen.
 But learn to dread the poisonous disease,
 When heaviness and spleen thy spirits seize;
 When feeble limbs to serve thee will decline,
 And languid eyes no more with sparkles shine;
 The roses from thy cheek will blasted fade,
 And leave a dull complexion like the lead:
 Then, then expect the terrible attack
 Upon thy head, thy conduit, nose and back;
 Pains through thy shoulders, arms, and throat and
 shins,

Will threaten death, and damp thee with thy sins.
 How frightful is the loss, and the disgrace,
 When it destroys the beauties of the face!
 When the arch'd nose in rotten ruin lies,
 And all the venom flames around the eyes;
 When th'*Uvula* has got it's mortal wound,
 And tongue and lips form words without a sound;
 When hair drops off, and bones corrupt and bare,
 Through ulcerated tags of muscles stare.

But vain we sing instruction to his ear,
 Who's no more slave to reason than to fear;
 Hurried by passion, and o'ercome with wine,
 He rushes headlong on his vile design:
 The nauseous *Bolus*, and the bitter pill,
 A month of spitting, and the surgeon's bill,
 Are now forgot, whilst he: — But here 'tis best
 To let the curtain drop, and hide the rest
 Of the coarse scene, too shocking for the sight
 Of modest eyes and ears, that take delight
 To hear with pleasure *Urban's* praises sung,
Urban the kind, the prudent, gay and young,

Who

Who moves a man, and wears a roſie ſmile,
That can the faireſt of a heart beguile:
A virtuous love delights him with it's grace,
Which ſoon he'll find in *Myra's* lov'd embrace,
Enjoying Health with all its lovely train
Of joys, free from remorse, or ſhame or pain.

But *Talpo* ſighs with matrimonial cares,
His cheeks wear wrinkles, ſilver grow his hairs;
Before old age, his Health decays apace,
And very rarely ſmiles clear up his face.
Talpo's a fool, there's hardly help for that,
He ſcarcely knows himſelf what he'd be at:
He's avaritious to the laſt degree,
And thinks his wife and children makes too free
With his dear idol; this creates his pain,
And breeds convulſions in his narrow brain.
He always ſtartled at approaching fate,
And often jealous of his virtuous mate;
Is ever anxious, ſhuns his friends, to ſave:
Thus ſoon he'll fret himſelf into a grave;
There let him rot, — worthleſs the muſe's lays,
Who never read one poem in his days.

I ſing to *Marlus*, *Marlus* who regards
The well mean'd verſe, and generouſly rewards
The poet's care; obſerve now, if you can,
Ought in his carriage, does not ſpeak the man:
To him his many a winter wedded wife
Appears the greateſt ſolace of his life.
He views his offspring with indulgent love,
Who his ſuperior conduct all approve.
Smooth glide his hours, at fifty he's leſs old,
Than ſome who have not half the number told.

The chearing glafs he with right friends can share,
 But shuns the deep debauch with cautious care.
 His sleeps are sound, he sees the morning rise,
 And lifts his face with pleasure to the skies;
 And quaffs the Health that's born on *Zephyr's* wings,
 Or gushes from the rock in limpid springs.
 From fragrant plains he gains the chearing smell,
 While ruddy beams all distant dumps repell.
 The whole of nature, to a mind thus turn'd,
 Enjoying Health, with sweetness seems adorn'd.
 To him the whistling ploughman's artless tune,
 The bleeting flocks, the oxens hollow crune,
 The warbling notes of the small chirping throng,
 Delight him more than the *Italian* song.
 To him the cheapest dish of rural fare,
 And water cool in place of wine more rare,
 Shall prove a feast. On straw he'll find more ease
 Than on the down, even with the least disease.

Whoever's tempted to transgress the line,
 By moderation fix'd to enlivening wine;
 View *Macro* wasted long before his time,
 Whose head, bow'd down, proclaims his liquid crime.
 The purple dye, with ruby pimples mixt,
 As witnesses upon his face are fixt.
 A constant fever wastes his strength away,
 And limbs enervate gradually decay.
 The gout and palsy follow in the rear,
 And make his being burthensome to bear.
 His squeamish stomach loaths the savory fey,
 And nought but liquids now can find their way
 To animate his strength, which daily flies,
 'Till the young drunkard's past all hope, and dies.

To practise what we preach, O goddess born!
Assist thy slave, lest *Bacchanalians* scorn
Thy inspiration, if the tempting grape
Shall form the hollow eye, and idiot gape.

But let no wretched misers, who repine,
And wish there were not such a juice as wine,
Imagine here that we are so profane
To think that heav'n gave plenteous vines in vain.
No; since there's plenty, cups may sparkling flow,
And we may drink 'till our rais'd spirits glow.
They will befriend our Health, while chearful rounds
Incline to mirth, and keep their proper bounds.
Fools should not drink, I own, who still wish more,
And know not when 'tis proper to give o'er.
Dear *Britons*, let no morning drinks deceive
Your appetites, which else at noon would crave
Such proper aliments, as can support
At even your hearty bottle, Health and sport.

Next view we sloth (too oft the child of wealth)
A seeming friend, but real foe to Health.
Lethargus lolls his lazy hours away,
His eyes are drowsy, and his lips are blae;
His soft enfeebl'd hands supinely hing,
And shaking knees unus'd, together cling:
Close by the fire his easy-chair too stands,
In which all day he snotters, nods and yawns.
Sometimes he'll drone as piquet, hoping gain,
But you must deal his cards, that's too much pain.
He speaks but seldom, puffs at every pause,
Words being a labour to his tongue and jaws.
Nor must his friends discourse above their breath,
For the least noise stounds through his ears like death.

He causes stop each cranny in his room,
 And heaps on cloaths, to save him from the rheum :
 Free air he dreads as his most dangerous foe,
 And trembles at the sight of ice or snow.
 The warming-pan each night glows o'er his sheets,
 Then he beneath a load of blankets sweats ;
 The which (instead of shutting) ope's the door,
 And let's in cold at each dilated pore.
 Thus does the sluggard Health and vigour waste,
 With heavy indolence ; 'till at the last,
 Sciatick, jaundice, dropfie, or the stone,
 Alternate makes the lazy lubard groan.

But active *Hilaris* much rather loves,
 With eager stride to trace the wilds and groves ;
 To start the covy, or the bounding roe,
 Or work destructive *Reynard's* overthrow :
 The race delights him, horses are his care,
 And a stout ambling pad his easiest chair.
 Sometimes to firm his nerves he'll plunge the deep,
 And with expanded arms the billows sweep :
 Then on the links, or in the estler walls,
 He drives the gowff, or strikes the tennis balls.
 From ice with pleasure he can brush the snow,
 And run rejoycing with his curling throw ;
 Or send the whizzing arrow from the string,
 A manly game*, which by it self I sing.
 Thus chearfully he'll walk, ride, dance or game,
 Nor mind the northern blast, or southern flame.
 East winds may blow, and fullen fogs may fall,
 But his hale constitution's proof to all.
 He knows no change of weather by a corn,
 Nor minds the black, the blew, or ruddy morn.

* A Poem on seeing the archers playing at the rovers.

Here let no youth extravagantly given,
Who values neither gold, nor Health, nor heaven,
Think that our song encourages the crime
Of setting deep, or wasting too much time
On furious game; which makes the passions boil,
And the fair mean of Health a weakning toil,
By violence excessive, or the pain
Which ruin'd losers ever must sustain.

Our *Hilaris* despises wealth so won;
Nor does he love to be himself undone,
But from his sport, can with a smile retire,
And warm his genius at *Apollo's* fire;
Find useful learning in the inspired strains,
And bless the generous poet for his pains.
Thus he by lit'rature and exercise,
Improves his soul, and wards off each disease.

Health's op'ner foes, we've taken care to show,
Which make diseases in full torrents flow:
But when these ills intrude, do what we will,
Then hope for Health from *Clark's* approved skill,
To such well seen in nature's darker laws,
That for disorders can assign a cause:
Who know the virtues of salubrious plants,
And what each different constitution wants,
Apply for health. — But shun the vagrant quack,
Who gulls the crowd with *Andrew's* comick clack;
Or him that charges gazettes with his bills,
His *Anadyens*, elixirs, tinctures, pills,
Who rarely ever cures, but often kills.
Nor trust thy life to the old woman's charms,
Who binds with knotted tape thy legs or arms,
Which they pretend will purple fevers cool;
And thus impose on some believing fool.

When

When agues shake, or fevers raise a flame,
 Let your physician be a man of fame;
 Of well known learning, and in good respect,
 For prudence, honour, and a mind erect:
 Nor scrimpily save from what's to merit due;
 He saves your whole estate who succours you.

Be grateful, *Britons*, for your temp'rate beams,
 Your fertile plains, green hills, and silver streams,
 O'erclad with corns, with groves, and many a mead;
 Where rise green heights, where herds in millions feed:
 Here useful plenty mitigates our care,
 And Health with freshest sweets embalms the air.

Upon those shores, where months of circling rays
 Glance feebly on the snow, and frozen bays;
 Where, wrapt in fur, the starving *Lapland* brood
 Scarce keep the cold from curdling of their blood:
 Here meager want, in all its pinching forms,
 Combines with lengthned night and bleakest storms,
 To combat joyful Health and calm repose,
 Which from an equal warmth and plenty flows.

Yet rather, O great ruler of the day,
 Bear me to *Weygate*, or to *Hudson's* bay,
 Than scorch me on these dry and blasted plains,
 Where rays direct inflame the boiling veins
 Of gloomy negroes, who're oblig'd to breathe
 A thickned air, with pestilential death;
 Where range out o'er th' inhospitable wastes,
 The hunger edg'd, and fierce devouring beasts;
 Where serpents crawl, which sure destruction bring,
 Or in the envenom'd tooth or forked sting;
 Where fleeting sands ne'er yield t'industrious toil
 The golden sheave, or plants for wine and oil:

Health

Health must be here a stranger, where the rage
Of fev'rish beams forbid a lengthen'd age.

Ye *Dutch*, enjoy your dams, your bulwarks boast,
And war with *Neptune* for a sandy coast,
Whilst frightened by these deep tumultuous powers,
You scarce dare sleep in your subaqueous bowers:
Raise high your beds, and shun your croaking frogs,
And battle with tobacco smoak your fogs;
Soak on your stoves, with spirits charge your veins,
To ward off agues and rheumatick pains.

Let the proud *Spaniard* strut on naked hills,
And vainly trace the plain for chrystal rills,
Starve on a fallot, or a garlick head,
Pray for his daily roots, not daily bread;
Be sower, and jealous of his friend and wife,
'Till want and spleen cut short his thread of life.

Whilst we on our auspicious island find
What e'er can please the sense, or cheer the mind.
Blest *Queen of Isles*! with a devout regard,
Allow me to kneel down and kiss thy sword,
Thy flow'ry sword, and offer heaven a vow,
Which gratitude and love to thee makes due:
If e'er I from thy *Healthful* limits stray,
Or by a wish, or word, a thought betray,
Against thy int'rest, or thy fair renown;
May never *Daphne* furnish me a crown,
Nor may the first-rate judges of our isle,
Or read or on my blythsome numbers smile.

Thalia here, sweet as the light, retir'd,
Commanding me to sing what she'd inspir'd,
And never mind the glooming criticks bray;
The song was her's. — she spoke, — and I obey.

ROBERT, RICHY, and SANDY; *A*
Pastoral on the death of MATTHEW
PRIOR Esq. Inscrib'd to the Right Ho-
nourable Person design'd by the Old †
 SHEPHERD.

ROBERT the good, by a' the fwains rever'd,
 Wise are his words, like filler is his beard:
 Near saxty shining fimmers he has seen,
 Tenting his hirsle on the *Moor-land* green:
 Unshaken yet with mony a winter's wind,
 Stout are his limbs, and youthfu' is his mind.
 But now he droops, ane wad be wae to see
 Him sae cast down; ye wadna trow 'tis he.
 By break of day he seeks the dowy glen,
 That he may scowth to a' his mourning len:
 Nane but the clinty craigs and scrogy briers
 Were witnesses of a' his granes and tears;
 Howder'd wi' hills a crystal burnie ran,
 Where twa young shepherds fand the good auld man:
 Kind *Richy Spec*, a friend to a' distrest,
 And *Sandy* wha of shepherds sings the best;
 With friendly looks they speer'd wherefore he mourn'd,
 He rais'd his head, and sighing thus return'd.

R O B E R T.

O *Matt!* poor *Matt!* — My lads, e'en take a skair
 Of a' my grief; — Sweet singing *Matt's* nae mair.
 Ah heavens! did e'er this lyart head of mine
 Think to have seen the cauldrie mools on thine!

Robert late Earl of Oxford.

R I C H Y.

R I C H Y.

My heart misga'e me, when I came this way,
His dog its lane fat yowling on a brae;
I cry'd, *I/k-isk*, — poor *Ringwood*, — fairy man;
He wag'd his tail, cour'd near, and lick'd my hand:
I clap'd his head, which eas'd a wee his pain;
But soon's I gade away, he youl'd again.
Poor kindly beast. Ah firs! how sic should be
Mair tender-hearted mony a time than we!

S A N D Y.

Last ook I dream'd my tupe that bears the bell,
And paths the snaw, out o'er a high craig fell,
And brak his leg. — I started frae my bed,
Awak'd, and leugh. — Ah! now my dream it's red.
How dreigh's our cares, our joys how soon away,
Like sun-blinks on a cloudy winter's day!
Flow fast, ye tears, ye have free leave for me;
Dear sweet-tongu'd *Matt*, thousands shall greet for thee.

R O B E R T.

Thanks to my friends, for ilka briny tear
Ye shed for him; he to us a' was dear:
Sandy, I'm eas'd to see thee look fae wan;
Richy, thy sighs bespeak the kindly man.

R I C H Y.

But twice the simmer's sun has thaw'd the snaw,
Since frae our heights * *Eddie* was tane awa':
Fast *Matt* has follow'd. — Of sic twa bereft,
To smoothe our fauls, alake! wha have we left!

* Secretary Addison, whose obsequies are sung in a Scots pastoral, vol. 1. p. 172.

20 *A Pastoral on the death of M. Prior.*

Waes me! o'er short a tack of sic is given,
But wha may contradict the will of heaven?
Yet mony a year he liv'd to hear the dale
Sing o'er his fangs, and tell his merry tale.
Last year I had a stately tall ash-tree,
Braid were its branches, a sweet shade to me;
I thought it might have flowrish'd on the brae,
(Tho' past its prime) yet twenty years or sae:
But ae rough night the blat'ring winds blew snell,
Torn frae its roots, adown it fouchan fell;
Twin'd of its nourishment, it lifeless lay,
Mixing its wither'd leaves amang the clay.
Sae flowrish'd *Matt*: but where's the tongue can tell
How fair he grew? how much lamented fell?

S A N D Y.

How snackly cou'd he gi'e a fool reproof,
E'en wi' a canty tale he'd tell aff loof?
How did he warning to the dosen'd sing,
By auld *Purganty*, and the *Dutchman's* ring?
And Lucky's *Siller Laale* shaws how aft
Our greatest wishes are but vain and daft.
The wad-be wits, he bade them a' but pap
Their crazy heads into *Tam Tinman's* shap;
There they wad see a squirrel wi' his bells
Ay wrestling up, yet rising like themfells.
Thousands of things he wittily cou'd say,
With fancy strang, and faul as clear as day;
Smart were his tales: but where's the tongue can tell
How blith he was? how much lamented fell?

R I C H Y.

And as he blythsome was, sae was he wise,
Our laird himsell wa'd aft take his advice.

E'en.

A Pastoral on the death of M. Prior: 21

E'en cheek for chew he'd seat him 'mang them a',
And tak his mind 'bout kittle points of law.
When * clan *Red yards*, ye ken, wi' wicked feud,
Had skaild of ours, but mair of his ain blood;
When I, and mony mae that were right crouse,
Wad fain about his lugs have burnt his house:
Yet lady *Anne*, a woman meek and kind,
A fae to wiers, and of a peacefu' mind;
Since mony in the fray had got their dead,
To make the peace, our friend was sent wi' speed.
The very faes had for him just regard,
Tho' fair he jib'd their ** foremost singing bard,
Careful was *Matt*: but where's the tongue can tell
How wise he was? how much lamented fell?

S A N D Y.

Wha cou'd, like him, in a short sang define
The bonny lass, and her young lover's pine.
I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on *May*,
Wha brang the poor blate *Symie* to his clay;
To gratifie the paughty wench's pride,
The silly shepherd *bow'd, obey'd and dy'd*.
Sic constant lasses as the *Nit Brown Maid*,
Shall never want just praises duly paid;
Sic claim'd his sang, and still it was his care
With pleasing words to guide and ruse the fair.
How sweet his voice, when beauty was in view,
Smooth ran his lines, ay grac'd wi' something new;
Nae word stood wrang: but where's the tongue can tell
How fast he sung? how much lamented fell?

R I C H Y.

And when he had a mind to be mair grave,
A minister nae better cou'd behave;

* Lewis XIV. King of France.

** Boileau, whose ode on the taking Namure by the french 1692 he burlesqu'd, on its being retaken by the british 1695.

22 *A Pastoral on the death of M. Prior.*

Far out of sight of sic he aften flew,
When he of haly wonders took a view,
Well cou'd he praise the power that made us a',
And bids us in return but tent his law;
Wha guides us when we're waking or asleep,
With thousand times mair care than we our sheep.
While he of pleasure, power and wisdom sang,
My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleasure rang:
These to repeat, braid-spoken I wad spill,
Altho' I should employ my utmost skill.
He towr'd aboon: but ah! what tongue can tell
How high he flew? how much lamented fell?

R O B E R T.

My bennison, dear lads, light on ye baith,
Wha ha'e fae true a feeling of our skaith:
O *Sandy*, draw his likenefs in smooth verse,
As well ye can; — then shepherds shall rehearse
His merit, while the sun mets out the day,
While ewes shall bleet, and little lambkins mae.

I've been a fauter, now three days are past,
While I for grief have hardly broke my fast:
Come to my shiel, there let's forget our care,
I dinna want a rowth of country-fare,
Sic as it is, ye're welcome to a skair.
Besides, my lads, I have a browst of tip,
As good as ever wuish a shepherd's lip;
We'll take a scour o't to put aff our pain,
For a' our tears and sighs are but in vain:
Come, help me up; — yon sooty cloud shores rain.

To Mr. POPE.

THREE times I've read your *Iliad* o'er:

The first time pleas'd me *well*;

New beauties unobserv'd before,

Next pleas'd me *better* still.

Again I try'd to find a flaw,

Examin'd ilka line;

The third time pleas'd me *best* of a',

The labour seem'd divine.

Henceforward I'll not tempt my fate,

On dazzling rays to stare,

Left I should tine dear self-conceit,

And read and write nae mair.

EPISTLE *to the Honourable* DUNCAN
FORBES, Lord Advocate.

SHUT in a closet six foot square,

No fash'd with meikle wealth or care,

I pass the live lang day;

Yet some ambitious thoughts I have,

Which will attend me to my grave,

Sic busked baits they lay.

These keep my fancy on the wing,

Something that's blyth and snack to sing,

And smoothe the runkled brow:

Thus care I happily beguile,

Hoping a plaudit and a smile,

Frae best of men, like you.

24 *To the Honourable Duncan Forbes.*

You, wha in kittle casts of state,
When property demands debate,
Can right what is dung wrang;
Yet blythly can, when ye think fit,
Enjoy your friend, and judge the wit
And slidness of a sang.

How mony, your reverse, unblest,
Whase minds gae wandring through a mist,
Proud as the thief in hell,
Pretend, forsooth, they're gentle fowk,
'Cause chance gi'es them of gear the yowk,
And better cheils the shell?

I've seen a we'an aft vex it sell,
And greet, because it was not tall:
Heez'd on a board, O than!
Rejoicing in the artfu' height,
How smirky look'd the little wight!
And thought it sell a man.

Sic bairns are some blawn up a wee
With splendor, wealth and quality,
Upon these stilts grown vain;
They o'er the pows of poor fowk stride,
And neither are to had nor bide,
Thinking this height their ain.

Now shou'd ane speer at sic a puff,
What gars thee look sae big and bluff?
Is't an attending menzie?
Or fifty dishes on your table?
Or fifty horses in your stable?
Or heaps of glancing cunzie?

Are these the things thou ca'st thy sell?
Come, vain gigantick shadow, tell,
If thou sayest, yes — I'll shaw
Thy picture. — Means thy silly mind,
Thy wit's a croil, thy judgment blind,
And love worth nought ava.

Accept our praise, ye nobly born,
Whom heaven takes pleasure to adorn
With ilka manly gift;
In *Courts* or *Camps* to serve your nation,
Warm'd with that generous emulation
Which your forbears did lift.

In duty, with delight, to you
Th' inferior world do justly bow,
While you're the maist deny'd;
Yet shall your worth be ever priz'd,
When strutting nathings are despis'd
With a' their stinkan pride.

This to set aff as I am able,
I'll frae a *Frenchman* thigg a fable,
And busk it in a plaid:
And tho' it be a bairn of * *Motte's*,
When I have taught it to speak *Scots*,
I am its second dad.

‘ Twa books, near neighbours in a shop,
‘ The tane a guilded *Turky* fop,
‘ The tither's face was weather-beaten,
‘ And cas-skin jacket fair worm-eaten.

* *Monf. la Motte*, who has written lately a curious collection of fables,
from which the following is imitated.

26 To the Honourable Duncan Forbes.

‘ The corky, proud of his braw suit,
‘ Curl’d up his nose, and thus cry’d out,
‘ Ah ! place me on some fresher binks,
‘ Figh ! how this mouldy creature stinks !
‘ How can a gentle book like me
‘ Endure sic scoundrel company ?
‘ What may fowk say to see me cling
‘ Sae close to this auld ugly thing ;
‘ But that I’m of a simple spirit,
‘ And disregard my proper merit ?

‘ Quoth gray-baird, *Whisht, sir, with your din,*
‘ *For a’ your meritorious skin,*
‘ *I doubt if you be worth within.*
‘ *For as auld fashion’d as I look,*
‘ *May be I am the better book.*

‘ O heavens ! I canna thole the clash
‘ Of this impertinent auld hash ;
‘ I winna stay ae moment langer.
‘ *My lord, please to command your anger ;*
‘ *Pray only let me tell you that —*
‘ What wad this insolent be at !
‘ Rot out your tongue — pray’, master Symmer,
‘ Remove me frae this dinsome *Rhimer* :
‘ If you regard your reputation,
‘ And us of a distinguish’d station,
‘ Hence frae this beast let me be hurried,
‘ For with his stour and stink I’m worried.

‘ Scarce had he shook his paughty crap,
‘ When in a customer did pap ;
‘ He up douse *Stanza* lifts, and ey’s him,
‘ Turns o’er his leaves, admires, and buys him :

‘ *This*

- ‘ *This book, said he, is good and scarce,*
- ‘ *The soul of sense in sweetest verse.*
- ‘ *But reading title of gilt cleathing,*
- ‘ *Cries, gods! wha buys this bonny naithing?*
- ‘ *Nought duller e’er was put in print:*
- ‘ *Wow! what a deal of Turkey’s tint!’*

Now, fir, t’ apply what we’ve invented,
You are the buyer represented:

And, may your servant hope
My lays shall merit your regard,
I’ll thank the gods for my reward,
And smile at ilka fop.

The CLOCK and DIAL.

AE day a *Clock* wad brag a *Dial*,
And put his qualities to trial;
Spake to him thus, — *my neighbour, pray,*
Can’st tell me what’s the time of day?
The *Dial* said, ‘ *I dinna ken.*’ —
Alake! what stand ye there for then? —
‘ *I wait here till the sun shines bright,*
‘ *For nought I ken but by his light,*
Wait on, quoth Clock, I scorn his help,
Baith night and day my lane I skelp;
Wind up my weights but anes a-week,
Without him I can gang and speak:
Nor like an useless sumph I stand,
But constantly wheel round my hand:
Hark, hark, I strike just now the hour;
And I am right, ane, — twa, — three, — four.

While thus the *Clock* was boasting loud,
 The bleezing sun brak throw a cloud;
 The *Dial*, faithfu' to his guide,
 Spake truth, and laid the thumper's pride:
 ' Ye see, *said he*, I've dung you fair,
 ' 'Tis four hours and three quarters mair,
 ' My friend, *he added*, count again,
 ' And learn a wee to be less vain:
 ' Ne'er brag of constant claverin cant,
 ' And that you answers never want;
 ' For you're not ay to be believ'd:
 ' Wha trust to you may be deceiv'd:
 ' Be counsell'd to behave like me;
 ' For when I dinna clearly see,
 ' I always own I dinna ken;
 ' And that's the way of wisest men.'

An Ode to the Memory of Lady MARGARET ANSTRUTHER.

ALL in her bloom the graceful fair,
LUCINDA, leaves this mortal round;
 Her loss a thousand mourners share,
 And beauty feels the cruel wound.
 Now grief and tears o'er all our joys prevail,
 Viewing her rosy cheeks all cold and pale.

Thus some fair star distinguish'd bright,
 Which decks the heavens, and guides the main;
 When clouds obscure its glorious light,
 It leaves the gloomy world in pain.
 So sudden death has vail'd *LUCINDA*'s eyes,
 And left us lost in darkness and surprize.

Nor sweetness, beauty, youth nor wealth,
Nor blood, tho' nobly high it springs;
Not virtue's self can purchase health,
When death severe his summon brings:
Else might the fair *LUCINDA*, young and gay,
Have blest the world with a much longer stay.

But say, sweet shade, was it thy choice
To leave this low unconstant globe;
Tir'd with its vain, its jangling noise,
Thou wisely dropt thy humane robe:
Or tell us, guardian angels, tell us true,
Did ye not claim her hence as one of you?

Yes, well we know it is your way,
When here below such beings shine,
To grudge us even our earthly clay,
Which form'd like her becomes divine.
Such you demand, and free from cares and fears,
Unmindful of our fruitless sighs and tears.

Yet deign, ye friends to humane kind,
The lonely Comfort to attend;
O sooth the anguish of his mind,
And let his killing sorrows end.
Tell him, his sighs and mourning to assuage,
Each day she dwelt with him was worth an age.

Ye lovely virgins who excel,
Ye fair to whom such strains belong,
In melting notes her beauties tell,
And weep her virtues in a song:
See that ye place her merit in true light;
For singing her's, your own will shine more bright.

30 Elegy on James Lord Carnegie.

Let east and west, and south and north,
Aloud the mournful musick hear,
How beauty's fallen beyond the *Forth*;
Let *Britain's* genius cypress wear.
Yet *Britain's* happy, who such beauty yields,
As forc'd from her's, will grace *Elysium's* fields.

Elegy on the Right Honourable JAMES
Lord CARNEGIE, who died the 7th
of January 1722, the eighth year of his
Age.

AS poets feign, and painters draw,
Love and the *Paphian* bride;
Sae we the fair *SOUTHESKA* saw,
CARNEGIE by her side.

Now sever'd frae his sweets by death,
Her grief wha can express?
What muse can tell the waefu' skaith,
Or mother's deep distress!

Sae roses wither in their buds,
Kill'd by an eastlen blast,
And sweetest dawns in *May* with clouds
And storms are soon o'ercast.

Ah checquer'd life! Ae day gives joy,
The niest our hearts maun bleed:
Heaven caus'd a seraph turn a boy,
Now gars us trow he's dead.

Elegy on James Lord Carnegie. 31

Wha can reflect on's ilka grace,
The sweetness of his tongue,
His manly looks, his lovely face,
And judgment ripe sae young;

And yet forbear to make a doubt,
As did the Royal Swain,
When he with grief of heart cry'd out,
That man was made in vain?

Mortals the ways of providence
But very scrimply scan;
The changing scene eludes the sense
And reasonings of man.

How mony thousands ilka year,
Of hopefu' children, crave
Our love and care, then disappear,
To glut a gaping grave.

What is this grave? a wardrobe poor,
Which hads our rotting duds;
Th' immortal mind, serene and pure,
Is cleath'd aboon the clouds.

Then cease to grieve, dejected Fair,
You had him but in trust;
He was your beauteous son, your heir,
Yet still ae haff was dust.

The other to its native skies
Now wings its happy way;
With glorious speed and joy he flies,
There bleisfully to stray.

CARNEGIE then but changes clay,

For fair celestial rays:

He mounts up to eternal day,

And, as he parts, he says,

Adieu, Mamma, forget my tender fate;

These rushing tears are vain, they flow too late.

This said, he hasted hence with pleasing joy;

I saw the gods embrace their darling boy.

*An Ode, sacred to the Memory of the right
honourable ANNE Lady GAIRLIES.*

HOW vain are our attempts to know?

How poor, alas! is reason's skill?

We blindly wander here below,

Yet fondly search heaven's secret will.

Each day we see the young, the great, the small,

The good, the bad, without distinction, fall.

Yet such as have the rest out-shin'd,

We should be faulty to neglect;

Each grace of beauteous *GARLIA*'s mind

Deserves the muse's high respect.

But how shall she such worth and goodness paint?

A loving daughter, virtuous wife and saint?

Some seraph who in endless day

With themes sublime employ the lyre,

Dart in my breast a shining ray,

And all my soul with her inspire;

Else sing your selves so fair a frame and mind,

As now supplies a place among your kind.

As we the glorious sun admire,
 Whose beams make ev'ry joy arise;
 Yet dare not view the dazling fire,
 Without much hazarding our eyes:
 So did her beauties ev'ry heart allure,
 While her bright virtues kill'd each thought impure.

She breath'd more sweetness than the east,
 While ev'ry sentence was divine;
 Her smiles could calm each jarring breast;
 Her soul was a celestial mine,
 Where all the precious veins of virtue lay;
 Too vast a treasure long to lodge in clay.

Tho' sprung from an * heroick race,
 Which from the world respect does claim;
 Yet wanted she no borrowed grace,
 Her own demands immortal fame:
 Worthy as those who shun the vulgar roads,
 Start from the crowd, and rise amongst the gods.

Such pains as weaker minds possess,
 Could in her breast no access find;
 But lowly meekness did confess
 A steady and superior mind.
 Unmov'd she bore these honours due the great,
 Nor could have been depress'd with a more humble fate.

As to the fields the huntsman hies,
 With joyful shouts he wakes the morn;
 While nature smiles, serene the skies,
 Swift fly his hounds, shrill blows his horn:
 When suddenly the thund'ring cloud pours rain,
 Defaces day, and drives him from the plain.

* She was daughter of the Earl Marischal of Scotland.

34 *The Lovely Lass and the Mirror.*

Thus young *BRIGANTIUS* circling arms
Grasp'd all that's lovely to his heart,
Rejoyc'd o'er his dear *ANNA*'s charms;
But not expecting soon to part:
When rigid fate, for reasons known above,
Snatch'd from his breast the object of his love.

Ah *GARLIES*! once the happiest man,
Than e'er before *BRIGANTINE* chief,
Now sever'd from your lovely *ANNE*,
'Tis hard indeed to stem your grief:
Yet mind what you might often from her hear,
What heaven designs, submissive we should bear.

Oh! ne'er forget that tender care,
Those heaven-born thoughts she did employ,
To point those ways how you may share
Above with her immortal joy.
Such a bright pattern of what's good and great,
Even angels need not blush to imitate.

The Lovely Lass and the Mirror.

A Nymph, with ilka beauty grac'd,
Ae morning by her toilet plac'd,
Where the leal-hearted *Looking-glass*
With *truths* addrest the lovely *Lass*; —
To do ye justice, heavenly fair,
Amaist in charms ye may compare
With *Venus* fell. — But mind *amaist*:
For tho' you're happily possess'd
Of ilka grace which claims respect,
Yet I see faults ye should correct;

I own they only trifles are,
 Yet of importance to the fair.
 What signifies that patch o'er braid,
 With which your rosie cheek's o'erlaid?
 Your natural beauties you beguile,
 By that too much affected smile:
 Saften that look, — move ay with ease,
 And you can never fail to please.

Those kind advices she approv'd,
 And mair her monitor she lov'd;
 'Till in came visitants a threave:
 To entertain them, she maun leave
 Her *Looking-glass*. — They fleetching praise
 Her looks, — her drefs, — and a' she says,
 Be't right or wrang; she's hale compleat,
 And fails in naithing fair or sweet.
 Sae much was said, the *bonny Lass*
 Forgat her faithfu' *Looking-glass*.

CLARINDA, this dear beauty's *Yon*,
 The *Mirror* is, ane good and wise,
 Wha, by his counfels just, can shew
 How nobles may to greatness rise.
 God bless the wark: — if you're oppress'd
 By parasites with fause design,
 Then will sic faithfu' *Mirrors* best
 These underplotters countermine.

JUPITER'S Lottery.

ANES *Jove*, bay ae great act of grace,
 Wad gratify his humane race,

And order'd *Hermes*, in his name,
 With tout of trumpet to proclaim
 A royal lott'ry frae the skies,
 Where ilka ticket was a prize.
 Nor was there need for *Ten per Cent*,
 To pay advance for money lent:
 Nor brokers nor stockjobbers here
 Were thol'd to cheat fowk of their gear.
 The first-rate benefits were, *Health*,
Pleasures, Honours, Empire and Wealth;
 But happy he to whom wad fa'
Wisdom, the highest prize of a':
Hopes of attaining things the best,
 Made up the maist feck of the rest.
 Now ilka ticket fald with ease,
 At altars for a sacrifice;
Jove a' receiv'd, ky, gates and ewes,
 Moor-cocks, lambs, dows or bawby-rows;
 Nor wad debar e'en a poor droll,
 Wha nought cou'd gi'e but his parol.
 Sae kind was he no to exclude
 Poor wights for want of wealth or blood;
 Even whiles the gods, as record tells,
 Bought several tickets for themfells.
 When fou and lots put in the wheel,
 Aft were they turn'd, to mix them well;
 Blind chance to draw *Jove* order'd fyne.
 That nane with reason might repine:
 He drew, and *Mercury* was clark,
 The number, prize and name to mark.
 Now *hopes* by millions fast came forth,
 But seldom prizes of mair worth,
 Sic as dominion, wealth and state,
 True friends, and lovers fortunate.

Wisdom, at last, the greatest prize,
Comes up: — aloud clark *Hermes* crys, —
Number ten thousand, — come, let's see
The person blest. — Quoth *Pallas*, *Me*. —
Then a' the gods for blythness sang,
Throw heaven glad acclamations rang;
While mankind grumbling laid the wyte
On them, and ca'd the hale a byte.
Yes! cry'd ilk ane, with sobing heart,
Kind *Jove* has play'd a parent's part,
Wha did this prize to *Pallas* fend,
While we're sneg'd off at the wob end.

Soon to their clamours *Jove* took tent,
To punish which, to wark he went,
He straight with *Follies* fill'd the wheel,
In *Wisdom's* place they did as well;
For ilka ane wha *Folly* drew,
In their conceit, a' *Sages* grew:
Sae thus contented, a' retir'd,
And ilka fool himself admir'd.

The Miser and Minos.

SHORT syne there was a wretched miser,
With pinching had scrap'd up a treasure;
Yet frae his hoords he doughtna take
As much wou'd buy a mutton-stake,
Or take a glass to comfort nature;
But scrimply fed on crumbs and water:
In short, he famish'd 'midst his plenty;
Which made surviving kindred canty,
Wha scarcely for him pat on black,
And only in his loof a plack,

Which even they grudg'd : sic is the way
 Of them wha fa' upon the prey ;
 They'll scarce row up the wretch's feet,
 Sae scrimp they make his winding-sheet,
 Tho' he shou'd leave a vast estate,
 And heaps of gowd like *Arthur's* seat.

Well, down the starving ghaist did sink,
 'Till it fell on the *Stygian* brink ;
 Where auld *Van Charon* stood and raught
 His wither'd loof out for his fraught ;
 But them that wanted wherewitha',
 He dang them back to stand and blaw.
 The *Miser* lang being us'd to save,
 Fand this, and wadna passage crave,
 But shaw'd the *Ferry-man* a knack,
 Jumpt in, — swam o'er, and hain'd his plack.
Charon might damn, and sink and roar ;
 But a' in vain, — he gain'd the shore, —
 Arriv'd : — the three pow'd dog of hell
 Gowl'd terrible a treeple yell ;
 Which rouz'd the snaky *Sisters three*,
 Wha furious on this wight did flie,
 Wha'd play'd the smugler on their coast,
 By which *Pluto* his dues had lost :
 Then brought him for this trick sae hainous
 Afore the bench of justice *Minos*.

The case was new, and very kittle,
 Which puzzl'd a' the court na little ;
 Thought after thought with unco' speed
 Flew round within the Judge's head,
 To find what punishment was due
 For sic a daring crime and new.

Shou'd

Shou'd he the plague of *Tantal* feel,
 Or stented be on *Ixion's* wheel,
 Or stung wi' bauld *Prometheus's* pain,
 Or help *Sisyph* to row his stane,
 Or sent amang the wicked rout
 To fill the tub that ay rins out?
 No, no, continues *Minos*, no,
 Weak are our punishments below,
 For sic a crime; — he maun be hurl'd
 Straight back again into the world.
 I sentence him to see and hear,
 What use his friends make of his gear.

The A P E and the L E O P A R D.

THE *Ape* and *Leopard*, beasts for show,
 The first a wit, the last a beau;
 To make a penny at a fair,
 Advertis'd a' their parts sae rare.
 The tane gae out with meikle wind,
 His beauty 'boon the brutal kind;
 Said he, I'm kend baith far and near,
 Even kings are pleas'd when I appear:
 And when I yield my vital puff,
 Queens of my skin will make a muff;
 My fur sae delicate and fine,
 With various spots does sleekly shine. —

Now lads and lasses fast did rin
 To see the beast with bonny skin:
 His keeper shaw'd him round about;
 They saw him soon, and soon came out.

But master *Monky* with an air
 Hapt out, and thus harangu'd the fair ;
 Come, gentlemen, and ladies bonny,
 I'll give ye pastime for your money :
 I can perform, to raise your wonder,
 Of pawky tricks mae than a hunder.
 My cousin *Spottie*, true he's braw,
 He has a curious suit to shaw,
 And naithing mair. — But frae my mind
 Ye shall blyth satisfaction find.
 Sometimes I'll act a cheil that's dull,
 Look thoughtfu', grave, and wag my scull ;
 Then mimick a light-headed rake,
 When on a tow my houghs I shake :
 Sometime, like modern monks, I'll seem
 To make a speech, and nathing mean.
 But come away, ye needna speer
 What ye're to pay ; I'se no be dear :
 And if ye grudge for want of sport,
 I'll give it back t' ye at the port.
 The *Ape* succeeded, in fowk went, —
 Stay'd long, — and came out well content,
 Sae much will wit and spirit please,
 Beyond our shape, and brawest claihs.
 How mony, ah ! of our fine gallants
 Are only Leopard in their talents !

The Ass and Brock.

U P O N a time a solemn *Ass*
 Was dand'ring throw a narrow pass,
 Where he forgether'd with a *Brock*,
 Wha him saluted frae a rock ;

Speer'd

Speer'd how he did, — how markets gade, —
 What's a' ye'r news, — and how is trade, —
 How does *Jock Stot* and *Lucky Yad*,
Tam Tup, and *Bucky* honest lad?
 Reply'd the *Ass*, and made a heel,
 E'en a' the better that ye'r weel.
 But *Jackanapes* and snarling *Fitty*
 Are grown sae wicked, (some ca's't witty)
 That we wha solid are and grave,
 Nae peace on our ain howms can have;
 While we are bisy gathering gear,
 Upon a brae they'll sit and sneer.
 If ane shou'd chance to breathe behin',
 Or ha'e some flaver at his chin,
 Or 'gainst a tree shou'd rub his arse;
 That's subject for a winsome *Farce*:
 There draw they *me*, as void of thinking,
 And *you*, my dear, famous for stinking;
 And the bauld birsy *Bair* your frien',
 A glutton dirty to the een,
 By laughing *Dogs* and *Apes* abus'd,
 Wha is't can thole to be sae us'd!

Dear me! heh! wow! — and say ye sae, —
 Return'd the *Brock*, — I'm unko wae
 To see this flood of wit break in,
 O scour about, and ca't a fin;
 Stout are your lungs, your voice is loud;
 And ought will pass upon the crowd.

The *Ass* thought this advice was right,
 And bang'd away with a' his might;
 Stood on a know amang the cattle,
 And furiously 'gainst wit did rattle:

Pour'd out a deluge of dull phrases,
 While *Dogs* and *Apes* leugh, and made faces.
 Thus a' the angry *Ass* held forth,
 Serv'd only to augment their mirth.

The Fox and Rat.

THE *Lyon* and the *Tyger* lang maintain'd
 A bloody weir; — at last the *Lyon* gain'd.
 The royal victor strak the earth with aw,
 And the four-footed world obey'd his law:
 Frae ilka species *Deputies* were sent,
 To pay their homage due, and compliment
 Their sovereign *Liege*, wha'd gart the *Rebels* cour,
 And own his royal right, and princely power.
 After dispute, the moniest votes agree,
 That *Reynard* should address his majesty,
Ulysses like, in name of a' the lave;
 Wha thus went on, — ‘O *Prince*, allow thy slave
 ‘ To roose thy brave atchievements and renown;
 ‘ Nane but thy daring front shou'd wear the crown,
 ‘ Wha art like *Jove*, whase thunderbowt can make
 ‘ The heavens be hush, and a' the earth to shake;
 ‘ Whase very gloom, if he but angry nods,
 ‘ Commands a peace, and flegs the inferior gods.
 ‘ Thus thou, great king, hast by thy conqu'ring paw,
 ‘ Gi'en earth a shog, and made thy will a law:
 ‘ Thee a' the animals with fear adore,
 ‘ And tremble if thou with displeasure roar,
 ‘ O'er a' thou canst us eith thy sceptre sway,
 ‘ As *Badrans* can with cheeping *Rottans* play.”

This

This sentence vex'd the Envoy *Rottan* fair;
 He threw his gab, and girn'd; but durst nae mair.
 The *Monarch* pleas'd with *Lowry*, wha durst gloom?
 A warrant's order'd for a good round sum,
 Which *Dragon*, Lord Chief Treasurer, must pay
 To fly-tongu'd *Fleechy* on a certain day;
 Which secretary *Ape* in form wrote down,
 Sign'd *Lyon*, and a wee beneath, *Baboon*.
 'Tis given the *Fox*. — Now *Bobtail* tap o' kin,
 Made rich at anes, is nor to had nor bind;
 He dreams of nought, but pleasure, joy and peace,
 Now blest with wealth, to purchase hens and geese.
 Yet in his loof he hadna tell'd the gowd,
 And yet the *Rottan*'s breast with anger glow'd;
 He vow'd revenge, and watch'd it night and day,
 He took the tid, when *Lowry* was away,
 And throw a hole into his closet flaps,
 There chews the warrant a' in little nips.
 Thus what the *Fox* had for his flatt'ry gotten,
 Ev'n frae a *Lyon*, was made nought by an offended
Rottan.

The CATERPILLAR and the ANT.

A Penfy *Ant*, right trig and clean,
 Came ae day whiding o'er the green;
 Where to advance her pride, she saw
 A *Caterpillar* moving slaw:
 Good-e'en t'ye, mistress *Ant*, said he,
 How's a' at hame? I'm blyth to s'ye. —
 The sawcy *Ant* view'd him with scorn,
 Nor wad civilities return;

But

But gecking up her head, quoth she,
 Poor animal, I pity thee,
 Wha scarce can claim to be a creature,
 But some experiment of nature,
 Whase silly shape displeas'd her eye,
 And thus unfinish'd was flung by.
 For me, I'm made with better grace,
 With active limbs, and lively face;
 And cleverly can move with ease
 Frae place to place where e'er I please:
 Can foot a minuet or jig,
 And snoov't like ony whirly-gig;
 Which gars my Jo ast grip my hand
 'Till his heart pittty-pattys, and ——
 But laigh my qualities I bring,
 To stand up clashing with a *Thing*,
 A *creeping Thing*, the like of thee,
 Not worthy of a farewell t'ye.
 The airy *Ant* syne turn'd awa,
 And left him with a proud gaffa.
 The *Caterpillar* was struck dumb,
 And never answer'd her a mum:
 The humble *Reptile* fand some pain
 Thus to be banter'd with disdain.

But tent neist time the *Ant* came by
 The *Worm* was grown a *Butterfly*;
 Transparent were his wings and fair,
 Which bare him flightering throw the air:
 Upon a flower he stapt his flight,
 And thinking on his former flight,
 Thus to the *Ant* himsell addrest,
 Pray, madam, will ye please to rest,
 And notice what I now advise,
 Inferiors ne'er too much despise;

For fortune may gi'e sic a turn,
To raise aboon ye what ye scorn :
For instance, now I spread my wing
In air, while you're a *creeping Thing*.

The twa CATS and the CHEESE.

TW A *Cats* anes on a *Cheese* did light,
To which baith had an equal right ;
But disputes, sic as aft arise,
Fell out a sharing of the prize.
Fair play, said ane, ye bite o'er thick,
Thae teeth of your's gang wonder quick :
Let's part it, else lang or the moon
Be chang'd, the *Kebuck* will be done.
But wha's to do't ; — they're parties baith,
And ane may do the other skaith.
Sae with consent away they trudge,
And laid the *Cheese* before a judge :
A *Monkey* with a campsho face,
Clerk to a justice of the peace,
A judge he seem'd in justice skill'd,
When he his master's chair had fill'd ;
Now umpire chosen for division,
Baith sware to stand by his decision.
Demure he looks. — The *Cheese* he pales, —
He prives it good, — Ca'es for the scales ;
His knife whops throw't, — in twa it fell ;
He puts ilk haff in either shell :
Said he, we'll truly weigh the case,
And strictest justice shall have place ;
Then lifting up the scales, he fand
'The tane bang up, the other stand :

Syne out he took the heaviest haff,
 And ate a knooft o't quickly aff,
 And try'd it syne; — it now prov'd light:
 Friend Cats, said he, we'll do ye right.
 Then to the ither haff he fell,
 And laid till't teughly tooth and nail,
 'Till weigh'd again it lightest prov'd.
 The judge wha this sweet process lov'd,
 Still weigh'd the case, and still ate on,
 'Till clients baith were weary grown,
 And tenting how the matter went,
 Cry'd, come, come, sir, we're baith content.
 Ye fools, quoth he, and *Justice* too,
 Maun be content as well as you.
 Thus grumbled *they*, thus *he* went on,
 'Till baith the haves were near hand done:
 Poor *Pousies* now the daffine saw
 Of gawn for nignyes to the law;
 And bill'd the judge, that he wad please
 To give them the remaining Cheese:
 To which his worship grave reply'd,
The dues of court maun first be paid.
 Now justice pleas'd: — what's to the fore
 Will but right scrimply clear your score;
 That's our decret; — gae hame and sleep,
 And thank us ye're win aff sae cheap.

The CHAMAELEON.

TWA travellers, as they were wa'king,
 'Bout the *Chamaeleon* fell a ta'king,
 (Sic think it shaws them mettl'd men,
 To say I've seen, and ought to ken;)

Say,

Says ane, 'tis a strange beast indeed,
 Four-footed, with a fish's head;
 A little bowk, with a lang tail,
 And moves far slower than a snail;
 Of colour like a blawart blue; —
 Reply'd his nibour, *that's no true;*
For well I wat his colour's green,
If ane may true his ain twa een;
For I in Sun-shine saw him fair,
When he was dining on the air. —
 Excuse me, says the ither blade,
 I saw him better in the shade,
 And he is blue. — *He's green I'm sure. —*
Ye lied. — And ye're the son of a whore. —
 Frae words there had been cuff and kick,
 Had not a third come in the nick,
 Wha tenting them in this rough mood,
 Cry'd, gentlemen, what! are ye wood?
 What's ye'r quarrel, and 't may be speer't?
 Truth, says the tane, fir, ye shall hear't:
 The *Chamaeleon*, I say, he's blue;
 He threaps he's green. — Now, what say you?
 Ne'er fash ye'r fells about the matter,
 Says the sagacious arbitrator,
 He's black. — Sae nane of you are right,
 I view'd him well with candle-light;
 And have it in my pocket here,
 Row'd in my napkin hale and feer.
 Fy! said ae cangler, *what d'ye mean?*
I'll lay my lugs on't, that he's green.
 Said th' ither, were I gawn to death,
 I'd swear he's blue with my last breath.
 He's black, the judge maintain'd ay stout;
 And to convince them, whop'd him out:

But to surprise of ane and a',
 The *Animal* was white as snaw,
 And thus reprov'd them, ' Shallow boys,
 ' Away, away, make nae mair noise ;
 ' Ye're a' three wrang, and a' three right,
 ' But learn to own your nibours fight
 ' As good as yours. — Your judgment speak,
 ' But never be fae daftly weak
 ' T' imagine ithers will by force
 ' Submit their sentiments to yours ;
 ' As things in various lights ye see,
 ' They'll ilka ane resemble me. '

The twa LIZARDS.

BENEATH a tree, ae shining day,
 On a burn-bank twa *Lizards* lay
 Beeking themfells now in the beams,
 Then drinking of the cauller streams.
 Wæs me, says ane of them to th' ither,
 How mean and silly live we, brither?
 Beneath the moon is ought fae poor,
 Regarded less, or mair obscure !
 We breathe indeed, and that's just a' ;
 But forc'd by destiny's hard law
 On earth like worms to creep and sprawl :
 Curst fate to ane that has a faul !
 Forby, gin we may trow report,
 In *Nilus* giant *Lizards* sport,
 Ca'd *Crocodiles* : — ah ! had I been
 Of sic a size, upon the green,
 Then might I had my skair of fame,
 Honour, respect, and a great name ;

And

And *Man* with gaping jaws have shor'd,
Syne like a pa-god been ador'd.

Ah friend! replies the ither *Lizard*,
What makes this grumbling in thy gizzard?
What cause have ye to be uneasy?
Cannot the sweets of freedom please ye?
We free frae trouble, toil or care,
Enjoy the sun, the earth and air,
The crystal spring, and green-wood shaw,
And beildy holes, when tempests blaw.
Why shou'd we fret, look blae or wan,
Tho' we're contemn'd by paughty man?
If sae, let's in return be wise,
And that proud animal despise.

O fy! returns th' ambitious beast,
How weak a fire now warms thy breast?
It breaks my heart to live sae mean;
I'd like t'attract the gazer's een,
And be admir'd. — What stately horns
The *Deer's* majestick brow adorn!
He claims our wonder and our dread,
Where e'er he heaves his haughty head.
What envy a' my spirit fires,
When he in clearest pools admires
His various beauties with delyte;
I'm like to drown my sell with spite.
Thus he held forth, — when straight a pack
Of *Hounds*, and *Hunters* at their back,
Ran down a *Deer* before their face,
Breathless and wearied with the chace.
The dogs upon the victim seise,
And bougles sound his obsequies.

50 MERCURY in Quest of Peace:

But neither *Men* nor dogs took tent
Of our wee *Lizards* on the bent,
While hungry *Bawty*, *Buff*, and *Tray*,
Devour'd the paunches of the prey.

Soon as the bloody deed was past,
The *Lizard* wise the proud addrest,
Dear cousin, now pray let me hear
How wad ye like to be a *Deer*?

Ohon! quoth he, convinc'd and wae,
Wha wad have thought it anes a day!
Well, be a private life my fate,
I'll never envy mair the great:
That we are little fowk, that's true;
But fae's our cares and dangers too.

MERCURY in Quest of Peace.

THE gods coost out, as story gaes,
Some being friends, some being faes,
To men in a besieged city;
Thus some frae spite, and some frae pity,
Stood to their point with canker'd strictness,
And leftna ither in dogs likeness.
Juno ca'd *Venus* whore and bawd,
Venus ca'd *Juno* scauldin jad,
E'en cripple *Vulcan* blew the low,
Apollo ran to bend his bow,
Dis shook his fork, *Pallas* her shield,
Neptune his grape began to wield.
What plague, crys *Jupiter*, hey hoy!
Maun this town prove anither *Troy*?

What,

What, will you ever be at odds,
Till mankind think us foolish gods?

Hey! mistress *Peace*, make haste, — appear. —
But madam was nae there to hear:
Come, *Hermes*, wing thy heels and head,
And find her out with a' thy speed:
Trowth this is bonny wark indeed.

Hermes obeys, and flaptna short,
But flys directly to the Court;
For sure, thought he, she will be found,
On that fair complimenting ground,
Where praises and embraces ran
Like current coin 'tween man and man.
But soon, alake! he was beguil'd,
And fand that courtiers only smil'd,
And with a formal flat'ry treat ye,
That they mair sickerly might cheat ye:
Peace was na there, nor e'er could dwell,
Where hidden envy makes a hell.

Niest to the ha', where justice stands
With sword and ballance in her hands,
He flew; — no that he thought to find her
Between th' accuser and defender;
But sure he thought to find the wench
Amang the fowk that fill the bench;
Sae muckle gravity and grace
Appear'd in ilka judge's face:
Even here he was deceiv'd again,
For ilka judge stack to his ain
Interpretation of the law,
And vex'd themfells with *Had* and *Draw*.

52 MERCURY in Quest of Peace.

Frae thence he flew straight to the *Kirk*:
 In this he prov'd as daft a stirk,
 To look for peace, where never three
 In ev'ry point cou'd e'er agree;
 Ane his ain gate explain'd a text,
 Quite contrair to his neighbour next,
 And toughly toolied day and night,
 To gar believers trow them right.

Then fair he sigh'd, — where can she be? —
 Well thought, — the university,
 Science is ane these maun agree.
 There did he bend his strides right clever,
 But is as far mistane as ever:
 For here contention and ill nature
 Had runkl'd ilka learned feature;
 Ae party stood for ancient rules,
 Anither ca'd the ancients fools;
 Here ane wad set his shanks aspar,
 And roose the *Man* sang *Troy* war,
 Anither ca's him *Robin Kar*.

Well, she's no here; — away he flies
 To seek her amangst families.
 Tout, what shou'd she do there I wonder?
 Dwells she with matrimonial thunder,
 Where mates, some greedy, some deep drinkers,
 Contend with thriftless mates or jinkers?
 This says, 'tis black; and that, wi' spite,
 Stifly maintains and threeps 'tis white.

Weary'd at last, quoth he, let's see
 How branches with their stocks agree:
 But here he fand itill his mistake;
 Some parents cruel were, some weak;

While

While bairns ungratefu' did behave,
And wish'd their parents in the grave.

Has *Jove* then sent me amang thir fowk,
Cry'd *Hermes*, here to hunt the gowk?
Well, I have made a waly round,
To seek what is na to be found.
Just on the wing, — towards burn
A wee piece aff his looks did turn;
There mistress *Peace* he chanc'd to see,
Sitting beneath a willow tree:
And have I found ye at the last?
He cry'd aloud, and held her fast.
Here I reside, quoth she, and finil'd,
With an auld *Hermite* in this wild.
Well, madam, said he, I perceive,
That ane may long your presence crave,
And miss ye still; — but this seems plain,
To have ye, ane maun be alane.

The SPRING and the SYKE.

FED by a living *Spring*, a rill
Flow'd easily adown a hill;
A thousand flowers upon its bank
Flourish'd fu' fair, and grew right rank:
Near to its course a *Syke* did ly,
Whilk was in simmer aften dry,
And ne'er recover'd life again,
But after soaking showers of rain;
Then wad he swell, look big and sprush,
And o'er his margine proudly gush.

Ae day, after great waughts of weet,
 He with the chrystal current met,
 And ran him down with unco' din,
 Said he, how poorly does thou rin?
 See with what state I dash the brae,
 Whilst thou canst hardly make thy way.

The *Spring*, with a superior air,
 Said, fir, your brag gives me nae care;
 For soon's ye want your foreign aid,
 Your paughty cracks will soon be laid.
 Frae my ain head I have supply,
 But you must borrow, else rin dry.

The D A F T B A R G A I N. A Tale.

A T market anes, I watna how,
 Twa herds between them coft a cow:
 Driving her hame, the needfu' *Hacky*
 But ceremony chanc'd to k —.
 Quoth *Rab* right ravingly to *Raff*,
 Gin ye'll eat that digested draff
 Of *Crummy*, I shall quat my part.—
 A bargain be't, with a' my heart,
Raff soon reply'd, and lick'd his thumb,
 To gorble't up without a gloom:
 Syne till't he fell, and seem'd right yap
 His mealtith quickly up to gawp;
 Haff done, his heart began to scunner,
 But lootna on 'till *Rab* strak under;
 Wha fearing skair of cow to tine,
 At his *daft bargain* did repine.

Well,

Well, well, quoth *Raff*, tho' ye was rash,
 I'll scorn to wrang ye, senseless hash;
 Come fa' to wark, as I ha'e done,
 And eat the ither haff as soon,
 Ye's save ye'r part. — Content, quoth *Rab*, —
 And fleg'd the rest o't in his gab:
 Now what was tint, or what was won,
 Is eithly seen. — My story's done. —
 Yet frae this tale confed'rate states may learn
 To save their cow, and yet no eat her sharn.

The twa CUT-PURSES. A Tale.

IN borrows-town there was a fair,
 And mony a landart coof was there
 Baith lads and lassies busked brawly,
 To glowr at ilka bonny-waly,
 And lay out ony ora bodles
 On sma' gimcracks that pleas'd their nodles;
 Sic as a jocktaleg, or sheers,
 Confeckit ginger, plums or pears.

These gaping gowks twa rogues survey,
 And on their cash this plot they lay;
 The tane, less like a knave than fool,
 Unbidden clam the high cockstool,
 And pat his head and baith his hands
 Throw holes where the ill-doer stands.
 Now a' the crowd with mouth and een
 Cry'd out, *what does the idiot mean?*
 They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,
 And never thought upon a trick,

56 *Epistle to Robert Yarde, Esq;*

'Till he beneath had done his job,
By tooming poutches of the mob;
Wha now posselt of rowth of gear,
Scour'd aff as lang's the cost was clear.

But wow? the ferly quickly chang'd,
When throw their empty fobs they rang'd;
Some girn'd, and some look'd blae wi' grief,
While some cry'd ont, *Fy had the thief*.
But ne'er a thief or thief was there,
Or cou'd be found in a' the fair.
The jip wha stood aboon them a',
His innocence began to shaw;
Said he, my friends, I'm very sorry
To hear your melancholy story;
But sure whate'er your tinsel be,
Ye canna lay the wyte on me.

*Epistle to ROBERT YARDE of Devon-
shire, Esquire.*

FRAE northern mountains clad with snaw,
Where whistling winds incessant blaw,
In time now when the curling-stane
Slides murm'ring o'er the icy plain,
What sprightly tale in verse can *Yarde*
Expect frae a cauld *Scottish* bard,
With brose and bannocks poorly fed,
In hoden gray right hashly cled,
Skelping o'r frozen hags with pingle,
Picking up peets to beet his ingle,
While fleet that freezes as it fa's,
Theeks as with glafs the divot waws

Of a laigh hut, where sax thegither,
Ly heads and thraws on craps of heather?

Thus, fir, of us the story gaes,
By our mair dull and scornfu' faes:
But let them tauk, and gowks believe,
While we laugh at them in our sleeve;
For we, nor barbarous nor rude,
Ne'er want good wine to warm our blood,
Have tables crown'd, — and hartsome biels,
And can in *Cumin's*, *Don's* or *Steil's*,
Be serv'd as plenteously and civil,
As you in *London* at the devil.
You, fir, your self wha came and saw,
Own'd that we wanted nought at a',
To make us as content a nation,
As any is in the creation.

This point premis'd, my canty muse
Cocks up her crest without excuse,
And scorns to screen her natural flaws,
With *If's*, and *But's*, and dull *Because*:
She pukes her pens, and aims a flight
Throu' regions of internal light,
Frae fancy's field, these truths to bring
That you shou'd hear, and she shou'd sing.

Langsyne, when love and innocence
Were humane nature's best defence,
E'er party-jars made lateth less,
By cleathing't in a monkisk drefs;
Then Poets shaw'd these evenly roads,
That lead to dwellings of the gods.
In these dear days, well ken'd to fame,
Divini Vates was their name:

58 *Epistle to Robert Yarde, Esq;*

It was, and is, and shall be ay,
While they move in fair vertue's way.
Tho' rarely we to stipends reach,
Yet nane dare hinder us to preach.

Believe me, fir, the nearest way
To happiness, is to be gay ;
For spleen indulg'd will banish rest
Far frae the bosoms of the best ;
Thousands a-year's no worth a prin,
When e'er this fashous guest gets in :
But a fair competent estate
Can keep a man frae looking blate,
Sae eithly it lays to his hand
What his just appetites demand.
Wha has, and can enjoy, O wow !
How smoothly may his minutes flow ?
A youth thus blest with manly frame,
Enliven'd with a lively flame,
Will ne'er with fordid pinch controul
The satisfaction of his soul.
Poor is that mind, ay discontent,
That canna use what God has lent ;
But envious girns at a' he sees,
That are a crown richer than he's ;
Which gars him pitifully hane,
And hell's ase-middings rake for gain ;
Yet never kens a blythsome hour,
Is ever wanting, ever sowr.

Yet ae extreme shou'd' never make
A man the gowden mien forsake.
It shaws as much a shallow mind,
And ane extravagantly blind,

If careless of his future fate,
He dastly waste a good estate,
And never thinks 'till thoughts are vain,
And can afford him nought but pain.
Thus will a joiner's shavings bleez,
Their low will for some seconds please;
But soon the glaring leam is past,
And cauldrie darkness follows fast:
While flaw the fagots large expire,
And warm us with a lasting fire.
Then neither, as I ken ye will,
With idle fears your pleasures spill,
Nor with neglecting prudent care,
Do skaith to your succeeding heir.
Thus steering cannily throw life,
Your joys shall lasting be and rise:
Give a' your passions room to reel,
As lang as reason guides the wheel.
Desires, tho' ardent, are nae crime,
When they harmoniously keep time:
But when they spang o'er reason's fence,
We smart for't at our ain expence
To recreate us we're allow'd,
But gaming deep boils up the blood,
And gars ane at groomporters ban
The being that made him a man,
When his fair gardens, house and lands,
Are fa'n amongst the sharpeners hands.
A chearfu' bottle sooths the mind,
Gars corles grow canty, free and kind:
Defeats our care, and hales our strife,
And brawly oyls the wheels of life:
But when just quantum we transgress,
Our blessing turns the quite reverse.

60 *Epistle to Robert Yarde, Esq;*

To love the bonny smiling fair,
Nane can their passions better ware;
Yet love is kittle and unruly,
And shou'd move tentily and hooly:
For if it get o'er meikle head,
'Tis fair to gallop ane to dead:
O'er ilka hedge it wildly bounds,
And grazes on forbidden grounds;
Where constantly, like furies, range,
Poortith, diseases, death, revenge:
To toom anes pouch to dunty clever,
Or have wrang'd husband prob ane's liver,
Or void ane's faul out throw a shanker;
In faith 'twad any mortal canker.

Then wale a virgin worthy you,
Worthy your love and nuptial vow:
Syne frankly range o'er a' her charms,
Drink deep of joy within her arms;
Be still delighted with her breast,
And on her love with rapture feast.

May she be blooming, fast and young,
With graces melting from her tongue;
Prudent and yielding to maintain
Your love, as well as you her ain.

Thus with your leave, sir, I've made free
To give advice to ane can gi'e
As good again. — But as mefs *John*
Said, when the sand tald time was done,
' Ha'e patience, my dear friends a wee,
' And take ae ither glass frae me;
' And if ye think there's doublets due,
' I shanna bauk the like frae you.

The last Speech of a wretched Miser.

O Dool! and am I forc'd to die,
And nae mair my dear filler see,
That glanc'd sae sweetly in my eye!

It breaks my heart;
My gowd! my bands! alackanie!
That we shou'd par't.

For you I labour'd night and day,
For you I did my friends betray,
For you on stinking caff I lay,
And blankets thin;
And for your sake fed mony a flea
Upon my skin.

Like *Tantalus* I lang have stood
Chin deep into a filler flood;
Yet ne'er was able for my blood,
But pain and strife,
To ware ae drap on claiths or food,
To cherish life.

Or like the wiffen'd beardless wights,
Wha herd the wives of eastern knights,
Yet ne'er enjoy the fast delights
Of lasses bony;
Thus did I watch lang days and nights
My lovely money.

Altho' my annual rents cou'd feed
Thrice forty fowk that stood in need,
I grudg'd

62 *The last Speech of a wretched Miser.*

I grudg'd my sell my daily bread :

And if frae hame,

My pouch produc'd an ingan head,

To please my wame.

To keep you cosie in a hoord,

This hunger I with ease endur'd ;

And never dought a doit afford

To ane of skill,

Wha for a doller might have cur'd

Me of this ill.

I never wore my claiths with brushing,

Nor wrung away my farks with washing ;

Nor ever sat in taverns dashing

Away my coin,

To find out wit or mirth by clashing

O'er dearthfu' wine.

Abiet my pow was bald and bare,

I wore nae frizl'd limmer's hair,

Which takes of flower to keep it fair

Frae reesting free,

As meikle as wad dine and mair

The like of me.

Nor kept I servants, tales to tell,

But toom'd my coodies a' my sell ;

To hane in candle I had a spell

Baith cheap and bright,

A fish-head, when it 'gins to smell,

Gives curious light.

What

The last Speech of a wretched Miser. 63

What reason can I shaw, quo' ye,
To save and starve, to cheat and lie,
To live a beggar, and to die
Sae rich in coin?
That's mair than can be gi'en by me,
Tho' *Belzie* join.

Some said my looks were groff and fowr,
Fretfu', drumbly, dull and dour:
I own it was na in my power,
My fears to ding;
Wherefore I never cou'd endure
To laugh or sing.

I ever hated bookish reading,
And musical or dancing breeding,
And what's in either face or cleading,
Of painted things;
I thought nae pictures worth the heeding,
Except the king's.

Now of a' them the eard e'er bure,
I never rhimers cou'd endure,
They're sic a sneering pack, and poor,
I hate to ken 'em;
For 'gainst us thrifty fauls they're sure
To spit their venom.

But waster wives, the warst of a',
Without a youk they gar ane claw,
When wickedly they bid us draw
Our filler spungs,
For this and that, to make them braw,
And lay their tongues.

Some

64 *The last Speech of a wretched Miser.*

Some loo the courts, some loo the kirks,
Some loo to keep their skins frae lirks,
Some loo to woo beneath the birks

 Their lemans bony;
For me, I took them a' for stirks
 That loo'd na money.

They ca'd me slave to usury,
Squeeze, cleave the hair, and peel the flee,
Clek, flae the flint, and penury,

 And faulefs wretch;
But that ne'er skaith'd or troubled me,
 Gin I grew rich.

On profit a' my thoughts were bent,
And mony thousands have I lent,
But sickerly I took good tent,

 That double pawns,
With a cudeigh, and ten *per Cint*
 Lay in my hands.

When borrow'rs brak, the pawns were rug,
Rings, beads of pearl, or filler jug,
I fald them aff, ne'er fash'd my lug

 With girns or curses,
The mair they whing'd, it gart me hug
 My swelling purses.

Sometimes I'd figh, and ape a faint,
And with a lang rat-rhime of cant,
Wad make a mane for them in want;

 But for ought mair,
I never was the fool to grant
 Them ony skair.

The last Speech of a wretched Miser. 65

I thought ane freely might pronounce
That chiel a very filly dunce,
That cou'd not honesty renounce,
With ease and joys,
At ony time, to win an ounce
Of yellow boys.

When young I some remorse did feel,
And liv'd in terror of the deel,
His furnace, whips, and racking wheel;
But by degrees,
My conscience grown as hard as steel,
Gave me some ease.

But fears of want, and carking care
To save my stock, — and thirst for mair,
By night and day oppress me fair,
And turn'd my head;
While friends appear'd like harpies gare,
That wish'd me dead.

For fear of thieves I aft lay waking
The live lang night till day was breaking,
Syne throu' my sleep, with heart sair aking,
I've aften started,
Thinking I heard my windows cracking,
When *Elspa* f—.

O gear! I held ye lang thegither;
For you I starv'd my good auld mither,
And to *Virginia* sold my brither,
And crush'd my wife;
Bnt now I'm gawn I kenna whither,
To leave my life.

66 *The last Speech of a wretched Miser.*

My life! my god! my spirit earns,
Not on my kindred, wife or bairns,
Sic are but very laigh concerns,
Compar'd with thee!
When now this mortal rotle warns
Me I maun die.

It to my heart gaes like a gun,
To see my kin and graceless son,
Like rooks already are begun
To thumb my gear,
And cash that has not seen the sun
This fifty year.

Oh, oh! that spendthrift son of mine,
Wha can on roasted moorfowl dine,
And like dub-water skink the wine,
And dance and sing;
He'll soon gar my dear dwarlings dwine
Down to nathing.

To that same place, where e'er I gang,
O cou'd I bear my wealth alang!
Nae heir shou'd e'er a farthing fang,
That thus carouses,
Tho' they shou'd a' on woodies hang,
For breaking houses.

Perdition! *Sathan!* is that you!
I sink! — am dizzy! — Candle blue.
Wi' that he never mair play'd pew,
But with a rair,
Away his wretched spirit flew,
It maksna where.

TIT for TAT.

BE-SOUTH our channel, where 'tis common
To be priest-ridden, man and woman;
A father, anes in grave procession,
Went to receive a wight's confession
Whase sins, lang-gather'd, now began
To burden fair his inner man.
But happy they that can with ease
Sling aff sic laids when e'er they please.
Lug out your sins, and eke your purses,
And soon your kind spiritual nurses
Will ease you of these heavy turfes.

Cries *Hodge*, and sighs, ah! father ghostly,
I lang'd anes for some jewels costly,
And staw them frae a sneaking miser,
Wha was a wicked cheating squeezer,
And much had me and others wrang'd,
For which I aften wish'd him hang'd.
The father says, I own, my son,
To rob or pilfer is ill done;
But I can eith forgive the faut,
Since it is only *Tit for Tat*.

The sighing penitent gade further,
And own'd his anes designing murder;
That he had lent ane's guts a skreed,
Wha had gi'en him a broken head.
Replies the priest, my son, 'tis plain
That's only *Tit for Tat* again.

68 *Epistle from Mr. STARRAT.*

But still the sinner sighs and sobs,
And cries, ah! these are venial jobs
To the black crime that yet behind
Lyes like *Auld Nick* upon my mind:
I dare na name't; I'd lure be strung
Up by the neck, or by the tongue,
As speak it out to you: believe me,
The faut you never wad forgive me.
The haly man, with pious care,
Intreated, pray'd, and spake him fair,
Conjur'd him, as he hop'd for heaven,
To tell his crime, and be forgiven.

Well then, says *Hodge*, if it maun be,
Prepare to hear a tale frae me,
That when 'tis tald, I'm unko feard
Ye'll wish it never had been heard.
Ah me! your reverence's *Sister*,
Ten times I carnally have — kist her.
All's fair, returns the reverend *Brother*,
I've done *the samen* with your *Mother*
Three times as aft; and sae for that
We're on a level, *Tit for Tat*.

*Epistle from Mr. WILLIAM STARRAT
Teacher of Mathematicks at Straban in
Ireland.*

A E windy day last owk, I'll ne'er forget,
I think I hear the hailstones rattling yet;
On *Crochan* bus my hirdsell took the lee,
As ane wad wish, just a' beneath my Ee:

I in the beild of yon auld birk-tree side,
 Poor cauldrie *Coly* whing'd aneath my plaid,
 Right tozylic was set to ease my stumps,
 Well hap'd with bountith-hose and twa soll'd pumps;
 Syne on my four-hours luntion chew'd my cude,
 Sic kilter pat me in a merry mood:
 My whistle frae my blanket-nook I drew,
 And lilted owre thir twa three lines to you.

Blaw up my heart-strings ye *Pierian* quines,
 That ga'e the *Grecian* bards their bony rhimes,
 And learn'd the *Latin* lowns sic springs to play,
 As gars the world gang dancing to this day.

In vain I seek your help; 'tis bootless toil
 With sic dead ase to muck a moorland soil,
 Give me the muse that calls past ages back,
 And shaws proud southren sangsters their mistake,
 That frae their *Thames* can fetch the laurel north,
 And big *Parnassus* on the frith of *Forth*.

Thy breast alane this gladsome gwest does fill
 With strains, that warm our hearts like cannel gill,
 And learns thee in thy umquhile gutcher's tongue,
 The blythest lilt that e'er my lugs heard sung.
RAMSAY! for ever live: for wha like you
 In deathless sang sic life-like pictures drew?
 Not he wha whilome with his harp cou'd ca'
 The dancing stanes to big the *Theban* wa';
 Nor he (shamefa's fool head) as stories tell
 Could whistle back an auld dead wife frae hell;
 Nor e'en the loyal brooker of *Bell-trees*,
 Wha sang with hungry wame his want of fees;
 Nor *Haby*'s dron cou'd with thy wind-pipe please,

When in his well kend clink thou manes the death
 Of Lucky *Wood* and *Spence* (a matchless skaith
 To *Canigate*) sae gash thy gab-trees gang,
 The carlines live for ever in thy sang.

Or, when the country bridal thou pursues,
 To redd the regal tulzie sets thy muse,
 Thy soothing fangs bring canker'd carles to ease,
 Some lowps to *Lutter's* pipe, some birls bawbies.

But gin to graver notes, thou tunes thy breath,
 And sings poor *Sandy's* grief for *Edie's* death,
 Or *Matthew's* loss; the lambs in comfort mae,
 And lanesome *Ringwood* youls upon the brae.

Good God ! what tuneless heart-strings wadna
 twang,
 When love and beauty animates thy sang?
 Skies echoe back, when thou blaws up thy reed,
 In *Burchet's* praise, for clapping of thy head :
 And when thou bids the paughty *Czar* stand yon,
 The wandought seems beneath thee on his throne.
 Now, be my faul, and I have nought behin,
 And weil I wat fause swearing is a fin,
 I'd rather have thy pipe, and twa three sheep,
 Than a' the gold the monarchs coffers keep.

COLY, look out, the few we have's gane wrang, }
 This se'ntein owks I have not play'd sae lang; }
 Ha, *Crummy*, ha — trowth I maun quat my sang, }
 But, lad, neist mirk we'll to the haining drive,
 When in fresh lizar they get spleet and rive;
 The royts will rest, and gin ye like my play,
 I'll whistle to thee all the live lang day.

To Mr. WILLIAM STARRAT, on receiving the above Epistle.

FRAE fertile fields, where nae curs'd ethers creep,
 To stang the herds that in rash-busses sleep;
 Frae where saint *Patrick's* blessings freed the bogs
 Frae taids, and asks, and ugly creeping frogs;
 Welcome to me's the sound of *STARRAT's* pipe,
 Welcome, as westlen winds, or berries ripe,
 When speeling up the hill, the *Dog-days* heat
 Gars a young thirsty shepherd pant and sweat:
 Thus while I climb the muses mount with care,
 Sic friendly praises give refreshing air.
 O! may the lasses loo thee for thy pains,
 And may thou lang breathe healsome o'er the plains:
 Lang mayst thou teach, with round and nooked lines,
 Substantial skill, that's worth rich filler mines;
 To shaw how wheels can gang with greatest ease,
 And what kind barks sails smoothest o'er the seas;
 How wind-mills shou'd be made,--and how they work
 The thumper that tells hours upon the kirk:
 How wedges rive the aik: — How pullieses
 Can lift on highest roofs the greatest trees;
 Rug frae its roots the craig of *Edinburgh* castle,
 As easily as I cou'd break my whistle. —
 What pleughs fits a wet foil, and whilk the dry;
 And mony a thousand useful things forby.

I own 'tis cauld encouragement to sing,
 When round ane's lugs the blatran hailstones ring;
 But feckfu' folk can front the bauldest wind,
 And stonk thro' moors, and never fash their mind.

Aft have I wid throu' glens with chorking feet,
 When neither plaid nor kelt cou'd fend the weet;
 Yet blythly wald I bang out o'er the brae,
 And stend o'er burns as light as ony rae,
 Hoping the morn might prove a better day.
 Then let's to lairds and ladies leave the spleen,
 While we can dance and whistle o'er the green.
 Mankind's account of good and ill's a jest,
 Fancy's the rudder, and content's a feast.

Dear friend of mine, ye but o'er meikle roose
 The lawly mints of my poor moorland muse,
 Wha looks but blate, when even'd to either twa,
 That lull'd the deel, or bigg'd the *Theban* wa';
 But trowth 'tis natural for us a' to wink
 At our ain fauts, and praises frankly drink:
 Fair fa' ye then, and may your flocks grow rife,
 And may nae elf twin *Crummy* of her life.

The sun shines sweetly, a' the lift looks blue,
 O'er glens hing hovering clouds of rising dew;
Maggy, the bonniest lass of a' our town,
 Brent is her brow, her hair a curly brown,
 I have a tryft with her, and maun away,
 Then ye'll excuse me 'till anither day,
 When I've mair time; for shortly I'm to sing
 Some dainty fangs, that fall round *Crochan* ring.

BONNY CHRISTY.

HOW sweetly smells the simmer green?
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry;
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry:

But

But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
 And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
 Compar'd with those of *Christy*.

When wand'ring o'er the flowry park,
 No nat'ral beauty wanting;
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
 And birds in consort chanting?
 But if my *Christy* tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration;
 My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
 And drap the hale creation.
 When e'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And aften mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman.
 But dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother,
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a burn,
 His *Christy* did o'er-hear him;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her;
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And flang his arms about her.

My *Christy*! — witness bony stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising;
 I wish this may na be a dream:
 O love the maist surprising

Time was too precious now for tauk,
 This point of a' his wishes;
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But wair'd it a' on kisses.

*The BONNY SCOT, To the Tune of, The
 Boat-man.*

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny Boat-man,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny *Scot*—man.
 In haly bands
 We join'd our hands;
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate
 A large estate,
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in *Highland* glens
 To herd the kid and goat — man,
 E'er I cou'd for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny *Scot* — man.
 Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views,
 Love's art to use,
 While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Hasten to thy longing lassie,
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
 And in her bosome hawse thee.

Love gi'es the word,
Then haste on board,
Fair winds and tenty Boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder shore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scot* — man.

LOVE *inviting* REASON. *A Song to
the Tune of, I am asleep do not waken
me.*

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
E'er *Annie* became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she!
Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And favour thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give *Annie* the spleen?
Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?
Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears frae these een,
That look with indifference on poor dying me?
Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think on thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

Ah! shou'd a new gown, or a *Flanders* lace head,
Or yet a wee coatie, tho' never sae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
That anes had some hope of purchasing thine?

Rouze

76 *The Bob of DUNBLANE.*

Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer ye'r fleegeries to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* edition of new fangle *Sany*,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
 And aim at these bennifons promis'd to me?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,
 Love only thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,
 That flade away fastly between thee and me,
 E'er squirrels, or beaus, or fopery had power,
 To rival my love, and impose upon thee.
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The Bob of DUNBLANE.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
 And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
 If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dunblane*.
 Haste ye, gang to the ground of ye'r trunkies,
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame;
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies,
 Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dunblane*.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again;
Synce ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye did na accept of the *Bob of Dunblane*.
The dinner, the piper and priest shall be ready,
And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane;
Away then leave baith minny and dady,
And try with me the *Bob of Dunblane*.

Throw the Wood LADDIE.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy presence cou'd ease me,
When nathing can please me;
Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, untill thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lavrocks are singing,
And primroses springing;
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare no to tell;
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning:
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander my fell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow.
Wha's living in langour till that happy day;
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and
play.

Ann thou were my ain Thing.

A *NN thou were my ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee;
 Ann thou were my ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee.*

Like bees that suck the morning dew
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
 And gar the gods envy me.
Ann thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
 I on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in fast whispers through the night,
 I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my *Jean*!
 She moves a goddess o'er the green:
 Were I a king, thou shou'd be queen,
 Nane but my fell aboon thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee. 79

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of no delay,

O! let na scorn undo thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And with ilk smile thou shalt command

The will of him wha loves thee,

Ann thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY sweetest *May* let love incline thee
T'accept a heart which he designs thee,
And as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it;
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet or bonny:
Receive it then with a kiss and a smily,
There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are!
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain;
Tho' kith and kin, and a' shou'd revile thee,
There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks, lest they shou'd wander;

80 *The HIGHLAND LADDIE.*

Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
 And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
 O my dear lassie, it is but daffin
 To had thy woer up ay niff naffin :
 That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely ;
 O say, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

The HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine,
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy !
 How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
 And manly looks of my Highland Laddie ?
*O my bonny, bonny Highland Laddie,
 My handsome charming Highland Laddie :
 May heaven still guard, and love reward
 Our Lawland Lass and her Highland Laddie.*

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young *Donald* without trews,
 With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in borrows town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown ;
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and dady ;
 Frae winter's cauld and summer's fun,
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy
my bonny, &c.

A painted room and filken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kifs, and be as glad
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie;
And he ca's me his lawland lass:
Syne rows me in his highland plaidy
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Then that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him; which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserve my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

The COALIER'S bonny LASSIE.

THE Coalier has a daughter,
And O she's wonder bonny;
A laird he was that fought her,
Rich baith in lands and money.
The tutors watch'd the motion
Of this young honest lover:
But love is like the ocean:
Wha can it's depth discover?

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.

The coalier's bonny lassie
 Fair as the new blown lilly,
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,
 Secur'd the heart of *Willy*.

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession;
 His life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her;

My bonny coalier's daughter,
 Let nathing discompose ye,
 'Tis not your scanty tocher
 Shall ever make me lose ye;
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty
 To ware what heaven has lent me
 Upon your wit and beauty.

*To L. L. in Mourning. To the Tune of,
 Where Helen lyes.*

AH! why those tears in *Nelly's* eyes?
 To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
 The gods stand list'ning from the skies,
 Pleas'd with thy piety.
 To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
 And of one dying take a care,
 Who views thee as an angel fair,
 Or some divinity.

O be less graceful or more kind,
 And cool this fever of my mind,
 Caused by the boy severe and blind,
 Wounded I sigh for thee;
 While hardly dare I hope to rise
 To such a height, by *Hymen's* ties,
 To lay me down where *Helen* lyes,
 And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love and die,
 When such a sovereign cure is by?
 No, she can love, and I'll go try,
 Whate'er my fate may be.
 Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes;
 With those dear agents I'll advise,
 They tell the truth, when tongues tell lies,
 The least believ'd by me.

*An ODE, With a Pastoral Recitative on
 the Marriage of the Right Honourable,
 JAMES Earl of WEMYSS and Mrs.
 JANET CHARTERIS.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

LAST morn young *Rosalind*, with laughing een,
 Met with the singing shepherd on the green;
Armys height, wha us'd with tunefu' lay
 To please the ear, when he began to play:
 Him with a smile the blooming lass addrest;
 Her chearfu' look her inward joy confest.

R O S A L I N D.

Dear shepherd, now exert your wonted fire,
 I'll tell you news that shall your thoughts inspire.

A R M Y A S.

Out wi' them, bonny lads, and if they'll bear,
But ceremony you a Sang shall hear.

R O S A L I N D.

They'll bear, and do invite the blytheft strains,
The beauteous *CHARTERISSA* of these plains,
Still to them dear, wha late made us sae wae,
When we heard tell she was far aff to gae,
And leave our heartsome fields, her native land,
Now's ta'en in time, and fix'd by *Hymen's* band.

A R M Y A S.

To whom? speak fast; — I hope ye dinna jeer.

R O S A L I N D.

No, no, my dear, 'tis true, as we stand here.
The Thane of Fife, wha lately wi' his *Flane*,
And *Vizy* leel, made the BLYTH BOWL his ain:
He, the delight of baith the sma' and great,
Wha's bright beginning spae his sonfy fate,
Has gain'd her heart; and now their mutual flame
Retains the fair, and a' her wealth, at hame.

A R M Y A S.

Now *Rosalind*, may never sorrow twine
Sae near your heart, as joys arise in mine.
Come kiss me, lassie, and you's hear me sing
A bridal Sang that thro' the woods shall ring.

R O S A L I N D.

Ye'r ay sae daft, come take it, and hae done;
Let a' the lines be fast, and sweet the tune.

ARMYAS Sings.

Come, shepherds, a' your whistles join,
And shaw your blythest faces;
The Nymph that we were like to tine,
At hame her pleasure places.
Lilt up your notes both loud and gay,
Yet sweet as *Philomella's*,
And yearly solemnize the day
When this good luck befell us.

Hail to the THANE descended frae
MACDUFF renown'd in story,
Wha *Albion*, frae tyrannick sway,
Restor'd to antient glory;
His early blossoms loud proclaim,
That frae this stem he rises,
Whase merits gives him right to fame,
And to the highest prizes.

His lovely Countess sing, ye swains,
Nae subject can be sweeter;
The best of blood flows in her veins,
Which makes ilk grace compleater:
Bright are the beauties of her mind
Which frae her dawn of reason,
With a' the rays of wit hath shin'd,
Which virtue still did season.

Straight as the plane her features fair,
And bonny to a wonder;
Were *Jove* rampaging in the air,
Her smiles might stap his thunder.

86 *On seeing the ARCHERS, &c.*

Rejoice in her then, Happy Youth;
Her innate worth's a treasure;
Her sweetness a' your cares will sooth,
And furnish endless pleasure.

Lang may ye live t'enjoy her charms,
And lang lang may they blossom,
Securely screen'd within your arms,
And lodged in your bosom.
Thrice happy Parents, justly may
Your breasts with joy be fired,
When you the darling Pair survey,
By a' the world admired.

*On seeing the ARCHERS diverting them-
selves at the Buts and Rovers, &c.
At the Desire of Sir William Bennet.*

Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.
APOLLO aft flings by his bows,
And plays the *Broom of Cowden-knows*;
He sometimes drinks, ———

His DEMAND.

‘ **T**HE *Rovers* and the *Buts* you saw,
‘ And him who gives despotick law;
‘ In numbers sing what you have seen
‘ Both in the garden and the green,

‘ And

‘ And how with wine they clos’d the day
 ‘ In harmless toasts, both blyth and gay:
 ‘ This to remember be’t thy care,
 ‘ How they did justice to the fair.’

The ANSWER.

SIR, I with much delight beheld
 The royal *Archers* on the field;
 Their garb, their manner, and their game,
 Wakes in the mind a martial flame.
 To see them draw the bended yew,
 Brings bygone ages to our view,
 When burnish’d swords and whizzing flanes
 Forbade the *Norwegens* and *Danes*,
Romans and *Saxons*, to invade
 A nation of nae foes afraid;
 Whose virtue and true valour sav’d
 Them bravely from their b’ing enslav’d:
 Esteeming’t greater not to be,
 Than lose their darling *Liberty*.
 How much unlike! — But mum for that,
 Some beaus may snarl if we should prate.
 When av’rice, luxury and ease,
 A tea-fac’d generation please,
 Whase pithless limbs in silks o’erclad,
 Scarce bear the lady-handed lad
 Frae’s looking-glass into the chair,
 Which bears him to blaffum the fair,
 Wha by their actions come to ken
 Sic are but in appearance men.
 These ill cou’d bruike, without a beild,
 To sleep in boots upon the field;
 Yet rise as glorious as the sun,
 To end what greatly they begun.

88 *On seeing the ARCHERS, &c.*

Nor cou'd it suit their taste and pride
To eat an ox boil'd in his hide;
Or quaff pure element, ah me!
Without ream, sugar and bohee.

Hail noble ghosts of each brave Sire!
Whose souls glow'd with a god-like fire!
If you're to guardian posts assign'd,
And can with greatness warm the mind;
Breathe manly ardours in your race,
Communicate that martial grace,
By which through Ages you maintain'd
The *Caledonian* rights unstain'd;
That when our nation makes demands,
She may ne'er want brave hearts and hands.

Here, sir, I must your pardon ask,
If I have started from my task;
For when the fancy takes a flight,
We seldom ken where it will light.

But we return to view the band,
Under the regular command
Of * ane wha arbitrarily sways,
And makes it law whate'er he says:
Him honour and true reason rule,
Which makes submission to his will
Nae flav'ry, but a just delight,
Whiles he takes care to keep them right;
Wha never lets a cause depend
'Till the pursuer's power's at end;
But, like a minister of fate,
He speaks, and there's no more debate:
Best government, were subjects sure
To find a prince fit for sic pow'r.

* Mr. David Drummond president of the council,

But drop we cases not desir'd,
To paint the *Archers* now retir'd
From healthfu' sport, to chearfu' wine,
Strength to recruit, and wit refine;
Where innocent and blythsome tale
Permits nae founness to prevail:
Here, fir, you never fail to please,
Wha can in phrase adapt with ease,
Draw to the life a' kind of fowks,
Proud shaups, dull coofs, and gabbling gowks,
Gielaingers, and each greedy wight,
You place them in their proper light;
And when true merit comes in view,
You fully pay them what's their due.

While circling wheels the hearty glass,
Well flavour'd with some lovely las,
Or with the bonny fruitfu' dame,
Wha brightens in the nuptial flame.

My lord, your toast, the præsces crys:
To lady *Charlotte*, he replys.
Now, fir, let's hear your beauty bright:
To lady *Jean*, returns the knight.
To *Hamilton* a health gaes round,
And one to *Eglinton* is crown'd.
How sweet they taste! Now, fir, you say:
Then drink to her that's far away,
The lov'd *Southesk*. Neist, fir, you name:
I give you *Basil's* handsome dame.
Is't come to me? then toast the fair
That's fawn, O *Cockburn*, to thy skair.
How hearty went these healths about!
How blythly were they waughted out!

90 On seeing the ARCHERS, &c.

To a' the stately, fair and young,
 Frae *Haddington* and *Hoptoun* sprung,
 To *Lithgow's* daughter in her bloom,
 To dear *Mackay*, and comely *Home*,
 To *Creightons* every way divine,
 To *Haldane* straight as any pine.
 O how delicious was the glass
 Which was perfum'd with lovely *Bess*!
 And sae these rounds were flowing gi'en,
 To sisters *Nisbet*, *Nell* and *Jean*.
 To sweet *Montgomery* shining fair,
 To *Priestfield* twins, delightfu' pair.
 To *Katies* four of beauteous fame,
Stuart and *Cochran* lady claim,
 Third *Hamilton*, fourth *Ardress* name.
 To *Peggies Pentland*, *Bang* and *Bell*,
 To *Minto's* mate, and lively *Nell*:
 To *Gordons* ravishingly sweet,
 To *Maule* in whom the graces meet,
 To *Hepburn* wha has charms in store,
 To *Pringle* harmony all o'er,
 To the polite *Kinloch* and *Hay*,
 To *Wallace* beautifu' and gay,
 To *Campbell*, *Skeen* and *Rutherfoord*,
 To *Maitland* fair the much ador'd,
 To *Lockhart* with the sparkling een,
 To bonny *Crawford* ever green,
 To *Stuarts* mony a dazling bairn,
 Of *Invernytie* and *Denairn*.
 To gracefu' *Sleigh*, and *Oliphant*,
 To *Nasmith*, *Baird*, *Scot*, *Grier* and *Grant*,
 To *Clerk*, *Anstruther*, *Frank* and *Graham*,
 To *Deans* agreeing with her name.
 Where are we now — Come, to the best
 In *Christendom*, and a' the rest.

Dear

(Dear nymphs unnam'd, lay not the blame
On us, or on your want of fame,
That in this list you do not stand;
For heads gave way: — But there's my hand,
The neist time we have sic a night,
We'll not neglect to do ye right.)

Thus beauties rare, and virgins fine,
With blooming belles enlivened our wine,
'Till a' our noses 'gan to shine.

Then down we look'd upon the Great,
Who're plagu'd with guiding of the state,
And pity'd each flegmatick wight,
Whose creeping fauls ken nae delight,
But keep themselves ay on the gloom,
Startled with fears of what's to come.
Poor passion! sure by fate design'd
The mark of an inferior mind.
To heaven a filial fear we awe,
But fears nane else a man shou'd shaw.

Lads, cock your bonnets, bend your bows,
And, or in earnest, or in mows,
Be still successful, ever glad,
In *Mars's* or in *Venus's* bed;
Sae bards aloud shall chant your praise,
And ladies shall your spirits raise.

Thus, sir, I've sung what you requir'd,
As *Mars* and *Venus* have inspir'd.
While they inspire, and you approve,
I'll sing brave deeds, and faster loves;
'Till great *Apollo* say well done,
And own me for his native son.

*Wrote on Lady SOMERVILE'S Book of
Scots S A N G S.*

GAE, canty book, and win a name;
Nae lyricks e'er shall ding thee:

Hope large esteem, and lasting fame,

If *SOMERVILLA* sing thee.

If she thy finless faults forgive,

Which her sweet voice can cover,

Thou shalt in spite of criticks live

Still grateful to each lover.

*The N U P T I A L S, A Masque * on the
Marriage of his Grace JAMES Duke of
HAMILTON and BRANDON, &c.*

Calliope, playing upon a Violencello, sings,

JOY to the bridegroom, prince of *Clyde*,

Lang may his blifs and greatness blossom;

Joy to his virtuous charming bride,

Who gains this day his grace's bosom.

Ap-

* An unknown ingenious friend did me the honour of the following introduction to the London Edition of this Masque; and being a Poet, my vanity will be pardoned for inserting of it here.

' The present Poem being a revival of a good old form of poetry, in
' high repute with us, it may not be amiss to say something of a diversion
' once so agreeable, and so long interrupted, or disused. The original of
' Masques seems to be an imitation of the Interludes of the ancients, pre-
' sented on occasion of some ceremony performed in a great and noble fa-
' mily. The actors in this kind of Half-Dramatick poetry have formerly
' been even Kings, Princes, and the first personages of the Kingdom; and
' in private families, the noblest and nearest branches. The Machinery
' was of the greatest magnificence; very shewy, costly, and not uncom-
' monly contrived by the ablest Architects, as well as the best Poets. Thus
' we see in Ben. Johnson the name of Inigo Jones, and the same in Carew;
' whether as the modeller only, or as poet in conjunction with them, seems

Appear, great genius of his line,
And bear a part in the rejoicing;
Behold your ward, by powers divine,
Join'd with a mate of their ain choosing.

Forfake a while the *Cyprian* Scene,
Fair queen of smiles and fast embraces,
And hither come, with a' your train
Of beauties, loves, and sports, and graces.

Come, *Hymen*, bless their nuptial vow,
And them with mutual joys inspire.
Descend, *Minerva*, for 'tis you
With virtue beets the haly fire.

At the close of this song, enters the Genius of the family, clad in a scarlet robe, with a dukes coronet on his head, a shield on his left arm, with the proper bearing of Hamilton.

G E N I U S.

Fair mistress of harmonious sounds, we hear
Thy invitation gratfu' to the ear;
Of a' the *Gods*, who from the *Olympian* height
Bow down their heads, and in thy notes delight,
Jove keeps this day in his imperial dome,
And I to lead th'invited *Guests* am come.

' to be doubtful, there being nothing of our English Vitruvius left (that I
' know of) that places him in the class of writers. These shews we trace
' backwards as far as Henry VIII. from thence to Q. Elizabeth, and her
' successor K. James, who was both a great encourager and admirer of
' them. The last Masque, and the best ever written, was that of Milton,
' presented at Ludlow Castle, in the praise of which no words can be too
' many: and I remember to have heard the late excellent Mr. Addison a-
' gree with me in that opinion. Coronations, Princely Nuptials, Publick
' Feasts, the Entertainment of foreign Quality, were the usual occasions
' of this performance, and the best Poet of the age was courted to be the
' Author. Mr. Ramsay has made a noble and successful attempt to revive
' this kind of poesy, on a late celebrated account. And tho' he is often to
' be admired in all his writings, yet, I think, never more than in his pre-
' sent composition. A particular friend gave it a second edition in England,
' which, I fancy, the public will agree that it deserved.'

Enter Venus, attended by three Graces, with Minerva and Hymen, all in their proper dresses.

C A L L I O P E.

Welcome, ye bright *Divinities*, that guard
The brave and fair, and faithfu' love reward;
All hail, immortal progeny of *Jove*,
Who plant, preserve, and prosper sacred love.

G E N I U S.

Be still auspicious to th'united pair,
And let their purest pleasures be your care;
Your stores of genial blessings here employ,
To crown th'*Illustrious Youth* and *Fair-ane's* joy.

V E N U S.

I'll breathe eternal sweets in ev'ry air;
HE shall look always great, **S**H **E** ever fair;
Kind rays shall mix the sparkles of his eye,
Round her the loves in smiling crowds shall fly,
And bear frae ilka glance, on douny wings,
Into his ravish'd heart the fastest things:
And soon as *Hymen* has perform'd his rites,
I'll shower on them my hale *Idalian* sweets;
They shall possess,
In each caress,
Delights shall tire
The muses fire,
In highest numbers to express.

H Y M E N.

I'll busk their bow'r, and lay them gently down,
Syne ilka langing wish with raptures crown;
The gloomy nights shall ne'er unwelcome prove,
That leads them to the silent scenes of love.
The sun at morn shall dart his kindest rays,
To chear and animate each dear embrace:

Fond

Fond of the Fair, he falds her in his arms;
She blushes secret, conscious of her charms.

Rejoice, brave Youth,
In sic a fouth
Of joys the gods for thee provide;
The rosy dawn,
The flow'ry lawn,
That spring has dress'd in a' its pride,
Claim nae regard
When they're compar'd
With blooming beauties of thy Bride.

M I N E R V A.

Fairest of a' the goddeffes, and thou
That links the lovers to be ever true,
The gods and mortals awn your mighty power,
But 'tis not you can make their sweets secure:
That be my task, to make a friendship rise,
Shall raise their loves aboon the vulgar size.
Those near related to the brutal kind,
Ken nathing of the wedlock of the mind;
'Tis I can make a life a hinny moon,
And mould a love shall last like that aboon.
A' these sma' springs, whence cauld reserve and spleen
Take their first rise, and favour'd flow mair keen,
I shall discover in a proper view,
To keep their joys unmix'd, and ever new.
Nor jealousy, nor envious mouth,
Shall dare to blast their love;
But wisdom, constancy and truth,
Shall ev'ry bliss improve.

G E N I U S.

Thrice happy chief, sae much the care
 Of a' the family of *Jove*,
 A thousand blessings wait the fair,
 Who is found worthy of his love.
 Lang may the fair attractions of her mind
 Make her still lovelier, him for ever kind.

M I N E R V A.

The ancestors of mightiest chief and kings,
 Nae higher can derive than humane springs ;
 Yet frae the common soil each wondrous root,
 Aloft to heaven their spreading branches shoot :
 Bauld in my aid, these triumph'd over fate,
 Fam'd for unbounded thought or stern debate,
 Born high upon an undertaking mind,
 Superior raise, and left the crowd behind.

G E N I U S.

Frae these descending, laurel'd with renown,
 My *Charge* throw ages draws his lineage down.
 The paths of sic *Forbeers* lang may he trace,
 And she be *Mother* to as fam'd a race.

When blew diseases fill the drumly air,
 And red het bowts throw flaughts of lightning rair,
 Or madning faction shakes the sanguine sword,
 With watchfu' eye I'll tent my darling lord,
 And his lov'd mate, — tho' furies shou'd break loose,
 Awake or sleeping, shall enjoy repose.

I. G R A C E.

While gods keep haly-day, and mortals smile,
 Let nature with delights adorn the isle:

Be hush, bauld north, *Favonius* only blaw,
And cease, bleak clouds, to shed or weet or snaw;
Shine bright, thou radiant ruler of the year,
And gar the spring with earlier pride appear.

II. G R A C E.

Thy month, great queen of goddeses, make gay,
Which gains new honours frae this marriage day.
On *Glotta's* banks, ye healthfu' hynds, resort,
And with the landart lassies blythly sport.

III. G R A C E.

Wear your best faces and your *Sunday's* weeds,
And rouse the dance with your maist tunefu' reeds;
Let tunefu' voices join the rural sound,
And wake responsive echo all around.

I. G R A C E.

Sing your great master, *Scotia's* eldest son,
And the lov'd angel that his heart has won;
Come, sisters, let's frae arts hale stores collect
Whatever can her native beauties deck,
That in the day she may eclipse the light,
And ding the constellations of the night.

V E N U S.

Cease, busy maids, your artfu' buskings raise,
But small addition to her genuine rays;
Tho' ilka plain and ilka sea combine
To make her with their richest product shine,
Her lip, her bosom, and her sparkling een,
Excel the ruby, pearl, and diamond sheen:
These lesser ornaments, illustrious bride,
As bars to faster blessings, fling aside,

Steal frae them sweetly to your nuptial bed,
 As frae its body slides the fainted shade;
 Frae loath'd restraint to liberty above,
 Where all is harmony, and all is love:
 Haste to these blessings, — kiss the night away,
 And make it ten times pleasanter than day.

HYMENE.

The whisper and caress shall shorten hours,
 While kindly as the beams on dewy flowers;
 Thy *Sun*, like him who the fresh beverage sips,
 Shall feast upon the sweetness of thy lips:
 My haly hand maun chastly now unloose
 That *Zone* which a' thy virgin charms enclose:
 That *Zone* shou'd be less gratefu' to the fair
 Than easy bands of faster wedlock are.
 That lang unbuckled grows a hatefu' thing,
 The langer *These* are bound, they mair of honour
 bring.

MINERVA.

Yes, happy pair, what e'er the gods inspire,
 Pursue, and gratify each just desire:
 Enjoy your passions, with full transports mixt;
 But still observe the bounds by vertue fixt.

Enter B A C C H U S.

What brings *Minerva* here this rantin night?
 She's good for nathing but to preach or fight:
 Is this a time for either! — swith away,
 Or learn like us to be a thought mair gay.

MINERVA.

Peace, *Theban Roarer*, while the milder powers
 Give entertainment, there's nae need of yours;

The

The pure reflection of our calmer joys
Has mair of heaven than a' thy flashy noise.

B A C C H U S.

Ye canna want it, faith! you that appear
Anes at a bridal but in twenty year:
A ferly 'tis your dortiship to see;
But where was e'er a wedding without me?
Blew Een, remember, I'm baith hap and faul
To *Venus* there, but me she'd starve o' caul.

V E N U S.

We awn the truth, — *Minerva*, cease to check
Our jolly brother with your disrespect;
He's never absent at the treats of *Jove*,
And shou'd be present at this feast of love.

G E N I U S.

Maist welcome power, that chears the vital streams,
When *Pallas* guards thee frae thy wild extremes;
Thy rosy visage at these solemn rites,
My generous charge with open smiling greets.

B A C C H U S.

I'm nae great dab at speeches that maun clink,
But there's my paw I shall fou tightly drink
A hearty health to thir same lovely *Twa*,
That are sae meikle dauted by you a';
Then with my juice a reeming bicquor crown,
I'll gi'e the toast, and see it fairly round.

Enter Ganymed, with a flagon in one hand, and a glass in the other, ----
speaks.

To you, blyth beings, the benign director
Of gods and men, — to keep your fauls in tist, —
Has sent you here a present of his nectar,
As good as e'er was browen aboon the list.

BACCHUS.

Ha, *Gany*, come, my dainty boy,

Skink't up, and let us prive;

Without it life wad be a toy:

Here, gi'e me't in my nive.

(Takes the glass.) Good health to *Hamilton*, and his

Lov'd mate:--O father *Jove*, we crave

Thou'lt grant them a lang tack of blifs,

And rowth of bonny bairns and brave.

Pour on them, frae thy endless store,

A' bennifons that are divine,

With as good will as I waught o'er

This flowing glass of heav'nly wine.

(Drinks, and causes all the company to drink round.)

Come see't about, and syne let's all advance,

Mortals and gods be pairs, and tak a dance;

Minerva mim, for a' your morals stoor,

Ye shall with billy *Bacchus* fit the floor:

Play up there, lassie, some blyth *Scottish* tune,

Syne a' be blyth, when wine and wit gae round.

The health about, musick and dancing begin. --- The dancing over before her grace retires with the ladies to be undress'd; Calliope sings the

EPITHALAMIUM.

Bright is the low of lawfu' love,

Which shining fauls impart;

It to perfection mounts above,

And glows about the heart.

It is the flame gives lasting worth,

To greatness, beauty, wealth and birth, —

On you, illustrious youthfu' pair,

Who

Who are high heavens delight and care ;
 The blefsfu' beam darts warm and fair,
 And fhall improve the reft
 Of a' thefe gifts baith great and rare,
 Of which ye are poffeff.

BACCHUS, bear off your dinfome gang,
 Hark, frae yon howms the rural thrang
 Invite you now away ;
 While ilka hynd,
 And maiden kind,
 Dance in a ring,
 While fhepherds fmg
 In honour of the day ;
 Gae drink and dance
 'Till morn advance,
 And fet the twinkling fires,
 While we prepare
 To lead the fair
 And brave to their defires.

Gae, loves and graces, take your place,
 Around the nuptial bed abide ;
 Fair *Venus* heighten each embrace,
 And fmoothly make their minutes fide.
 Gae, *Hymen*, put the couch in cafe,
Minerva thither lead the bride ;
 Neift, all attend his youthfu' grace,
 And lay him fweetly by her fide.

ODE on the Marriage of the Right Honourable GEORGE Lord RAMSAY and Lady JEAN MAULE.

HAIL to the brave apparent chief,
Boast of the *RAMSAYS* *Clanish* name,
Whose ancestors stood the relief
Of *SCOTLAND*, ages known to fame.

Hail to the lovely she, whose charms,
Complete in graces, meets his love;
Adorn'd with all that greatness warms,
And makes him grateful bow to *Jove*.

Both from a line of patriots rise,
Chiefs of *DALHOUSIE* and *PANMURE*,
Whose loyal fames shall stains despise,
While ocean flows and orbs endure.

The *RAMSAYS*! *Caledonia's* prop;
The *MAULES*! struck still her foes with dread:
Now join'd; we, from the union, hope
A race of heroes shall succeed.

Let meaner souls transgress the rules
That's fix'd by honour, love and truth,
While little views proclaim them fools,
Unworthy beauty, sense and youth.

Whilst you, blest pair, belov'd by all
The powers above, and best below,
Shall have delights attend your call,
And lasting pleasures on you flow.

What

On the Marriage of the L. Ramsay. 103

What fate has fix'd, and love has done,
The guardians of mankind approve:
Well may they finish what's begun,
And from your joys all cares remove.

We wish'd, — when straight a heavenly voice
Inspir'd, — we heard the blew-cy'd maid
Cry, *Who dare quarrel with the choice?*
The choice is mine, be mine their aid.

Be thine their aid, O wisest power,
And soon again we hope to see
Their plains return, splendid their tower,
And blossom broad the * *Edge-well-Tree.*

Whilst he with manly merits stor'd,
Shall rise the glory of his clan;
She for celestial sweets ador'd,
Shall ever charm the gracefu' man.

Soon may their * *Royal Bird* extend
His fable plumes, and lordships claim,
Which to his valiant Sires pertain'd,
E'er earls in *Albion* were a name.

Ye parents of the happy pair,
With gen'rous smiles consenting, own
That they deserve your kindest care:
Thus with the gods their pleasure crown.

Haste, ev'ry *Grace*, each *Love* and *Smile*,
From fragrant *Cyprus* spread the wing;
To deck their couch, exhaust your isle
Of all the beauties of the spring.

* See note vol. 1. p. 276.

* The spread Eagle fable, on a field argent, is the arms of the Earl of Dalhousie.

104 *On the Birth of the M. of Dumlanrig.*

On them attend with homage due.

In him are *Mars* and *Phæbus* seen;
And in the noble Nymph you'll view
The sage *Minerva* and your *Queen*.

*Ode on the Birth of the most Honourable
Marquis of D U M L A N R I G.*

HELP me, some god, with sic a muse
As *Pope* and *Granville* aft employ,
That I may flowing numbers chuse,
To hail the welcome Princely Boy.

But, bred up far frae shining courts,
In moorland glens, where nought I see,
But now and then some landart lass,
What sounds polite can flow frae me?

Yet my blyth lass, amang the lave,
With honest heart her homage pays;
Tho' no fae nice she can behave,
Yet always as she thinks she says.

Arise, ye nymphs, on *Nytha's* plains,
And gar the craigs and mountains ring;
Rouse up the fauls of a' the swains,
While you the lovely Infant sing.

Keep haly-day on ilka howm,
With gowan garlands gird your brows;
Out o'er the dales in dances roam,
And shout around the jovial news.

On the Birth of the M. of Dumlanrig. 105

By the good bennison of heaven,
To free you frae the future fright
Of foreign lords, a Babe is given,
To guard your int'rest and your right.

With pleasure view your Prince, who late
Up to the state of manhood run,
Now, to complete his happy fate,
Sees his ain image in a Son.

A Son, for whom be this your pray'r,
Ilk morning soon as dawn appears,
G o d grant him an unmeasur'd skair
Of a' that grac'd his great forbears:

That his great Sire may live to see,
Frae his delightfu' infant spring,
A wise and stalwart progeny,
To fence their country and their king.

Still bless her Grace frae whom he sprung,
With blythsome heal her strength renew,
That throw lang life she may be young,
And bring forth cautioners enow.

Watch well, ye tenants of the air,
Wha hover round our heads unseen;
Let dear *DUMLANRIG* be your care,
Or when he lifts or steeks his een.

Ye hardy *Heroes*, whase brave pains
Defeated ay th'invading rout,
Forfake a wee th'*Elisian* plains,
View, smile and bless your lovely Sprout.

106 *Epistle to Mr. GAY.*

Ye fair, wha've kend the joys of love,
 And glow with chearfu' heal and youth,
 Sic as of auld might nurse a *Jove*,
 Or lay the breast t' *Alcide's* mouth ;

The best and bonniest of ye a'
 Take the sweet babie in your arms ;
 May he nought frae your bosoms draw,
 But nectar to nurse up his charms.

Harmoniously the notes express,
 When singing you his dumps debar,
 That discord never may impress
 Upon his blooming mind a jar.

Sound a' the *Poet* in his ears,
 E'en while he's hanging at the breast :
 Thus moulded, when he comes to years,
 With an exalted gust he'll feast

On lays immortal, which forbid
 The death of *DOUGLAS'* doughty name,
 Or in oblivion let ly hid
 The *HYDES* their beauty and their fame.

*Epistle to Mr. JOHN GAY, Author of
 the Shepherd's Week, on bearing her
 Grace Dutchess of Queensberry commend
 some of his Poems.*

DEAR lad, wha linkan o'er the lee,
 Sang *Blowzalind* and *Bowzybee*,
 And, like the lavrock, merrily
 Wak'd up the morn,
 When thou didst tune, with heartsome glée,
 Thy bog-reed-horn.

To thee, frae edge of *Pentland* height,
Where fawns and fairies take delight,
And revel a' the live lang night,
O'er glens and braes,
A bard that has the second sight
Thy fortune spaes.

Now, lend thy lug, and tent me, *GAY*,
Thy fate appears like flow'rs in *May*,
Fresh flowrishing, and lasting ay,
Firm as the aik,
Which envious winds, when criticks bray,
Shall never shake.

Come, shaw your loof. — Ay, there's the line
Fortells thy verse shall ever shine,
Dawted whilst living by the nine,
And a' the best,
And be, when past the mortal line,
Of fame possesst.

Immortal *Pope*, and skilfu' * *John*,
The learned *Leach* frae *Callidon*,
With mony a witty dame and don,
O'er lang to name,
Are of your roundels very fon,
And sound your fame.

And sae do I, wha roose but few,
Which nae sma' favour is to you:
For to my friends I stand right true,
With thanks a spar;
And my good word (ne'er gi'en but due)
Gangs unko far.

Here

Here mettled men my muse maintain,
 And ilka beauty is my friend;
 Which keeps me canty, brisk and bein,
 Ilk wheeling hour,
 And a sworn fae to hatefu' spleen,
 And a' that's four.

But bide ye boy, the main's to say,
Clarinda bright as rising day,
 Divinely bonny, great and gay,
 Of thinking even,
 Whase words and looks, and smiles display
 Full views of heaven.

To rumage nature for what's braw,
 Like lillies, roses, gems and snaw;
 Compar'd with her's, their lustre fa',
 And bauchly tell
 Her beauties: she excels them a',
 And's like her sell.

As fair a form as e'er was blest,
 To have an angel for a guest;
 Happy the prince who is possesst
 Of sic a prize,
 Whole vertues place her with the best
 Beneath the skies.

O sonfy *GAY*! this heavenly born,
 Whom ev'ry grace strives to adorn,
 Looks not upon thy lays with scorn;
 Then bend thy knees,
 And bless the day that ye was born
 With arts to please.

She

She says, thy sonnet smoothly sings,
Sae ye may crawl and clap your wings,
And smile at *Ether-capite* stings
With careless pride,
When sae much wit and beauty brings
Strength to your side.

Lilt up your pipes, and rise aboon
Your *Trivia* and your moorland tune,
And sing *Clarinda* late and soon,
In touring strains,
'Till gratefu' gods cry out, well done,
And praise thy pains.

Exalt thy voice, that all around,
May echo back the lovely found,
Frae *Dover* cliffs, with samphire crown'd,
To *Thule's* shore,
Where northward no more *Britains* found,
But seas that rore.

Thus sing, — whilst I frae *Arthur's* height,
O'er *Chiviot* glowr with tyr'd fight,
And langing wish, like raving wight,
To be set down,
Frae coach and sax, baith trim and tight,
In *London* town.

But lang I'll gove and bleer my ee,
Before, alake! that fight I see;
Then, best relief, I'll strive to be
Quiet and content,
And streek my limbs down easylie
Upon the bent.

There

110 *Ode to the Countess of ABOYN.*

There sing the gowans, broom and trees,
The crystal burn and westlin breez,
The bleeting flocks, and bisy bees,
And blythsome fwains,
Wha rant and dance, with kiltit dees,
O'er mossy plains.

Farewell; — but, e'er we part, let's pray,
God save *Clarinda* night and day,
And grant her a' she'd wish to ha'e,
Withoutten end! —
Nae mair at present I've to say,
But am your friend.

*Ode to the Right Honourable GRACE
Countess of ABOYN, on her Marriage
Day.*

IN martial fields the heroe toils,
And wades throw blood to purchase fame;
O'er dreadful waves, from distant soils,
The merchant brings his treasures hame.

But fame and wealth no joys bestow,
If plac'd alane they cyphers stand;
'Tis to the figure *Love* they owe
The real joys that they command.

Blest He who love and beauty gains,
Gains what contesting kings might claim,
Might bring brave armies to the plains,
And loudly swell the blast of fame.

How happy then is young *ABOYN*!
Of how much heaven is he possesst!
How much the care of pow'rs divine,
Who lyes in lovely *LOCKHART*'s breast!

Gazing in raptures on thy charms,
Thy sparkling beauty, shape and youth
He grasps all softness in his arms,
And sips the nectar from thy mouth.

If sympathetick likenesses crave
Indulgent parents to be kind,
Each pow'r shall guard the charm they gave,
Venus thy face, *Pallas* thy mind.

O muse, we could, — but stay thy flight;
The field is sacred as 'tis sweet;
Who dares to paint the ardent night,
When ravish'd youth and beauty meet?

Here we must draw a veil between,
And shade those joys too dazzling clear,
By ev'ry eye not to be seen,
Not to be heard by ev'ry ear.

Still in her smiles, ye *Cupids*, play;
Still in her eyes your revels keep;
Her pleasure be your care by day,
And whisper sweetness in her sleep.

Be banish'd, each ill natur'd care,
Base offspring of fantastick spleen;
Of access here you must despair,
Her breast for you is too serene.

May guardian angels hover round

Thy head, and ward off all annoy;

Be all thy days with raptures crown'd,

And all thy nights be blest with joy.

EPIGRAM.

MINERVA wandring in a myrtle grove,
 Accosted thus the smiling queen of love,
 Revenge your self, you've cause to be afraid,
 Your boasted pow'r yields to a *British* maid:
 She seems a goddess, all her graces shine;
 Love leads her beauty, which eclipses thine.
 Each youth, I know (says *Venus*) thinks she's me;
 Immediately she speaks, they think she's thee:
 Good *Pallas*, thus you're foil'd as well as I.
 Ha, ha! (crys *Cupid*) that's my *MALYSLEIGH*.

On the Marriage of ALEXANDER BRO-
DIE of Brodie, Lord Lyon King of
Arms, and Mrs. MARY SLEIGH.

WHEN time was young, and innocence,
 With tender love govern'd this round,
 No mean design to give offence
 To constancy and truth was found;
 All free from fraud, upon the flow'ry sward,
 Lovers carest with fond and chaste regard.

From easy labours of the day

Each pair to leafy bowers retir'd;

Contentment kept them ever gay,

While kind connubial sweets conspir'd,

With

LORD LION King of Arms 113

With smiling quiet and balmy health throu' life,
To make the happy husband and the wife.

Our modern wits in wisdom less,
With spirits weak, and wavering minds,
Void of resolve, poorly confess
They cannot relish aught that binds.
Let libertines of taste see wond'rous nice,
Despise to be confin'd in Paradise.

While *BRODIE* with his beauteous *SLEIGH*,
On purest love can safely feast,
Quaff raptures from her sparkling eye,
And judge of heaven within her breast:
No dubious cloud to gloom upon his joy.
Possessing of what's good can never cloy.

Her beauty might for ever warm,
Altho' her soul were less divine,
The brightness of her mind could charm,
Did less her graceful beauties shine:
But both united, with full force inspire
The warmest wish, and the most lasting fire.

In your accomplish'd mate, young *Thane*,
Without reserve ye may rejoice;
The heavens your happiness sustain,
And all that think, admire your choice.
Around your treasure circling arms entwine,
Be all thy pleasure her's, and her's be thine.

Rejoice, dear *MARY*, in thy youth,
The first of his brave ancient clan,
Whose soul delights in love and truth,
And view'd in every light a man

114 *To JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;*

To whom the fates with liberal hand have given
Good sense, true honour, and a temper even.

When love and reason thus unite
An equal pair in sacred ties,
They gain the humane blifs complete,
And approbation from the skies.
Since you approve, kind heaven, upon them pour
The best of blessings to their latest hour.

To you who rule above the sun,
To you who fly in fluid air,
We leave to finish what's begun,
Still to reward and watch the *Pair*.
Thus far the muse, who did an answer wait,
And heard the gods name happiness their fate.

*To JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq; On his be-
ing chosen Member of Parliament.*

MY BURCHET's name! well pleas'd, I saw
Amang the chosen leet,
Wha are to give *Britannia* law,
And keep her rights complete.

O may the rest wha fill the house
Be of a mind with thee,
And *British* liberty espouse;
We glorious days may see.

The name of Patriot is mair great
Than heaps of ill win gear:
What boots an opulent estate,
Without a conscience clear?

While

While sneaking fauls for cash wad troke
Their Country, G O D and King,
With pleasure we the villain mock,
And hate the worthless thing.

With a' your pith, the like of you
Superior to what's mean,
Shou'd gar the truckling rogues look blew,
And cow them laigh and clean.

Down with them, — down with a' that dare
Oppose the nation's right;
Sae may your fame like a fair star
Throu' future times shine bright.

Sae may kind heaven propitious prove,
And grant what e'er ye crave;
And him a corner in your love,
Wha is your humble slave.

The GENERAL MISTAKE: A Satyre.
Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable Lord
ERSKINE.

THE finish'd mind in all its movements bright,
Surveys the self-made sumph in proper light,
Allows for native weakness, but disdains
Him who the character with labour gains:
Permit me then, *my Lord* (since you arise
With a clear faul aboon the common fize)
To place the following sketches in your view;
The world will like me, if I'm roos'd by you.

116 *The GENERAL MISTAKE.*

Is there a fool, frae *Senator* to *Swain*?
 Take ilk ane's verdict for himsell, — there's nane.
 A thousand other wants make thousands fret,
 But nane for want of *Wisdom* quarrels fate.
 Alas! how gen'ral prove the great mistake,
 When others throu' their neighbours failings rake?
 Detraction then, by spite, is born too far,
 And represents men warse then what they are.
 Come then, *Impartial Satyre*, fill the stage
 W th fools of ilka station, sex and age;
 Point out the folly, hide the person's name,
 Since obduration follows publick shame:
 Silent conviction calmly can reform,
 While open scandal rages to a storm.

Proceed, but in the list, poor things forbear,
 Who only in the humane form appear,
 Scarce animated with that heavenly fire
 Which makes the soul with boundless thoughts aspire;
 Such move our pity, — nature is to blame —
 'Tis fools, in some things wise, that *Satyre* claim;
 Such as *Nugator*, mark his solemn mien,
 Stay'd are his features, scarcely move his een,
 Which deep beneath his knoted eye brows sink,
 And he appears as ane wad guess to think;
 Even sae he does, and can exactly shaw
 How mony beans make five, take three awa!
 Deep read in *Latin Folio's*, four inch thick,
 He probs your crabbit points into the quick;
 Delights in dubious things to give advice,
 Admires your judgment, if you think him wise:
 And stily stands by what he anes thought right,
 Altho' oppos'd with reason's clearest light.
 On him ilk argument is thrown away,
 Speak what ye will, he tents not what you say:

He

He hears himsell, and currently runs o'er
 All on the subject he has said before:
 'Till glad to ease his jaws and tired tongue,
 Th' opponent rests, — *Nugator* thinks him dung.
 Thou solemn trifler, — ken thou art despis'd,
 Thy stiff pretence to wisdom, nathing priz'd
 By sic as can their notions fause decline,
 When truth darts on them with convicting shine.
 How hateful's dull opinion! prop'd with words,
 That nought to any ane of sense affords,
 But tiresome jargon. — Learn to laugh, at least,
 That part of what thou says may pass for jest.

Now turn your eye to smooth *Chicander* next,
 In whom good sense seems with good humour mixt;
 But only seems: — for envy, malice, guile,
 And sic base vices, crowd behind his smile.
 Nor can his thoughts beyond mean quirks extend,
 He thinks a trick nae crime that gains his end;
 A crime! no, 'tis his brag; he names it *Wit*,
 And triumphs o'er a better man he' as bit.
 Think shame *Chicander* of your creeping flights,
 True wisdom in sincerity delights;
 The sumphish mob of penetration shawl,
 May gape and ferly at your cunning saul,
 And make ye fancy that there is desert
 In thus employing a' your sneaking art.
 But do not think that men of clearer sense
 Will e'er admit of sic a vile pretence,
 To that which dignifies the humane mind,
 And acts in honour with the bright and blind.

Reverse of this fause face, observe yon youth,
 A strict plain dealer, aft o'er stretching truth;

118 *The* GENERAL MISTAKE.

Severely fowr, he's ready to reprove
 The least wrang step in those who have his love:
 Yet what's of worth in them he over-rates;
 But much they're to be pitied whom he hates.
 Here his mistake, his weakest side appears,
 When he a character in pieces tears;
 He gives nae quarter, nor to great or sma',
 Even beauty guards in vain; he lays at a'.
 This humour, aften flowing o'er due bounds,
 Too deeply mony a reputation wounds;
 For which he's hated by the suffering crowd,
 Who jointly 'gree to rail at him aloud,
 And as much shun his sight and bitter tongue,
 As they wad do a wasp that had them stung.
Censorious learn sometimes at faults to wink,
 The wisest ever speak less than they think;
 Tho' thus superior judgment you may vaunt,
 Yet this proud worm-wood shew o't, speaks a want :
 A want in which your folly will be seen,
 'Till you increase in wit, and have less spleen.

Make way there, — when a mortal god appears!
 Why do ye laugh? King *Midas* wore sic ears —
 How wise he looks? Well, wad he never speak,
 People wad think him neither dull nor weak:
 But ah! he fancies, 'cause he's chos'n a tool,
 That a furr'd gown can free him frae the fool;
 Straight he, with paughty mien, and lordly glooms,
 A vile affected air, not his, assumes;
 Stawks stifly by, when better men salute,
 Discovering less of senator than brute.
 Yet, is there e'er a wiser man than he?
 Speer at himsell; and, if he will be free,
 He'll tell you, *Nane*. — Will judges tell a lie?

}
 But

But let him pass, and with a smile observe
 Yon tatter'd shadow, almost like to starve;
 And yet he struts, proud of his vast ingine,
 He is an author, writes exquisite fine:
 Sae fine, in faith! that every vulgar head
 Cannot conceive his meaning while they read.
 He hates the world for this; — with bitter rage
 He damns the stupid dulness of the age.
 The printer is unpaid. — Booksellers swear,
 Ten copies will not sell in ten lang year:
 And wad not that fair fret a learned mind,
 To see those shou'd be patrons prove sae blind,
 Not to approve of what cost meikle pains,
 Neglect of bus'ness, sleep, and waste of brains?
 And a' for nought, but to be vilely us'd,
 As pages are whilk buyers have refus'd.
 Ah! fellow lab'rers for the press, take heed,
 And force nae fame that way, if ye wad speed:
 Mankind must be (we have nae other) judge,
 And if they are displeas'd, why should we grudge?
 If happily you gain them to your side,
 Then bauldly mount your *Pegasus*, and ride:
 Value your sell only what they desire;
 What does not take, commit it to the fire.

Next him a penman with a bluffer air
 Stands 'tween this twa best friends that lull his care,
 Nam'd *Money in baith Pouches* — with three lines
 Yclipt a bill, he digs the *Indian* mines,
 Jobs, changes, lends, extorfes, cheats and grips,
 And no ae turn of gainfu' us'ry slips,
 'Till he has won, by wise pretence and snell,
 As meikle as may drive his bairns to hell,
 His ain lang hame. — This sucker thinks nane wise,
 But him who can to immense riches rise:

Lear, honour, vertue, and sic heavenly beams,
 To him appear but idle airy dreams,
 Nor fit for men of business to mind,
 That are for great and golden ends design'd.
 Send for him, deel! — till then, good men, take care
 To keep at distance frae his hook and snare;
 He has nae rewth, if coin comes in the play,
 He'll draw, indorse, and horn to death his prey.

Not thus *Macsomno* pushes after praise,
 He treats, and is admir'd in all he says;
 Cash well bestow'd, which helps a man to pass
 For wise in his ain thinking, that's an as:
 Poor skybalds, curs'd with less of wealth than wit,
 Blyth of a *gratis Gaudeamus*, sit
 With look attentive, ready all about,
 To give the laugh when his dull joke comes out;
 Accustom'd with his conversation bright,
 They ken as by a watch the time of night,
 When he's at sic a point of sic a tale,
 Which to these parasites grows never stale,
 Tho' often tald. — Like *Lethe's* stream, his wine
 Makes them forget! — that he again may shine.
 ' Fy! satyre hald thy tongue, thou art too rude
 ' To jeer a character that seems sae good:
 ' This man may beet the poet bare and clung,
 ' That rarely has a shilling in his spung.'
 Hang him! — there's patrons of good sense enew
 To cherish and support the tuneful few,
 Whose penetration's never at a loss
 In right distinguishing of gold frae dross:
 Employ me freely, if thou'd laurels wear,
 Experience may teach thee not to fear.

But

But see anither gives mair cause for dread,
 He thraws his gab, and aft he shakes his head;
 A slave to self-conceit, and a' that's fowr,
 T' acknowledge merit, is not in his power:
 He reads, — but ne'er the author's beauties minds,
 And has nae pleasure where nae faults he finds.
 Much hated gowk, tho' vers'd in kittle rules,
 To be a wirry-kow to writing fools,
 Thy sell the greatest, only learn'd in words,
 Which naithing but the cauld and dry affords.
 Dar'st thou of a' thy betters flighting speak,
 That have nae grutten sae meikle learning *Greek*:
 Thy depths well kend, and a' thy silly vaunts,
 To ilka solid thinker shaw thy wants.
 Thus cowards deave us with a thousand lies
 Of dangerous vict'ries they have won in pleas.
 Sae shallow upstarts strive with care to hide
 Their mean descent (which inly gaws their pride)
 By counting kin, and making endless faird,
 If that their grany's uncle's oye's a laird.
 Scar-crows, hen-hearted, and ye meanly born,
 Appear just what ye are, and dread nae scorn;
 Labour in words, — keep hale your skins: why not?
 Do well, and nane your laigh extract will quote,
 But to your praise. — Walk aff, till we remark

Yon little coxy wight, that makes sic wark
 With tongue and gate: how croufly does he stand?
 His taes turn'd out, on his left haunch his hand;
 The right beats time a hundred various ways,
 And points the *Pathos* out in a' he says.
 Wow! but he's proud! when almaist out of breath,
 At ony time he clatters a man to death,
 Wha is oblig'd sometime t' attend the sot,
 To save the captiv'd buttons of his coat.

Thou

Thou dingsome jack-daw, ken 'tis a disease
 This palsy in thy tongue that ne'er can please;
 Of a' mankind, thou art the maist mistane
 To think this way the name of *Sage* to gain.

Now, lest I shou'd be thought too much like thee,
 I'll give my readers leave to breathe a wee;
 If they allow my pictur's like the life,
 Mae shall be drawn; originals are rife.

The PHOENIX and the OWL.

P*HOENIX* the first, th' *Arabian* lord,
 And chief of all the feather'd kind,
 A hundred ages had ador'd
 The sun, with sanctity of mind.

Yet, mortal, he maun yield to fate,
 He heard the summons with a smile,
 And unalarm'd, without regret,
 He form'd himsell a fun'ral pile.

A *Howlet*, bird of mean degree,
 Poor, dosen'd, lame, and doited auld,
 Lay lurking in a neighb'ring tree,
 Cursing the sun loot him be cauld.

Said *Phœnix*, brother, why so griev'd,
 To ban the being gives thee breath?
 Learn to die better than thou'lt liv'd;
 Believe me, there's nae ill in death.

Believe ye that? the *Owl* reply'd,;
 Preach as ye will, death is an ill:
 When young I ilka pleasure try'd,
 But now I die against my will.

For you, a species by your fell,
Near eeldins with the sun your god,
Nae ferly 'tis to hear you tell,
Ye're tired, and incline to nod.

It shou'd be fae; for had I been
As lang upon the warld as ye,
Nae tears shou'd e'er drap frae my een,
For tinsel of my hollow tree.

And what, return'd the *Arabian* sage,
Have ye t' observe ye have not seen?
Ae day's the picture of an age,
'Tis ay the same thing o'er again.

Come, let us baith togither die:
Bow to the sun that gave thee life;
Repent thou frae his beams did flee,
And end thy poortith, pain and strife.

Thou wha in darkness took delight,
Frae twangs of guilt could'st ne'er be free:
What won thou by thy shunning light? —
But time flees on; — I haste to die.

Ye'r servant, sir, reply'd the *Owl*,
I likena in the dark to lowp:
The byword ca's that cheil a fool,
That slips a certainty for hope.

Then straight the zealous feather'd king
To's aromatick nest retir'd,
Collected sun-beams with his wing,
And in a spicy flame expir'd.

Mean time there blew a westlin gale,
 Which to the *Howlet* bore a coal;
 The faint departed on his pile,
 But the blasphemer in his hole.

He died for ever, — fair and bright;
 The *Phoenix* frae his ashes sprang.
 Thus wicked men sink down to night,
 While just men join the glorious thrang.

*To the Honourable Sir JOHN CLERK of
 PENNYCUK Baronet, one of the Ba-
 rons of Exchequer, on the Death of his
 most accomplished Son JOHN CLERK
 Esq; who died the 20th Year of his Age.*

IF tears can ever be a duty found,
 'Tis when the deaths of dear relations wound;
 Then you must weep, you have too just a ground.

A son whom all the good and wise admir'd,
 Shining with ev'ry grace to be desir'd;
 Rais'd high your joyful hopes, and then retir'd.

Nature must yield, when such a weighty load
 Rouzes the passions, and makes reason nod:
 But who may contradict the will of GOD!

By his great Author, man was sent below,
 Some things to learn, great pains to undergo,
 To fit him for what further he's to know.

This end obtain'd, without regarding time,
 He calls the soul home to its native clime,
 To happiness and knowledge more sublime.

Thus

Thus some in youth like eagles mount the steep,
Which leads to man, and fathom learning's deep;
Others thro' age with reptile motion creep.

Like lazy streams which fill the fenny strand,
In muddy pools they long unactive stand,
'Till spent in vapour, or immers'd in sand.

But down its flinty channel, without stain,
The mountain rill flows eagerly to gain,
With a full tide, its origine the main.

Thus your lov'd *Youth*, whose bright aspiring mind
Could not to lazy minutes be confin'd,
Sail'd down the stream of life before the wind.

Perform'd the task of man, so well, so soon,
He reach'd the sea of bliss before his noon,
And to his memory lasting laurels won.

When life's tempestuous billows ceas'd to rore,
And e'er his broken vessel was no more,
His soul serenely view'd the heavenly shore.

Bravely resign'd, obeying fate's command,
He fix'd his eyes on the immortal land,
Where crowding seraphs reach'd him out the hand.

SOUTHESKA's smiling cherub * first appear'd,
With *GARLIES*' consort †, who vast pleasures shar'd,
Conducting him where virtue finds reward.

Think in the world of sp'rits, with how much joy
His tender *Mother* would receive her boy,
Where fate no more their union can destroy.

* James Lord Carnegie. See p. 46.

† Lady Garlies, p. 49. both his near Relations.

126 *On receiving a LETTER, &c.*

His good *Grandfire*, who lately went to rest,
How fondly would he grasp him to his breast,
And welcome him to regions of the blest!

From us, 'tis true, his youthful sweets are gone,
Which may plead for our weakness, when we moan;
The loss indeed is ours, he can have none.

Thus sailors with a crazy vessel crost,
Expecting every minute to be lost,
With weeping eyes behold a funny coast.

Where happy land-men safely breathe the air,
Bask in the sun, or to cool shades repair,
They longing sigh, and wish themselves were there.

But who would after death to bliss lay claim,
Must, like your *Son*, each vicious passion tame,
Fly from the crowd, and at perfection aim.

Then grieve no more, nor vex your self in vain,
To latest age the character maintain
You now possess, you'll find your *Son* again.

*On receiving a Letter to be present at the
Burial of Mr. ROBERT ALEXAN-
DER of Blackhouse.*

THOU fable border'd sheet be gone,
Harbour o thee I must refuse;
Sure thou canst welcome find from none,
Who carries such ungrateful news.

Who

Who can attend thy mournful tale,
And ward his soul from piercing woe?
In viewing thee, grief must prevail,
And tears from gushing eyes o'erflow-

From eyes of all that knew the man,
And in his friendship had a share;
Who all the world's affections won,
By vertues that all natural were.

His merits dazzle, while we view,
His goodness is a theme so full,
The muse wants strength to pay what's due,
While estimation prompts the will.

But she endeavours to make known
To farthest down posterity,
That good *BLACKHOUSE* was such an one
As every one should wish to be.

The FAIR ASSEMBLY: A Poem.

AWAKE, *Thalia*, and defend,
With chearfu' carroling,
Thy bonny care, — thy wings extend,
And bear me to your spring;
That harmony full force may lend
To reasons that I bring: —
Now *Caledonian* nymphs attend,
For 'tis to you I sing.

Then

As lang as minds maun organs wear,
 Compos'd of flesh and blood,
 We ought to keep them hale and clear,
 * With exercise and food.

Then, but debate, it will appear
 That dancing must be good,
 It stagnant humours sets a steer,
 And fines the purple blood.

Diseases, heaviness and spleen,
 And ill things mony mae,
 That gar the lazy fret and grane,
 With visage dull and blae.
 'Tis dancing can do mair alane,
 Than drugs frae far away,
 To ward aff these, make nightly pain,
 And sower the shining day.

Health is a prize; — yet meikle mair
 In dancing we may find;
 It adds a lustre to the fair,
 And, when the fates unkind
 Cloud with a blate and aukward air
 A genius right refin'd,
 * The sprightly art helps to repair
 This blemish on the mind.

* The wise for health on exercise depend,

GOD never made his works for man to mend. Dryd.

— Since nothing appears to me to give children so much becoming confidence and behaviour, and so raise them to the conversation of those above their age, as dancing; I think they should be taught to dance as soon as they are capable of learning it. For tho' this consists only in outward gracefulness of motion; yet I know not how, it gives manly thoughts and carriage more than any thing. Lock.

How many do we daily see,
 * Right scrimp of wit and sense,
 Wha gain their aims aft easily
 By well bred confidence?
 Then what e'er helps to qualifie
 A rustick negligence,
 Maun without doubt a duty be,
 And shou'd give nae offence.

Hell's doctrine's dung, when equal pairs
 Together join their hands,
 And vow to sooth ilk other's cares,
 In haly wedlock bands:
 Sae when to dance the maid prepares,
 And flush'd with sweetness stands,
 At her the wounded lover stares,
 And yields to heaven's commands.

The first command * he soon obeys,
 While love inspires ilk notion;
 His wishing look his heart displays,
 While his lov'd mate's in motion:
 He views her with a blyth amaze,
 And drinks with deep devotion
 That happy draught, that throu' our days
 Is own'd a cordial potion.

The cordial which conserves our life,
 And makes it smooth and easy:
 Then, ilka wanter, wale a wife,
 E'er eild and humdrums seize ye,

* It is certain, that for want of a competent knowledge in this art of dancing, which should have been learned when young, the publick loses many a man of exquisite intellectuals and unbyass'd probity, purely for want of that so necessary accomplishment, assurance; while the pressing knave or fool shoulders him out, and gets the prize. Mr. Weaver.

* Dixit eis Deus, fortificate, augecite & implete terram.

Whase charms can silence dumps or strife,
 And frae the rake release ye,
 Attend th' *Assembly*, where there's rise
 Of vertuous maids to please ye.

These modest maids inspire the muse,
 In flowing strains to shaw
 Their beauties, which she likes to roose,
 And let the envious blaw:
 That task she canna well refuse,
 Wha sinle says them na. —
 To paint *Bellinda* first we chuse,
 With breasts like driven snaw.

Like lilly-banks see how they rise,
 With a fair glen between,
 Where living streams, blew as the skies,
 Are branching upward seen,
 To warm her mouth, where rapture lyes,
 And smiles, that banish spleen,
 Wha strikes with love and fast surprise,
 Where e'er she turns her een.

SABELLA gracefully complete,
 Straight as the mountain pine,
 Like pearl and rubies set in jet,
 Her lovely features shine:
 In her the gay and solid meet,
 And blended are sae fine,
 That when she moves her lips or feet,
 She seems some power divine.

O *Daphne*! sweeter than the dawn,
 When rays glance on the height,
 Diffusing gladness o'er the lawn,
 With strakes of rising light.

The dewy flowers when newly blawn,
Come short of that delight,
Which thy far fresher beauties can
Afford our joyfu' fight.

How easy fits sweet *Celia*'s drefs,
Her gate how gently free;
Her steps, throu'out the dance, exprefs
The juftest harmony:
And when ſhe ſings, all muſt confeſs,
Wha're bleſt to hear and ſee,
They'd deem't their greateſt happineſs
T' enjoy her company.

And wha can ca' his heart his ain,
That hears *Aminta* ſpeak?
Againſt love's arrows, ſhields are vain,
When he aims frae her cheek;
Her cheek, where roſes free from ſtain,
In glows of youdith beek:
Unmingl'd ſweets her lips retain;
Theſe lips ſhe ne'er ſhou'd ſteek,

Unleſs when fervent kiſſes cloſe
That av'new of her mind,
Thro' which true wit in torrents flows,
As ſpeaks the nymph deſign'd:
The brag and toaſt of wits and beaus,
And wonder of mankind;
Whaſe breaſt will prove a bleſt repoſe
To him with whom ſhe'll bind.

See with what gayety, yet grave,
Serena ſwims alang;
She moves a goddeſs 'mang the lave,
Distinguish'd in the thrang.

Ye fourocks, hafflines fool, haf knave,
Wha hate a dance or sang,
To see this stately maid behave,
'Twad gi'e your hearts a twang.

Your hearts! said I, trowth I'm to blame,
I had amaißt forgotten,
That ye to nae sic organ claim;
Or if ye do, 'tis rotten.
A faul with sic a thowless flame,
Is sure a silly sot ane:
Ye scandalize the humane frame,
When in our shape begotten.

These lurdanes came just in my light,
As I was tenting *Chloe*,
With jet black een that sparkle bright,
She's all o'er form'd for joy;
With neck and waift, and limbs as tight
As her's wha drew the boy,
Frae feeding flocks upon the height,
And fled with him to *Troy*.

Now *Myra* dances; mark her mien,
Sae disengag'd and gay,
Mix'd with that innocence that's seen
In bonny ew-bught *May*,
Wha wins the garland on the green
Upon some bridal-day;
Yet she has graces for a queen
And might a scepter sway.

What lays, *Calista*, can commend
The beauties of thy face!
Whase fancy can sae touring stend,
Thy merits a' to trace!

Frae 'boon the starns, some bard, descend,
And sing her ev'ry grace,
Whase wondrous worth may recommend
Her to a god's embrace.

A seraph wad our *Aikman* paint,
Or draw a lively wit;
The features of a happy saint,
Say, art thou fond to hit?
Or a *Madona* compliment,
With lineaments maist fit?
Fair copies thou need'it never want,
If bright *Calista* fit.

MELLA the heaviest heart can heez,
And fowrest thoughts expell,
Her station grants her rowth and ease,
Yet is the sprightly *Belle*
As active as the eydent bees,
Wha rear the waxen cell;
And, place her in what light you please,
She still appears herself.

Beauties on beauties come in view
Sae thick, that I'm afraid
I shall not pay to ilk their due,
'Till *Phæbus* lend mair aid:
But this in gen'ral will had true,
And may be safely said,
There's ay a something shining new
In ilk delicious maid.

Sic as against th' *Assembly* speak,
The rudest fauls betray,
When *Matrons* noble, wise and meek,
Conduct the healthfu' play:

134 *On the Royal Company of Archers.*

Where they appear, nae vice dare keek,
But to what's good gives way,
Like night, soon as the morning creek
Has usher'd in the day.

Dear *Ed'nburgh*, shaw thy gratitude,
And of sic friends make sure,
Wha strive to make our minds less rude,
And help our wants to cure;
Acting a gen'rous part and good,
In bounty to the poor:
Sic vertues, if right understood,
Shou'd ev'ry heart allure.

*On the Royal Company of ARCHERS,
shooting for the Bowl, July 6th, 1724.*

*On which Day his Grace JAMES Duke of
HAMILTON was chosen their Captain
General; and Mr. DAVID DRUM-
MOND their Præses won the Prize.*

A GAIN the year returns the day,
That's dedicate to joy and play,
To *Bonnets, Bows and Wine*.

Let all who wear a fullen face,
This day meet with a due disgrace,
And in their fownness pine;
Be shun'd as serpents, that wad stang
The hand that gi'es them food:
Sic we debar frae lasting sang,
And all their grumblin' brood,

While

While, to gain sport and halefome air,
The blythfome spirit draps dull care,
And starts frae bus'ness free:
Now to the fields the *Archers* bend,
With friendly minds the day to spend,
In manly game and glee;
First striving wha shall win the Bowl,
And then gar't flow with wine:
Sic manly sport refresh'd the soul
Of stalwart men lang syne.

E'er parties thrawn, and int'rest vile,
Debauch'd the grandeur of our isle,
And made ev'n brethren faes:
Syne truth frae friendship was exil'd,
And fause the honest hearts beguil'd,
And led them in a maze
Of politicks; — with cunning craft,
The *Issachars* of state,
Frae haly drums first dang us daft,
Then drown'd us in debate.

Drap this unpleasing thought, dear muse;
Come, view the men thou likes to roose;
To *Bruntsfield* green let's hy,
And see the royal *Bowmen* strive,
Wha far the feather'd arrows drive,
All foughing thro' the sky;
Ilk ettling with his utmost skill,
With artfu' draught and stark,
Extending nerves with hearty will,
In hopes to hit the mark.

136 *On the Royal Company of Archers.*

See *HAMILTON*, wha moves with grace,
Chief of the *Caledonian* race

Of peers; to whom is due
All honours, and a' fair renown;
Wha lays aside his ducal crown,
Sometime to shade his brow
Beneath St. *Andrew's* bonnet blew,
And joins to gain the prize:
Which shaws true merit match'd by few,
Great, affable and wise.

This day, with universal voice,
The *Archers* him their chieftain chose;
Consenting powers divine,
They blest the day with general joy,
By giving him a princely boy,
To beautify his line;
Whose birth-day, in immortal sang
Shall stand in fair record,
While bended strings the *Archers* twang,
And beauty is ador'd.

Next *DRUMMOND* view, who gives their law;
It glads our hearts to see him draw
The bow, and guide the *Band*;
He, like the faul of a' the lave,
Does with sic honour still behave,
As merits to command.
Blyth be his hours, heal be his heart,
And lang may he preside:
Lang the just fame of his desert
Shall unborn *Archers* read.

How on this fair propitious day,
With conquest leal he bore away
The *Bowl* victoriously;
With following shafts in number four,
Success the like ne'er kend before,
The prize to dignify.
Haste to the garden then bedeen,
The rose and laurel pow,
And plet a wreath of white and geen,
To busk the victor's brow.

The victor crown, who with his bow,
In spring of youth and am'rous glow,
Just fifty years finfyne,
The silver arrow made his prize,
Yet ceases not in fame to rise,
And with new feats to shine.
May every *Archer* strive to fill
His bonnet, and observe
The pattern he has set with skill,
And praise like him deserve.



On the Royal Company of Archers, marching under the Command of his Grace Duke of HAMILTON, in their proper Habits, to shoot for the Arrow at Musselburgh, August 4, 1724.

*APOLLO, Patron of the Lyre,
And of the valiant Archers Bow,
Me with sic Sentiments inspire,
As may appear from thee they flow,
When, by thy special Will, and high Command,
I sing the Merits of the ROYAL BAND.*

NOW like themfells again the *Archers* raise
The Bow, in brave aray, and claim our lays.
Phæbus well pleas'd, shines from the blew serene,
Glents on the stream, and guilds the checquer'd green.
The winds ly hush in their remotest caves,
And *Forth* with gentle swell his margin leaves.
See to his shore, the gathering thousands roll,
As if one gen'ral sp'rit inform'd the whole.
The bonniest fair of a' *Great Britain's* isle,
From chariots and the crowded casements smile;
Whilst horse and foot promiscuous form a lane,
Extending far along the destin'd plain,
Where, like *Bellona's* troops, or guards of love,
The *Archers* in their proper habits move.

Their

Their guardian faint, from yon etherial height,
Displays th' auspicious cross of blazing light;
While on his care he chearfully looks down,
The pointed thistle wears his ruby crown,
And seems to threat, arm'd ready to engage,
No man unpunish'd shall provoke my rage.
Well pleas'd the rampant *Lyon* smooths his mane,
And gambols gay upon his golden plain.

Like as the sun, when wintry clouds are past,
And fragrant gales succeed the stormy blast,
Shines on the earth, the fields look fresh and gay;
So seem the *Archers* on this joyful day:
Whilst with his graceful mien, and aspect kind,
Their *Leader* raises every follower's mind,
Who love the conduct of a youth, whose birth
To nothing yields but his superior worth;
And happier is with his selected train,
Than *Philip's* son who strove a world to gain.
That *Prince* whole nations to destruction drove,
This **P R I N C E** delights his country to improve.
A monarch rais'd upon a throne may nod,
And pass amongst the vulgar for a god;
Whilst men of penetration justly blame
Those who hang on their ancestors for fame;
But own the dignity of high descent,
When the successor's spirit keeps the bent,
Which through revolving ages grac'd the line,
With all those qualities that brightest shine:
The *Archers* chistain thus with active mind,
In all that's worthy never falls behind.
These noble characters, from whom he sprung,
In hist'ry fam'd: whom ancient bards have sung.
See, from his steady hand, and aiming eye,
How straight in equal lengths the arrows fly:

140 *On the Royal Company of Archers.*

Both at one end close by the mark they stand,
Which points him worthy of his brave command ;
That as they to his num'rous merits bow,
This victory makes homage fully due.

Sage *Drummond* next, the chief, with counsel grave,
Becomes his post, instructing all that's brave :
So *Pallas* seem'd, who *Mentor's* form put on,
To make a heroe of *Ulysses'* son.

Each officer his character maintains,
While love and honour gratify their pains.
No view inferior brings them to the field,
To whom great chiefs of clans with pleasure yield.

No hidden murmur swells the *Archer's* heart,
While each with gladness acts his proper part.
No factious strife, nor plots, the bane of states,
Give birth to jealousies or dire debates :
Nor less their pleasure who obedience pay,
Good order to preserve, as those who sway.
O smiling muse, full well thou knows the fair ;
Admire the courteous, and with pleasure share
Their love with him that's generous and brave,
And can with manly dignity behave ;
Then haste to warn thy tender care with speed,
Lest by some random-shaft their hearts may bleed.
Yon dangerous youths both *Mars* and *Venus* arm,
While with their double darts they threat and charm ;
Those at their side forbid invading foes,
With vain attempt true courage to oppose ;
While shafts mair subtle, darted from their eye,
Thro' softer hearts with silent conquest fly.

To the Right Honourable Earl of HARTFORD, Lord PEIRCY, President, and the rest of the Honourable Members of the Society of British Antiquarians. A Scots Ode.

TO *HARTFORD* and his learned friends,
Whase fame for science far extends,
A Scottish muse her duty sends,
From *Pictish* towers:
Health, length of days, and happy ends,
Be ever yours.

Your generous cares make light arise
From things obscure to vulgar eyes,
Finding where hidden knowledge lies,
T' improve the mind ;
And most delightfully surprise,
With thoughts refin'd.

When you the broke inscription read,
Or amongst antique ruins tread,
And view remains of princes dead,
In funeral piles,
Your penetration seems decreed
To bless these isles,

Where *Romans* form'd their camps of old,
Their gods and urns of curious mold,
Their medals struck of brass or gold,
'Tis you can show,
And truth of what's in story told,
To you we owe.

142 *To the Society of British Antiquarians.*

How beneficial is the care,
That brightens up the claffick here!
When you the documents compare,
With authors old,
You ravish, when we can so fair
Your light behold.

Without your comments, each old book
By all the world would be forlook:
For who of thought wou'd deign to look,
On doubtful works,
'Till by your skilful hands they're struck
With sterling marks?

By this your learning men are fir'd
With love of glory, and inspir'd
Like ancient heroes, who ne'er tir'd
To win a name;
And, by their god-like acts, aspir'd
T' immortal fame.

Your useful labours shall endure,
True merit shall your fame secure,
And will posterity allure,
To search about
For truth, by demonstration fure,
Which leaves no doubt.

The muse forsees brave *HARTFORD*'s name
Shall to all writers be a theme,
To last while arts and greatness claim
Th' historian's skill,
Or the chief instrument of fame,
The poet's quill.

To the Society of British Antiquarians. 143

P E M B R O K E's a name to *Britain* dear,
For learning and brave deeds of wiew;
The genius still continues clear
In him whose art,
In your rare fellowship can bear
So great a part.

Bards yet unborn shall tune their lays,
And monuments harmonious raise
To *WINCHELSEA* and *DEVON*'s praise,
Whose high desert,
And vertues bright, like genial rays,
Can life impart.

Nor want we *Caledonian*'s sage,
Who read the painted vellum page,
No strangers to each antique stage,
And *Druids* cells,
And sacred ruins of each age,
On plains and fells.

Amongst all those of the first rate,
Our learned * *C L E R K* blest with the fate
Of thinking right, can best relate
These beauties all,
Which bear the marks of ancient date,
Be-north the wall.

The wall which *Hadrian* first begun,
And bold *Severus* carried on,
From rising to the setting sun,
On *Britain*'s coast,
Our ancestors fierce arms to shun,
Which gall'd them most.

* Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, Baronet.

Thou dingsome jack-daw, ken 'tis a disease
 This palsy in thy tongue that ne'er can please;
 Of a' mankind, thou art the maist mistane
 To think this way the name of *Sage* to gain.

Now, lest I shou'd be thought too much like thee,
 I'll give my readers leave to breathe a wee;
 If they allow my pictur's like the life,
 Mae shall be drawn; originals are rife.

The PHOENIX and the OWL.

P*HOENIX* the first, th' *Arabian* lord,
 And chief of all the feather'd kind,
 A hundred ages had ador'd
 The sun, with sanctity of mind.

Yet, mortal, he maun yield to fate,
 He heard the summons with a smile,
 And unalarm'd, without regret,
 He form'd himsell a fun'ral pile.

A *Howlet*, bird of mean degree,
 Poor, dosen'd, lame, and doited auld,
 Lay lurking in a neighb'ring tree,
 Cursing the sun loot him be cauld.

Said *Phœnix*, brother, why so griev'd,
 To ban the being gives thee breath?
 Learn to die better than thou'lt liv'd;
 Believe me, there's nae ill in death.

Believe ye that? the *Owl* reply'd,;
 Preach as ye will, death is an ill:
 When young I ilka pleasure try'd,
 But now I die against my will.

For you, a species by your fell,
Near eeldins with the sun your god,
Nae ferly 'tis to hear you tell,
Ye're tired, and incline to nod.

It shou'd be fae; for had I been
As lang upon the warld as ye,
Nae tears shou'd e'er drap frae my een,
For tinsel of my hollow tree.

And what, return'd the *Arabian* sage,
Have ye t' observe ye have not seen?
Ae day's the picture of an age,
'Tis ay the same thing o'er again.

Come, let us baith togither die:
Bow to the sun that gave thee life;
Repent thou frae his beams did flee,
And end thy poortith, pain and strife.

Thou wha in darkness took delight,
Frae twangs of guilt could'st ne'er be free:
What won thou by thy shunning light? —
But time flees on; — I haste to die.

Ye'r fervant, sir, reply'd the *Owl*,
I likena in the dark to lowp:
The byword ca's that cheil a fool,
That slips a certainty for hope.

Then straight the zealous feather'd king
To's aromattick nest retir'd,
Collected sun-beams with his wing,
And in a spicy flame expir'd.

Mean time there blew a westlin gale,
Which to the *Howlet* bore a coal;
The faint departed on his pile,
But the blasphemer in his hole.

He died for ever, — fair and bright;
The *Phoenix* frae his ashes sprang.
Thus wicked men sink down to night,
While just men join the glorious thrang.

*To the Honourable Sir JOHN CLERK of
PENNYCUK Baronet, one of the Ba-
rons of Exchequer, on the Death of his
most accomplished Son JOHN CLERK
Esq; who died the 20th Year of his Age.*

IF tears can ever be a duty found,
'Tis when the deaths of dear relations wound;
Then you must weep, you have too just a ground.

A son whom all the good and wise admir'd,
Shining with ev'ry grace to be desir'd;
Rais'd high your joyful hopes, and then retir'd.

Nature must yield, when such a weighty load
Rouzes the passions, and makes reason nod:
But who may contradict the will of GOD!

By his great Author, man was sent below,
Some things to learn, great pains to undergo,
To fit him for what further he's to know.

This end obtain'd, without regarding time,
He calls the soul home to its native clime,
To happiness and knowledge more sublime.

Thus

Thus some in youth like eagles mount the steep,
Which leads to man, and fathom learning's deep;
Others thro' age with reptile motion creep.

Like lazy streams which fill the fenny strand,
In muddy pools they long unactive stand,
'Till spent in vapour, or immers'd in sand.

But down its flinty channel, without stain,
The mountain rill flows eagerly to gain,
With a full tide, its origine the main.

Thus your lov'd *Youth*, whose bright aspiring mind
Could not to lazy minutes be confin'd,
Sail'd down the stream of life before the wind.

Perform'd the task of man, so well, so soon,
He reach'd the sea of bliss before his noon,
And to his memory lasting laurels won.

When life's tempestuous billows ceas'd to rore,
And e'er his broken vessel was no more,
His soul serenely view'd the heavenly shore.

Bravely resign'd, obeying fate's command,
He fix'd his eyes on the immortal land,
Where crowding seraphs reach'd him out the hand.

SOUTHESKA's smiling cherub * first appear'd,
With *GARLIES*' comfort †, who vast pleasures shar'd,
Conducting him where virtue finds reward.

Think in the world of sp'rits, with how much joy
His tender *Mother* would receive her boy,
Where fate no more their union can destroy.

* James Lord Carnegie. See p. 46.

† Lady Garlies, p. 49. both his near Relations.

126 *On receiving a LETTER, &c.*

His good *Grandfire*, who lately went to rest,
How fondly would he grasp him to his breast,
And welcome him to regions of the blest!

From us, 'tis true, his youthful sweets are gone,
Which may plead for our weakness, when we moan;
The loss indeed is ours, he can have none.

Thus sailors with a crazy vessel crost,
Expecting every minute to be lost,
With weeping eyes behold a sunny coast.

Where happy land-men safely breathe the air,
Bask in the sun, or to cool shades repair,
They longing sigh, and wish themselves were there.

But who would after death to bliss lay claim,
Must, like your *Son*, each vicious passion tame,
Fly from the crowd, and at perfection aim.

Then grieve no more, nor vex your self in vain,
To latest age the character maintain
You now possess, you'll find your *Son* again.

*On receiving a Letter to be present at the
Burial of Mr. ROBERT ALEXAN-
DER of Blackhouse.*

THOU fable border'd sheet be gone,
Harbour to thee I must refuse;
Sure thou canst welcome find from none,
Who carries such ungrateful news.

Who

Who can attend thy mournful tale,
And ward his soul from piercing woe?
In viewing thee, grief must prevail,
And tears from gushing eyes o'erflow-

From eyes of all that knew the man,
And in his friendship had a share;
Who all the world's affections won,
By virtues that all natural were.

His merits dazzle, while we view,
His goodness is a theme so full,
The muse wants strength to pay what's due,
While estimation prompts the will.

But she endeavours to make known
To farthest down posterity,
That good *BLACKHOUSE* was such an one
As every one should wish to be.

The FAIR ASSEMBLY: A Poem.

AWAKE, *Thalia*, and defend,
With chearfu' carroling,
Thy bonny care, — thy wings extend,
And bear me to your spring;
That harmony full force may lend
To reasons that I bring: —
Now *Caledonian* nymphs attend,
For 'tis to you I sing.

Then

As lang as minds maun organs wear,
 Compos'd of flesh and blood,
 We ought to keep them hale and clear,
 * With exercise and food.

Then, but debate, it will appear
 That dancing must be good,
 It stagnant humours sets a steer,
 And fines the purple blood.

Diseases, heaviness and spleen,
 And ill things mony mae,
 That gar the lazy fret and grane,
 With visage dull and blae.
 'Tis dancing can do mair alane,
 Than drugs frae far away,
 To ward aff these, make nightly pain,
 And sowr the shining day.

Health is a prize; — yet meikle mair
 In dancing we may find;
 It adds a lustre to the fair,
 And, when the fates unkind
 Cloud with a blate and aukward air
 A genius right refin'd,
 * The sprightly art helps to repair
 This blemish on the mind.

* The wise for health on exercise depend,

GOD never made his works for man to mend. Dryd.

— Since nothing appears to me to give children so much becoming confidence and behaviour, and so raise them to the conversation of those above their age, as dancing; I think they should be taught to dance as soon as they are capable of learning it. For tho' this consists only in outward gracefulness of motion; yet I know not how, it gives manly thoughts and carriage more than any thing. Lock.

How many do we daily see,
 * Right scrimp of wit and sense,
 Wha gain their aims aft easily
 By well bred confidence?
 Then what e'er helps to qualifie
 A rustick negligence,
 Maun without doubt a duty be,
 And shou'd give nae offence.

Hell's doctrine's dung, when equal pairs
 Together join their hands,
 And vow to sooth ilk other's cares,
 In haly wedlock bands:
 Sae when to dance the maid prepares,
 And flush'd with sweetness stands,
 At her the wounded lover stares,
 And yields to heaven's commands.

The first command * he soon obeys,
 While love inspires ilk notion;
 His wishing look his heart displays,
 While his lov'd mate's in motion:
 He views her with a blyth amaze,
 And drinks with deep devotion
 That happy draught, that throu' our days
 Is own'd a cordial potion.

The cordial which conerves our life,
 And makes it smooth and easy:
 Then, ilka wanter, wale a wife,
 E'er eild and humdrums seize ye,

* It is certain, that for want of a competent knowledge in this art of dancing, which should have been learned when young, the publick loses many a man of exquisite intellectuals and unbyass'd probity, purely for want of that so necessary accomplishment, assurance; while the pressing knave or fool shoulders him out, and gets the prize. Mr. Weaver.

* Dixit eis Deus, fortificate, augecite & implete terram.

Whase charms can silence dumps or strife,
 And frae the rake release ye,
 Attend th' *Assembly*, where there's rife
 Of vertuous maids to please ye.

These modest maids inspire the muse,
 In flowing strains to shaw
 Their beauties, which she likes to roose.
 And let the envious blaw:
 That task she canna well refuse,
 Wha sinle says them na. —
 To paint *Bellinda* first we chuse,
 With breasts like driven snaw.

Like lilly-banks see how they rise,
 With a fair glen between,
 Where living streams, blew as the skies,
 Are branching upward seen,
 To warm her mouth, where rapture lyes,
 And smiles, that banish spleen,
 Wha strikes with love and fast surprise,
 Where e'er she turns her een.

SABELLA gracefully complete,
 Straight as the mountain pine,
 Like pearl and rubies set in jet,
 Her lovely features shine:
 In her the gay and solid meet,
 And blended are fae fine,
 That when she moves her lips or feet,
 She seems some power divine.

O *Daphne*! sweeter than the dawn,
 When rays glance on the height,
 Diffusing gladness o'er the lawn,
 With strakes of rising light.

The dewy flowers when newly blawn,
Come short of that delight,
Which thy far fresher beauties can
Afford our joyfu' fight.

How easy sits sweet *Celia*'s dress,
Her gate how gently free;
Her steps, throu'out the dance, express
The justest harmony:
And when she sings, all must confess,
Wha're blest to hear and see,
They'd deem't their greatest happiness
T' enjoy her company.

And wha can ca' his heart his ain,
That hears *Aminta* speak?
Against love's arrows, shields are vain,
When he aims frae her cheek;
Her cheek, where roses free from stain,
In glows of youdith beek:
Unmingl'd sweets her lips retain;
These lips she ne'er shou'd steek,

Unless when fervent kisses close
That av'new of her mind,
Thro' which true wit in torrents flows,
As speaks the nymph design'd:
The brag and toast of wits and beaus,
And wonder of mankind;
Whase breast will prove a blest repose
To him with whom she'll bind.

See with what gayety, yet grave,
Serena swims alang;
She moves a goddess 'mang the lave,
Distinguish'd in the thrang.

Ye fou rocks, haflines fool, haf knave,
 Wha hate a dance or fang,
 To fee this ftately maid behave,
 'Twad gi'e your hearts a twang.

Your hearts! faid I, trowth I'm to blame,
 I had amaiſt forgotten,
 That ye to nae fic organ claim;
 Or if ye do, 'tis rotten.
 A faul with fic a thowleſs flame,
 Is fure a filly ſot ane:
 Ye ſcandalize the humane frame,
 When in our ſhape begotten.

Theſe lurdanes came juſt in my light,
 As I was tenting *Chloe*,
 With jet black een that ſparkle bright,
 She's all o'er form'd for joy;
 With neck and waift, and limbs as tight
 As her's wha drew the boy,
 Frae feeding flocks upon the height,
 And fled with him to *Troy*.

Now *Myra* dances; mark her mien,
 Sae diſengag'd and gay,
 Mix'd with that innocence that's ſeen
 In bonny ew-bught *May*,
 Wha wins the garland on the green
 Upon ſome bridal-day;
 Yet ſhe has graces for a queen
 And might a ſcepter ſway.

What lays, *Caliſta*, can commend
 The beauties of thy face!
 Whaſe fancy can ſae touring ſtend,
 Thy merits a' to trace!

Frae 'boon the starns, some bard, descend,
And sing her ev'ry grace,
Whase wondrous worth may recommend
Her to a god's embrace.

A seraph wad our *Aikman* paint,
Or draw a lively wit;
The features of a happy saint,
Say, art thou fond to hit?
Or a *Madona* compliment,
With lineaments maist fit?
Fair copies thou need'it never want,
If bright *Calista* fit.

MELLA the heaviest heart can heez,
And sowrest thoughts expell,
Her station grants her rowth and ease,
Yet is the sprightly *Belle*
As active as the eydent bees,
Wha rear the waxen cell;
And, place her in what light you please,
She still appears herself.

Beauties on beauties come in view
Sae thick, that I'm afraid
I shall not pay to ilk their due,
'Till *Phæbus* lend mair aid:
But this in gen'ral will had true,
And may be safely said,
There's ay a something shining new
In ilk delicious maid.

Sic as against th' *Assembly* speak,
The rudest fauls betray,
When *Matrons* noble, wise and meek,
Conduct the healthfu' play:

134 *On the Royal Company of Archers.*

Where they appear, nae vice dare keek,
But to what's good gives way,
Like night, soon as the morning creek
Has usher'd in the day.

Dear *Ed'nburgh*, shaw thy gratitude,
And of sic friends make sure,
Wha strive to make our minds less rude,
And help our wants to cure;
Acting a gen'rous part and good,
In bounty to the poor:
Sic vertues, if right understood,
Shou'd ev'ry heart allure.

*On the Royal Company of ARCHERS,
shooting for the Bowl, July 6th, 1724.*

*On which Day his Grace JAMES Duke of
HAMILTON was chosen their Captain
General; and Mr. DAVID DRUM-
MOND their Præses won the Prize.*

A GAIN the year returns the day,
That's dedicate to joy and play,
To *Bonnets, Bows and Wine*.

Let all who wear a fullen face,
This day meet with a due disgrace,
And in their fowness pine;
Be shun'd as serpents, that wad stang
The hand that gi'es them food:
Sic we debar frae lasting sang,
And all their grumbling brood,

While

While, to gain sport and halefome air,
The blythfome spirit draps dull care,
And starts frae bus'ness free:
Now to the fields the *Archers* bend,
With friendly minds the day to spend,
In manly game and glee;
First striving wha shall win the Bowl,
And then gar't flow with wine:
Sic manly sport refresh'd the soul
Of stalwart men lang syne.

E'er parties thrawn, and int'rest vile,
Debauch'd the grandeur of our isle,
And made ev'n brethren faes:
Syne truth frae friendship was exil'd,
And fause the honest hearts beguil'd,
And led them in a maze
Of politicks; — with cunning craft,
The *Iffachars* of state,
Frae haly drums first dang us daft,
Then drown'd us in debate;

Drap this unpleasing thought, dear muse;
Come, view the men thou likes to roose;
To *Bruntsfield* green let's hy,
And see the royal *Bowmen* strive,
Wha far the feather'd arrows drive,
All foughing thro' the sky;
Ilk ettling with his utmost skill,
With artfu' draught and stark,
Extending nerves with hearty will,
In hopes to hit the mark.

136 *On the Royal Company of Archers.*

See *HAMILTON*, wha moves with grace,
Chief of the *Caledonian* race

Of peers; to whom is due
All honours, and a' fair renown;
Wha lays aside his ducal crown,
Sometime to shade his brow
Beneath St. *Andrew's* bonnet blew,
And joins to gain the prize:
Which shaws true merit match'd by few,
Great, affable and wise.

This day, with universal voice,
The *Archers* him their chieftain chose;
Consenting powers divine,
They blest the day with general joy,
By giving him a princely boy,
To beautify his line;
Whose birth-day, in immortal sang
Shall stand in fair record,
While bended strings the *Archers* twang,
And beauty is ador'd.

Next *DRUMMOND* view, who gives their law;
It glads our hearts to see him draw
The bow, and guide the *Band*;
He, like the faul of a' the lave,
Does with sic honour still behave,
As merits to command.
Blyth be his hours, heal be his heart,
And lang may he preside:
Lang the just fame of his desert
Shall unborn *Archers* read.

How

How on this fair propitious day,
With conquest leal he bore away
The *Bowl* victoriously;
With following shafts in number four,
Success the like ne'er kend before,
The prize to dignify.
Haste to the garden then bedeen,
The rose and laurel pow,
And plet a wreath of white and geen,
To busk the victor's brow.

The victor crown, who with his bow,
In spring of youth and am'rous glow,
Just fifty years finfyne,
The silver arrow made his prize,
Yet ceases not in fame to rise,
And with new feats to shine.
May every *Archer* strive to fill
His bonnet, and observe
The pattern he has set with skill,
And praise like him deserve.



On the Royal Company of Archers, marching under the Command of his Grace Duke of HAMILTON, in their proper Habits, to shoot for the Arrow at MUSSELBURGH, August 4, 1724.

APOLLO, Patron of the Lyre,
 And of the valiant Archers Bow,
 Me with sic Sentiments inspire,
 As may appear from thee they flow,
 When, by thy special Will, and high Command,
 I sing the Merits of the ROYAL BAND.

NOW like themfells again the *Archers* raise
 The Bow, in brave aray, and claim our lays.
Phæbus well pleas'd, shines from the blew serene,
 Glents on the stream, and guilds the checquer'd green.
 The winds ly hush in their remotest caves,
 And *Forth* with gentle swell his margin leaves.
 See to his shore, the gathering thousands roll,
 As if one gen'ral sp'rit inform'd the whole.
 The bonniest fair of a' *Great Britain's* isle,
 From chariots and the crowded casements smile;
 Whilst horse and foot promiscuous form a lane,
 Extending far along the destin'd plain,
 Where, like *Bellona's* troops, or guards of love,
 The *Archers* in their proper habits move.

Their

Their guardian faint, from yon ethereal height,
Displays th' auspicious cross of blazing light;
While on his care he chearfully looks down,
The pointed thistle wears his ruby crown,
And seems to threat, arm'd ready to engage,
No man unpunish'd shall provoke my rage.
Well pleas'd the rampant *Lyon* smooths his mane,
And gambols gay upon his golden plain.

Like as the sun, when wintry clouds are past,
And fragrant gales succeed the stormy blast,
Shines on the earth, the fields look fresh and gay;
So seem the *Archers* on this joyful day:
Whilst with his graceful mien, and aspect kind,
Their *Leader* raises every follower's mind,
Who love the conduct of a youth, whose birth
To nothing yields but his superior worth;
And happier is with his selected train,
Than *Philip's* son who strove a world to gain.
That *Prince* whole nations to destruction drove,
This **P R I N C E** delights his country to improve.
A monarch rais'd upon a throne may nod,
And pass amongst the vulgar for a god;
Whilst men of penetration justly blame
Those who hang on their ancestors for fame;
But own the dignity of high descent,
When the successor's spirit keeps the bent,
Which through revolving ages grac'd the line,
With all those qualities that brightest shine:
The *Archers* chiftain thus with active mind,
In all that's worthy never falls behind.
These noble characters, from whom he sprung,
In hist'ry fam'd: whom ancient bards have sung.
See, from his steady hand, and aiming eye,
How straight in equal lengths the arrows fly:

140 *On the Royal Company of Archers.*

Both at one end close by the mark they stand,
Which points him worthy of his brave command;
That as they to his num'rous merits bow,
This victory makes homage fully due.

Sage *Drummond* next, the chief, with counsel grave,
Becomes his post, instructing all that's brave:
So *Pallas* seem'd, who *Mentor*'s form put on,
To make a heroe of *Ulysses*' son.

Each officer his character maintains,
While love and honour gratify their pains.
No view inferior brings them to the field,
To whom great chiefs of clans with pleasure yield.

No hidden murmur swells the *Archer*'s heart,
While each with gladness acts his proper part.
No factious strife, nor plots, the bane of states,
Give birth to jealousies or dire debates:
Nor less their pleasure who obedience pay,
Good order to preserve, as those who sway.
O smiling muse, full well thou knows the fair;
Admire the courteous, and with pleasure share
Their love with him that's generous and brave,
And can with manly dignity behave;
Then haste to warn thy tender care with speed,
Lest by some random-shaft their hearts may bleed.
Yon dangerous youths both *Mars* and *Venus* arm,
While with their double darts they threat and charm;
Those at their side forbid invading foes,
With vain attempt true courage to oppose;
While shafts mair subtile, darted from their eye,
Thro' softer hearts with silent conquest fly.

To the Right Honourable Earl of HARTFORD, Lord PEIRCY, President, and the rest of the Honourable Members of the Society of British Antiquarians. A Scots Ode.

TO *HARTFORD* and his learned friends,
Whose fame for science far extends,
A *Scottish* muse her duty sends,
From *Pictish* towers:
Health, length of days, and happy ends,
Be ever yours.

Your generous cares make light arise
From things obscure to vulgar eyes,
Finding where hidden knowledge lies,
T' improve the mind ;
And most delightfully surprise,
With thoughts refin'd.

When you the broke inscription read,
Or amongst antique ruins tread,
And view remains of princes dead,
In funeral piles,
Your penetration seems decreed
To bless these isles,

Where *Romans* form'd their camps of old,
Their gods and urns of curious mold,
Their medals struck of brass or gold,
'Tis you can show,
And truth of what's in story told,
To you we owe.

How

142 *To the Society of British Antiquarians.*

How beneficial is the care,
That brightens up the claffick here!
When you the documents compare,
With authors old,
You ravish, when we can so fair
Your light behold.

Without your comments, each old book
By all the world would be forlook:
For who of thought wou'd deign to look,
On doubtful works,
'Till by your skilful hands they're struck
With sterling marks?

By this your learning men are fir'd
With love of glory, and inspir'd
Like ancient heroes, who ne'er tir'd
To win a name;
And, by their god-like acts, aspir'd
T' immortal fame.

Your useful labours shall endure,
True merit shall your fame fecure,
And will posterity allure,
To search about
For truth, by demonstration fure,
Which leaves no doubt.

The muse forſees brave *HARTFORD*'s name
Shall to all writers be a theme,
To laſt while arts and greatneſs claim
Th' hiftorian's ſkill,
Or the chief inſtrument of fame,
The poet's quill.

P E M B R O K E's a name to *Britain* dear,
For learning and brave deeds of wier;
The genius still continues clear
In him whose art,
In your rare fellowship can bear
So great a part.

Bards yet unborn shall tune their lays,
And monuments harmonious raise
To *WINCHELSEA* and *DEVON*'s praise,
Whose high desert,
And vertues bright, like genial rays,
Can life impart.

Nor want we *Caledonian*'s sage,
Who read the painted vellum page,
No strangers to each antique stage,
And *Druids* cells,
And sacred ruins of each age,
On plains and fells.

Amongst all those of the first rate,
Our learned * *C L E R K* blest with the fate
Of thinking right, can best relate
These beauties all,
Which bear the marks of ancient date,
Be-north the wall.

The wall which *Hadrian* first begun,
And bold *Severus* carried on,
From rising to the setting sun,
On *Britain*'s coast,
Our ancestors fierce arms to shun,
which gall'd them most.

* Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, Baronet.

144 *On the Marquess of Annandale.*

But now no need of walls or towers,
Ag'd enmity no more endures,
Brave *Britain* joins her warlike powers,
That always dare,
To open and to shut the doors
Of peace and war.

Advance, great men, your wise design,
And prosper in the task divine;
Draw from antiquity's deep mine,
The precious ore,
And in the *British* Annals shine,
'Till time's no more.

On the Marquess of ANNANDALE'S conveying me a Present of Guineas in my Snuff-mill, after he had taken all the Snuff.

THE Chief requir'd my Sniffing-mill,
And well it was bestow'd;
The Patron, by the rarest skill,
Turn'd all the Snuff to gowd.

Gowd stamp'd with royal *Anna's* face,
Piece after piece came forth;
The pictures smil'd, gi'en with such grace,
By one of so much worth.

Sure thus the patronizing *Roman*
Made *Horace* spread the wing;
Thus *Dorset*, by kind deeds uncommon,
Rais'd *Prior* up to sing.

That

That there are patrons yet for me,
Here's a convincing proof,
Since *ANNANDALE* gives gowd as free,
As I can part with Snuff.

The Monk and the Miller's Wife. A
Tale.

NOW lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
Wha ken the benefit of wine;
And you wha laughing scud brown ale,
Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

An honest *Miller* wond in *Fife*,
That had a young and wanton wife,
Wha sometimes thol'd the parish priest
To mak her man a twa-horn'd beast:
He paid right money visits till her;
And to keep in with *Hab* the miller,
He endeavour'd aft to mak him happy,
Where e'er he kend the ale was nappy.
Sic condescension in a pastor,
Knit *Halbert's* love to him the faster;
And by his converse, troth 'tis true,
Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.
Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,
The wife well serv'd, the men well eas'd.
This ground his corns, and that did cherish
Himself with dining round the parish.
Bess the good-wife thought it nae skaith,
Since she was fit to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,
And *Ceres* gives the schools the play,

146 *The Monk and the Miller's Wife.*

A youth sprung frae a gentle *Pater*,
 Bred at saint *Andro's Alma Mater*,
 Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,
 And him benighted by the gate:
 To ly without, pit-mirk did shore him;
 He coudna see his thumb before him:
 But, clack, — clack, — clack, he heard a mill,
 Whilk led him be the lugs theretill.
 To tak the threed of tale alang,
 This mill to *Halbert* did belang.
 Not less this note your notice claims,
 The scholar's name was master *James*.

Now, smiling muse, the prelude past,
 Smoothly relate a tale shall last
 As lang as *Alps* and *Grampian* hills,
 As lang as wind or water-mills.

In enter'd *James*, *Hab* saw and kend him,
 And offer'd kindly to befriend him
 With sic good chear as he cou'd make,
 Baith for his ain and father's sake.
 The scholar thought himsell right sped,
 And gave him thanks in terms well bred.
 Quoth *Hab*, I canna leave my mill
 As yet; — but step ye west the kill
 A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame:
 Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,
 'Till I set aff the mill; syne we
 Shall tak what *Bessy* has to gi'e.
James, in return, what's handsome said,
 O'er lang to tell; and aff he gade.
 Out of the house some light did shine,
 Which led him till't as with a line:
 Arriv'd, he knock'd; for doors were steekit;
 Straight throw a window *Bessy* keekit,

And

And cries, ' Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright
' At sic untimous time of night?'

James with good humour, maist discreetly,
Tald her his circumstance completely.

' I dinna ken ye, quoth the wife,
' And up and down the thieves are rife:

' Within my lane, I'm but a woman;

' Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man.

' But since 'tis very like, my dow,

' That all ye're telling may be true,

' Hae there's a key, gang in your way

' At the neist door, there's braw ait strae;

' Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn,

' They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn.'

Thus after meikle clitter-clatter,

James fand he coudna mend the matter;

And since it might not better be,

With resignation took the key,

Unlockt the barn, — clam up the mou,

Where was an opening near the hou,

Thwow whilk he saw a glent of light,

That gave diversion to his sight:

By this he quickly cou'd discern

A thin wa' separate house and barn;

And throw this rive was in the wa'.

All done within the house he saw:

He saw (what ought not to be seen,

And scarce gave credit to his een)

The parish priest of reverend fame

In active courtship with the dame. —

To lengthen out description here,

Wou'd but offend the modest ear,

And beet the lewder youthfu' flame,

That we by satyre strive to tame.

148 *The Monk and the Miller's Wife.*

Suppose the wicked action o'er,
And *James* continuing still to glowre;
Wha saw the wife, as fast as able,
Spread a clean servite on the table,
And syne, frae the ha' ingle, bring ben
A pyping het young roasted hen,
And twa good bottles stout and clear,
Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But wicked luck, just as the priest
Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,
Th' unwelcome Miller ga'e a roar,
Cry'd, *Bessy, haste ye ope the door.* —
With that the haly letcher fled,
And darn'd himsell behind a bed;
While *Bessy* huddl'd a' things by,
That nought the cuckold might espy;
Syne loot him in; — but out of tune,
Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon,
I come, said he, as manners claims,
To crack and wait on master James,
Whilk I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae bissy,
I sent him here, goodwife, where is he?
' Ye sent him here! (quoth *Bessy*, grumbling;)
' Kend I this *James*! a chiel came rumbling:
' But how was I assur'd, when dark,
' That he had been nae thievish spark,
' Or some rude wencher, gotten a dose,
' That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose?
And what came of him? speak nae langer,
Crys Halbert in a highland anger.
' I sent him to the barn,' quoth she.
Gae quickly bring him in, quoth he.

JAMES was brought in; — the *Wife* was bawked;
The *Priest* stood close; — the *Miller* cracked: —
Then

Then ask'd his funkan gloomy spouse,
What supper had she in the house,
That might be suitable to gi'e,
Ane of their lodger's qualitie?
Quoth she, ' Ye may well ken, goodman,
' Your feast comes frae the pottage-pan :
' The stov'd or roasted we afford,
' Are aft great strangers on our board. '
Pottage, quoth Hab, ye senseless tawpie!
Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy;
And that his gentle stamock's master
To worry up a pint of plaister,
Like our mill knaves that lift the laiding,
Whase kytes can streek out like raw plaiding.
Swith roast a hen, or fry some chickens,
And send for ale frae Maggy Pickens.
' Hout I, quoth she, ye may well ken,
' 'Tis ill brought but that's no there ben ;
' When but last owk, nae farder gane,
' The laird got a' to pay his kain. '

Then *James*, wha had as good a guess
Of what was in the house as *Bess*,
With pawky smile, this plea to end,
To please himsell, and ease his friend,
First open'd with a flee oration
His wond'rous skill in conjuration.
Said he, ' By this fell art I'm able
' To whop aff any great man's table
' What e'er I like, to make a mail of,
' Either in part, or yet the haill off ;
' And if ye please, I'll shaw my art. — '
Crys Halbert, faith with a' my heart!
Bess fain'd herielf, — cry'd, LORD be here!
And near hand fell a swoon for fear.

150 *The Monk and the Miller's Wife.*

James leugh, and bade her nathing dread,
 Syne to his conjuring went with speed;
 And first he draws a circle round,
 Then utters mony a magick sound,
 Of words part *Latin Greek* and *Dutch*,
 Enow to fright a very witch:
 That done, he says, *Now, now 'tis come,*
And in the boal beside the lum:
Now set the board; goodwife, gae ben,
Bring frae yon boal a roasted ben.
 She wadna gang, but *Haby* ventur'd;
 And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,
 It smell'd fae well, he short time sought it,
 And, wondring, 'tween his hands he brought it.
 He view'd it round, and thrice he smell'd it,
 Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.
 Thus ilka sense he did conveyen,
 Lest glamour had beguil'd his een:
 They all, in an united body,
 Declar'd it a fine fat how-towdy.
Nae mair about it, quoth the Miller,
The fowl looks well, and we'll fa' till her.
Sae be't, says *James*; and in a doup,
 They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.

‘ Neist, O! crys *Halbert*, cou'd your skill,
 ‘ But help us to a waught of ale,
 ‘ I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,
 ‘ And offer to the deel my wife,
 ‘ To see if he'll discreeter make her,
 ‘ But that I'm flead he winna take her.’
 Said *James*, ye offer very fair;
 The bargain's hadden, sae nae mair.

Then

Then thrice he shook a willow wand,
With kittle words thrice gave command;
That done, with look baith learn'd and grave,
Said, *Now ye'll get what ye wad have;*
Twa bottles of as nappy liquor,
As ever ream'd in horn or bicquor,
Behind the Ark that bads your meal,
Ye'll find twa standing corkit well.
He said, and fast the Miller flew,
And frae their nest the bottles drew;
Then first the scholar's health he toasted,
Whase art had gart him feed on roasted;
His father's neist, — and a' the rest
Of his good friends that wish'd him best,
Which were o'er langsome at the time,
On a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus while the *Miller* and the *Youth*,
Were blythly flock'ning of their drowth,
Bess fretting scarcely held frae greeting,
The *Priest* enclos'd stood vex'd and sweating.

O *wow!* said *Hab*, if ane might speer,
Dear master James, wha brought our chear?
Sic laits appear to us *sae awfu'*,
We hardly think your learning lawfu'.

‘ To bring your doubts to a conclusion,
‘ Says *James*, ken I'm a *Rosicrucian*,
‘ Ane of the set that never carries
‘ On traffick with black deels or fairies:
‘ There's mony a sp'rit that's no a deel,
‘ That constantly around us wheel.
‘ There was a sage call'd *Albumazor*,
‘ Whase wit was gleg as ony razor.

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' Frae this great man we learn'd the skill,
 ' To bring these gentry to our will;
 ' And they appear when we've a mind,
 ' In ony shape of humane kind:
 ' Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,
 ' I'll gar my *Pacolet* appear.

HAB fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,
 Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view:
 At last his courage wan the day,
 He to the scholar's will gave way.

BESSY be this began to smell
 A rat, but kept her mind to'r fell:
 She pray'd like Howdy in her drink,
 But mean time tipt young *James* a wink.
James frae his eye an answer sent,
 Which made the wife right well content.
 Then turn'd to *Hab*, and thus advis'd,
 ' What e'er ye see, be nought surpriz'd;
 ' But for your faul move not your tongue,
 ' And ready stand with a great rung;
 ' Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,
 ' Be sure to lend him a sound rout.
 ' I bidna this be way of mocking;
 ' For nought delytes him mair than knocking.

HAB got a kent, — stood by the hallan;
 And straight the wild mischievous callan,
 Cries, ' *Radamanthus Husky Mingo,*
 ' *Monk-borner, Hipock, Jinko, Jingo,*
 ' Appear in likeness of a Priest,
 ' No like a deel in shape of beast,
 ' With gaping chafts to fleg us a'.
 ' Wauk forth; the door stands to the wa'.

Then

Then frae the hole where he was pent,
The Priest approach'd right well content,
With silent pace strade o'er the floor,
'Till he was drawing near the door;
Then, to escape the cudgel, ran;
But was not miss'd by the goodman,
Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,
That gart him o'er the threshold founder.
Darkness soon hid him frae their sight;
Ben flew the Miller in a fright:
I trow, quoth he, I laid well on;
But wow he's like our ain Mess John!

Advice to Mr. — on his Marriage.

A LL joy to you and your *Amelie*,
May ne'er your purse nor vigour fail ye;
But have a care how you employ
Them baith; and tutor well your joy.
Frae me an auld dab tak advice,
And hane them baith, if ye be wise;
For world's wasters, like poor cripples,
Look blunt with poverty and ripples:
There an auld saw to ilk ane *notum*,
Better to save at braird than bottom;
Which means, your purse and person use
As canny poets do their muse;
For whip and spurring never prove
Effectual, or in verse or love.

Sae far, my friend, in merry strain,
I've given a douse advice and plain,

And

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And honestly discharg'd my conscience
In lines (tho' hamely) far frae nonsense.
Some other chiel may daftly sing,
That kens but little of the thing,
And blaw ye up with windy fancies
That he has thigit frae romances,
Of endless raptures, constant glee,
That never was, or ne'er will be.
Alake! poor mortals are not gods,
And therefore often fall at odds;
But little quarrels now and than
Are nae great faults 'tween wife and man:
These help right aften to improve
His understanding and her love.
Your rib and you, 'bout hours of drinking,
May chance to differ in your thinking;
But that's just like a shower in *May*,
That gars the sun-blink seem mair gay.
If e'er she tak the pet, or fret,
Be calm, and yet maintain your state;
And smiling, ca' her little foolie,
Syne with a kifs evite a toolie.
This method's ever thought the braver,
Than either cuffs, or clish-ma-claver.
It shaws a spirit low and common,
That with ill nature treats a woman:
They're of a make sae nice and fair,
They must be manag'd with some care;
Respect them, they'll be kind and civil,
But disregarded, prove the devil.

To Mrs. M. M. on her painting.

TO paint his *Venus*, auld *Apelles*
 Wal'd a' the bonny maids of *Greece*:
 Thou needs nae mair, but paint *thy self*, lass,
 To ding the *Painter* and his *Piece*.

The LURE: A Tale.

THE sun just o'er the hills was peeping,
 The hynds arising, gentry sleeping,
 The dogs were barking, cocks were crowing,
 Night-drinking fots counting their lawing;
 Clean were the roads, and clear the day,
 When forth a falconer took his way,
 Nane with him but his she knight errant,
 That acts in air the bloody tyrant;
 While with quick wing, fierce beak and claws,
 She breaks divine and humane laws;
 Ne'er pleas'd, but with the hearts and livers
 Of peartricks, teals, moor-powts and plivers;
 Yet is she much esteem'd and dandl'd,
 Clean lodg'd, well fed, and fastly handl'd.
 Reason for this need be nae wonder,
 Her parasites share in the plunder.
 Thus sneaking rooks about a court,
 That make oppression but their sport,
 Will praise a paughty bloody king,
 And hire mean hackney-poets to sing
 His glories; while the deil be licket
 He e'er attempt but what he sticket.

So,

So, fir, as I was gawn to say,
 This falconer had tane his way
 O'er *Calder-moor*; and gawn the moss up,
 He there forgather'd with a gossip:
 And wha was't, trow ye, but the deel,
 That had disguis'd himsell fae weel
 In human shape, fae snug and wylie;
Jude took him for a burrlie-baillie:
 His cloven cloots were hid with shoon,
 A bonnet coor'd his horns aboon:
 Nor spat he fire, or brimstone risted,
 Nor awsome glowr'd; but cawmly listid
 His een and voice, and thus began,
Good morning t'ye, honest man,
Ye're early out: — How far gae ye
This gate? — I'm blyth of company —
What fowl is that, may ane demand,
That stands sae trigly on your hand?
 'Wow man! quoth *Juden*, where won ye?
 'The like was never speer'd at me!
 'Man, 'tis a *Hawk*, and e'en as good
 'As ever flew, or wore a hood.'
Friend, I'm a stranger, quoth auld Symmie,
I hope ye'll no be angry wi' me;
The ignorant maun ay be speering
Questions, 'till they come to a clearing.
Then tell me mair — What do ye wi't?
Is't good to sing? or good to eat?
 'For neither, answer'd simple *Juden*;
 'But helps to bring my lord his food in:
 'When fowls start up that I wad hae,
 'Straight frae my hand I let her gae;
 'Her hooe tane aff, she is not langsome
 'In taking captives, which I ransome

' With

' With a dow's wing, or chicken's leg.'
Trowth, quoth the deel, *that's nice! I beg*
Ye'll be sae kind, as let me see
How this same bird of yours can flee.
 ' T'oblige ye, friend, I winna stand.' —
 Syne loos'd the *Falcon* frae his hand.
 Unhooded, up she sprang with birr,
 While baith stood staring after her.
But how d'ye get her back? said Nick.
 ' For that, quoth *Jude*, I have a trick.
 ' Ye see this *Lure*, — it shall command
 ' Her upon sight down to my hand.'
 Syne twirl'd it thrice, with whieu-whieu-whieu —
 And straight upon't the *Falcon* flew.
As I'm a sinner! crys the deel,
I like this pastime wonder weel;
And since ye've been sae kindly free,
To let her at my bidding flee,
I'll entertain ye in my gate. —
 Mean time it was the will of fate,
 A hooded friar (ane of that clan
 Ye have descriv'd by father* *Gawin*,
 In *Master-keys*) came up; good faul!
 Him *Satan* cleek'd up by the spaul,
 Whip'd aff his hood, and without mair,
 Ga'e him a tofs up in the air.
 High flew the son of saint *Loyola*.
 While startled *Juden* gave a *Hola!*
 Bumbaz'd with wonder, still he stood,
 The ferly had 'maist crudled his blood,

* The reverend Anthony Gawin, formerly a Spanish Roman Catholic Priest, now an Irish Protestant Minister, who hath lately wrote three volumes on the tricks and whoredoms of the priests and nuns; which book he names *Master-keys to Popery*.

To see a monk mount like a facon,
 He 'gan to doubt if he was wakin :
 Thrice did he rub his een to clear ;
 And having master'd part o's fear,
 ' His presence be about us a' !
 ' *He cries*, the like I never saw :
 ' See, see ! he like a lavrock tours —
 ' He'll reek the starns in twa'r three hours !
 ' Is't possible to bring him back ? '
For that, quoth nick, *I have a knack ;*
To train my Birds, I want na Lures,
Can manage them as ye do your's :
Aud there's ane coming, hie gate, hither,
Sball soon bring down the haly brither.

This was a fresh young landwart *Lass*,
 With cheeks like cherries, een like glass ;
 Few coats she wore, and they were kilted,
 And (*John come kiss me now*) she lilted,
 As she skift o'er the benty knows,
 Gawn to the bught to milk the ewes ;
 Her in his hand flee *Belzie* hint up,
 As eith as ye wad do a pint-stoup,
 Inverted, wav'd her round his head :
Whieu, — whieu, he whistled, and with speed
 Down, quick as shooting starns, the priest
 Came soule upon the lass's breast.

The moral of this tale shews plainly
 That carnal minds attempt but vainly
 Aboon this laigher warld to mount,
 While slaves to *Satan*.

An ANACREONTIQUE on Love.

WHEN a' the warld had clos'd their een,
 Fatigu'd with labour, care and din,
 And quietly ilka weary wight
 Enjoy'd the silence of the night:
 Then *Cupid*, that ill-deedy get,
 With a' his pith rapt at my yet.
 Surpriz'd, throw sleep, I cry'd, wha's that?
 Quoth he, *A poor young wean a' wet;*
Oh! haste ye apen, — fear nae skaith,
Else soon this storm will be my death.

With his complaint my faul grew wae,
 For as he said I thought it fae;
 I took a light, and fast did rin
 To let the chittering infant in:
 And he appear'd to be nae kow,
 For a' his quiver, wings and bow.
 His bairnly smiles and looks gave joy,
 He seem'd sae innocent a boy:
 I led him ben but any pingle,
 And beekt him brawly at my ingle;
 Dighted his face, his handies thow'd,
 'Till his young cheeks, like roses, glow'd.
 But soon as he grew warm and fain,
Let's try, quoth he, if that the rain
Has wrang'd ought of my sporting gear,
And if my bow-string's hale and fier.
 With that his arch'ry graith he put
 In order, and made me his butt;
 Mov'd back apiece, — his bow he drew;
 Fast throw my breast his arrow flew.

That

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That done, as if he'd found a nest,
He leugh, and with unsonsy jest,
Cry'd, *Nibour, I'm right blyth in mind,*
That in good tist my bow I find:
Did not my arrow flie right smart?
Ye'll find it sticking in your heart.

*On Mr. DRUMMOND's being chosen one
of the Honourable Commissioners of the
Customs; An Epigram.*

THE good are glad, when merit meets reward;
And thus they share the pleasure of another,
While little minds, who only self regard,
Will sicken at the success of a brother.
Hence I am pleas'd to find my self right class'd,
Even by this mark, that's worthy of observing;
It gives me joy, the patent lately pass'd
In favour of dear *DRUMMOND*, most deserving.

*The Address of the MUSE, to the Right
Honourable GEORGE DRUMMOND
Esq; Lord Provost; and Council of
EDINBURGH.*

MY Lord, my patron, kood and kind,
Whose every act of generous care
The patriot shews, and trusty friend;
While favours by your thoughts refin'd,
Both publick and the private share.

To you the muse her duteous homage pays,
While *Edinburgh's* interest animates her lays.

Nor will the best some hints refuse:

The narrow soul, that least brings forth,
To an advice the rarest bows;
Which the extensive mind allows,
Being conscious of its genuine worth,
Fears no eclipse; nor with dark pride declines,
A ray from light, that far inferior shines.

Our reason and advantage call

Us to preserve what we esteem;
And each should contribute, tho' small,
Like silver rivulets that fall

In one, and make a spreading stream.
So should a city all her care unite,
'T' engage with entertainments of delight.

Man for society was made,

His search of knowledge has no bound;
Through the vast deep he loves to wade,
But subjects ebb, and spirits fade,
On wilds and thinly peopl'd ground.
Then where the world, in minature, employs
Its various arts, the soul its wish enjoys.

Sometimes the social mind may rove,

And trace, with contemplation high,
The natural beauties of the grove,
Pleas'd with the turtle's making love,
While birds chant in a summer sky.
But when cold winter snows the naked fields,
The city then its changing pleasure yields.

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Then you, to whom pertains the care,
And have the power to act aright,
Nor pains, nor prudent judging spare,
The *G O O D T O W N*'s failings to repair,
And give her lovers more delight.
Much you have done, both useful and polite;
O never tire! till every plan's complete.

Some may object, we mony want,
Of every project soul and nerve.
'Tis true; — but sure, the parliament
Will ne'er refuse frankly to grant
Such funds as good designs deserve.
The thriving well of each of *Britain's* towns,
Adds to her wealth, and more her grandeur crowns.

Allow that fifteen thousand pounds
Were yearly on improvements spent;
If luxury produce the funds,
And well laid out, there are no grounds
For murmuring, or the least complaint:
Materials all within our native coast,
'The poor's employ'd, we gain, and nothing's lost.

Two hundreds, for five pounds a day,
Will work like *Turkish* galey slaves;
And, e'er they sleep, they will repay
Back all the publick forth did lay,
For small support that nature craves.
Thus kept at work, few twangs of guilt they feel,
And are not tempt' by pinching want to steal.

Most

Address to Provost Drummond, &c. 163

Most wisely did our city move,
When * *H O P E*, who judges well and nice,
Was chosen fittest to improve,
From rushy tufts the pleasing grove,
From bogs a rising paradise.
Since earth's foundation, to our present day,
The beauteous plain in mud neglected lay.

Now, evenly planted, hedg'd and drain'd,
Its verdures please the scent and sight;
And here the *F A I R* may walk unpain'd,
Her flowing silks and shoes unstain'd,
Round the green *Circus* of delight:
Which shall by ripening time still sweeter grow,
And *H O P E* be fam'd while *Scotsmen* draw the bow.

Ah! while I sing, the nothern air,
Throu' gore and carnage gives offence;
Which should not, while a river fair,
Without our walls flows by so near;
Carriage from thence but small expence:
The useful *Corporation* too would find,
By working there, more health, and ease of mind.

Then sweet our nothern flow'rs would blow,
And sweet our nothern alleys end:
Sweet all the nothern springs would flow,
Sweet nothern trees and herbs would grow,
And from the lake a field be gain'd:
Where on the springs green margent by the dawn,
Our maids might wash, and blanch their lace and lawn.

* Mr. Hope of Rankeilour, who has beautifully planted, hedged and drained Straiton's Meadow, which was formerly the bottom of a Lake.

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* Forbid a nasty pack to place
On stalls unclean their herbs and roots,
On the high-street a vile disgrace,
And tempting to our infant-race,
To swallow poison with their fruits.

Give them a station, where less spoil'd and seen,
The healthful herbage may keep fresh and clean.

Besides, they straiten much our street,
When those who drive the hack and dray,
In drunk and rude confusion meet,
We know not where to turn our feet;
Mortal our hazard every way.

Too oft the ag'd, the deaf and little fry,
Hem'd in with stalls, crush'd under axles ly.

Clean order yields a vast delight,
And genius's that brightest shine,
Prefer the pleasure of the fight
Justly, to theirs who day and night
Sink health and active thought in wine.

Happy the man that's clean in house and weed,
Tho' water be his drink, and oats his bread.

Kind fate, on them whom I admire
Bestow neat rooms and gardens fair,
Pictures that speak the painter's fire,
And learning which the nine inspire,

With friends that all his thoughts may share;
A house in *Edinburgh*, when the fullen storm
Defaces nature's joyous fragrant form.

* With the more freedom some thoughts in these stanza's are advanced, because several citizens of the best thinking, both in and out of the magistracy, incline to, and have such views, if they were not oppos'd by some of gross old-fashion'd notions. such will tell you, O! the street of *Edinburgh* is the finest garden of Scotland. And how can it otherwise be, considering how well 'tis dung'd every night? but this abuse we hope to see reform'd soon, when the cart and warning bell shall leave the lazy stater without excuse, after ten at night.

Addrest to Provost Drummond, &c. 165

O! may we hope to see a stage,
Fill'd with the best of such as can
Smile down the follies of the age,
Correct dull pride and party-rage,
And cultivate the growing man;
And shew the virgin every proper grace,
That makes her mind as comely as her face.

Nor will the most devout oppose,
When with a strict judicious care,
The scenes most vertuous shall be chose,
That numerous are, forbidding those
That shock the modest, good and fair.
The best of things may often be abus'd;
That argues not, when right, to be refus'd.

Thus, what our fathers wasting blood,
Of old from the south *Britons* won,
When *Scotland* reach'd to *Humber's* flood,
We shall regain by arts less rude,
And bring the best and fairest down,
From *England's* nothern counties, nigh as far
Distant from court, as we of *Pictland* are.

Thus far inspir'd with honest zeal,
These thoughts are offer'd with submission,
By your own bard, who ne'er shall fail
The interest of the common weal;
While you indulge and grant permission
To your oblig'd, thus humbly to rehearse
His honest and well-meaning thoughts in verse.

*On his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON'S
shooting an Arrow through the Neck of
an Eel.*

AS from a bow a fatal flane,
Train'd by *Apollo* from the main,
In water pierc'd an Eel
Sae may the PATRIOT's power and art,
Sic fate to souple rogues impart,
That drumble at the common weal.
Tho' they, as ony Eels, are slid,
And thro' what's vile can scud,
A bolt may reach them, tho' deep hid,
They sculk beneath their mud.

*BETTY and KATE; A Pastoral Fare-
well to Mr. AIKMAN, when he went
for LONDON.*

B E T T Y.

DEAR *Katie*, *Willy's* e'en away!
Willy, of herds the wale,
To feed his flock, and make his hay
Upon a distant dale,
Far to the southward of this height
Where now we dowie stray;
Ay hartsome when he chear'd our sight,
And leugh with us a' day.

K A T E.

K A T E.

O *Willy* can dale dainties please
 Thee mair than moorland ream;
 Does *Isis* flow with sweeter ease
 Than *Fortha's* gentle stream?
 Or takes thou rather mair delyt
 In the strae-hatted maid,
 Than in the blooming red and whyt
 Of her that wears the plaid?

B E T T Y.

Na, *Kate*, for that we needna mourn,
 He is not gi'en to change;
 But fauls of sic a shining turn,
 For honours like to range:
 Our laird, and a' the gentry round,
 Who mauna be said nay,
 Sic pleasure in his art have found,
 They winna let him stay.
 Blyth I have stood frae morn to een,
 To see how true and weel
 He coud delyt us on the green
 With a piece cawk and keel,
 On a slid stane, or smoother slate,
 He can the picture draw
 Of you or me, or sheep or gait,
 The likest e'er ye saw.
 Lafs thinkna shame to ease your mind,
 I see ye're like to greet;
 Let gae these tears, 'tis justly kind,
 For shepherd sae complete.

K A T E.

Far, far! o'er far frae *Spey* and *Clyde*,

Stands that great town of *Lud*,

To whilk our best lads rin and ride;

That's like to put us wood:

For findle times they e'er come back,

Wha anes are heftit there.

Sure *Bess* their hills are no sae black,

Nor yet their howms sae bare.

B E T T Y.

Our riggs are rich, and green our heights,

And well our cares reward;

But yield, nae doubt, far less delights,

In absence of our laird.

But we maun cawmly now submit,

And our ill luck lament,

And leave't to his ain sense and wit

To find his heart's content.

A thousand gates he had to win

The love of auld and young,

Did a' he did with little din;

And in nae deed was dung.

K A T E.

WILLIAM and *MARY* never fail'd

To welcome with a smile,

And hearten us, when ought we ail'd,

Without designing guile.

Lang may she happily possess

Wha's in his breast infest,

And may their bonny bairns increase,

And a' with rowth be left.

O Wil-

O *William* win your laurels fast,
And syne we'll a' be fain,
Soon as your wandring days are past,
And you're return'd again.

B E T T Y.

Revive her joys by your return,
To whom you first gave pain;
Judge how her passions for you burn,
By these you bear your ain.
Sae may your kirk with fatness flow,
And a' your ky be fleek;
And may your hearts with gladness glow,
In finding what ye seek.

To Mr. DAVID MALLOCH, on his de-
parture from Scotland.

SINCE fate, with honour, bids thee leave
Thy country for a while,
It is nae friendly part to grieve,
When powers propitious smile.

The task assign'd thee's great and good
To cultivate two GRAHAMs,
Wha from bauld heroes draw their blood
Of brave immortal names.

Like wax the dawning genius takes
Impressions, thrawin or even;
Then he wha fair the molding makes,
Does journey-work for heaven.

170 To Mr. DAVID MALLOCH.

The four weak pedants spoil the mind
Of those beneath their care,
Who think instruction is confin'd
To poor grammatick ware.

But better kens my friend, and can
Far nobler plans design,
To lead the boy up to a man
That's fit in courts to shine.

Frae *Grampian* heights, some may object,
Can you sic knowledge bring?
But those laigh thinkers ne'er reflect,
Some fauls ken ilka thing.

With vaster ease at the first glance,
Than misty minds that plod
And thresh for thought, but ne'er advance
Their stawk aboon their clod.

But he * that could in tender strains
Raife *Margaret's* plaining shade,
And paint distress that chills the veins,
While *William's* crimes are red ;

Shaws to the world, cou'd they observe,
A clear deserving flame —
Thus I can roose without reserve,
When truth supports my theme.

* William and Margaret, a ballad in imitation of the old Manner, wherein the strength of thought and passion is more observed than a rant of unmeaning words.

Gae, Lad, and win a nation's love,
By making those in trust,
Like *WALLACE*'s* *ACHATES* prove,
Wise, Generous, Brave and Just.

Sae may his grace, the illustrious *Sire*,
With joy paternal see
Their rising bleez of manly fire,
And pay his thanks to thee.

To CALISTA: An Epigram.

ANES wisdom, majesty and beauty,
Contended to allure the swain,
Wha fain wad paid to ilk his duty;
But only ane the prize could gain.

Were *Jove* again to redd debate
Between his spouse and daughters twa,
And were it dear *Calista*'s fate
To bid amang them for the ba':

When given to her, the shepherd might
Then with the single apple serve a';
Since she's possesst of a' that's bright
In *Juno*, *Venus* and *Minerva*.

* The heroick Sir John Graham, the glory of his name and nation,
(and dearest friend of the renowned Sir William Wallace) ancestor of his
grace Duke of Montrose.

*Inscription on the Tomb-stone of Mr.
ALEXANDER WARDLAW, late
Chamberlain to the Right Honourable
Earl of Wigton, erected by his Son Mr.
JOHN WARDLAW in the Church of
Biggar.*

HERE lyes a man, whose upright heart
With virtue was profusely stor'd,
Who acted well the honest part
Between the tenants and their lord.

Between the sands and flinty rock
Thus steer'd he in the golden mean,
While his blyth countenance bespoke
A mind unruff'd and serene.

As to great *BRUCE* the *FLEMINGS* prov'd
Faithful, so to the *FLEMINGS* heir
WARDLAW behav'd, and was belov'd
For's justice, candor, faith and care.

His merit shall preserve his fame
To latest ages, free from rust,
'Till the arch-angel raise his frame
To join his soul amongst the just.

An Ode, sacred to the Memory of her Grace
ANNE Dutcheſs of HAMILTON.

WHY ſounds the plain with ſad complaint?
 Why hides the ſun his beams?
 Why ſigh the winds ſae bleak and cauld?
 Why mourn the ſwelling ſtreams?

Wail on, ye heights; ye glens, complain;
 Sun, wear thy cloudy veil:
 Sigh, winds, frae frozen caves of ſnaw;
 Lyde, mourn the rueful tale.

She's dead, the beauteous *ANNA*'s dead;
 All nature wears a gloom:
 Alas! the comely budding flower,
 Is faded in the bloom.

Clos'd in the weeping marble vault,
 Now cauld and blae ſhe lies;
 Nae mair the ſmiles adorn her cheek,
 Nae mair ſhe lifts her eyes.

Too ſoon, O ſweeteſt, faireſt, beſt,
 Young parent, lovely mate,
 Thou leaves thy lord and infant Son,
 To weep thy early fate.

But late thy chearfu' marriage-day,
 Gave gladneſs all around;
 But late in thee, the youthful chief
 A heaven of bleſſings found.

His bosom swells, for much he lov'd;
 Words fail to paint his grief:
 He starts in dream, and grasps thy shade,
 The day brings nae relief.

The fair illusion skims away,
 And grief again returns;
 Life's pleasures make a vain attempt,
 Disconsolate he mourns.

He mourns his loss, a nations loss,
 It claims a flood of tears,
 When sic a lov'd illustrious star
 Sae quickly disappears.

With roses and the lilly buds,
 Ye nymphs, her grave adorn,
 And weeping tell, thus sweet she was,
 Thus early from us torn.

To silent twilight shades retire,
 Ye melancholy swains,
 In melting notes repeat her praise,
 In sighing vent your pains.

But haste, calm reason, to our aid,
 And paining thoughts subdue,
 By placing of the pious Fair
 In a mair pleasing view:

Whose white immortal mind now shines,
 And shall for ever bright,
 Above th' insult of death and pain,
 By the *first spring of light*.

To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton. 175

There joins the high melodious thrang,
That strike eternal strings:
In presence of *Omnipotence*,
She now a *Seraph* sings.

Then cease, great *JAMES*, thy flowing tears,
Nor rent thy soul in vain:
Frae bowers of bliss she'll ne'er return
To, thy kind arms again,

With goodness still adorn thy mind,
True greatness still improve;
Be still a Patriot just and brave,
And meet thy Saint above.

*Ode to the Memory of Sir ISAAC NEW-
TON; Inscrib'd to the Royal Society of
London for the Improving of Natural
Knowledge.*

GREAT *NEWTON*'s dead,--full ripe his fame
Cease, vulgar grief, to cloud our song:
We thank the *Author* of our frame,
Who lent him to the earth so long.

The god-like *Man* now mounts the sky,
Exploring all yon radiant spheres;
And with one view can more descry,
Than here below in eighty years:

Tho' none, with greater strength of soul,
Could rise to more divine a height,
Or range the *Orbs* from *Pole* to *Pole*,
And more improve the humane fight.

Now

176 *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.*

Now with full joy he can survey
These worlds, and ev'ry shining blaze,
That countless in the *Milky Way*,
Only thro' glassess shew their rays.

Thousands in thousand arts excell'd,
But often to one part confin'd;
While ev'ry science stood reveal'd
And clear to his capacious mind.

His penetration, most profound,
Launch'd far in that extended sea,
Where humane minds can reach no bound,
And never div'd so deep as he.

Sons of the east and western world,
When on this *Leading Star* ye gaze,
While magnets guide the sail unfurl'd,
Pay to his memory due praise.

Thro' ev'ry maze he was the guide;
While others crawl'd, he soar'd above:
Yet modesty, unstain'd with pride,
Increas'd his merit, and our love.

He shunn'd the sophistry of words,
Which only hatch contentious spite;
His learning turn'd on what affords
By *Demonstration* most delight.

BRITAIN may honourably boast,
And glory in her *matchless Son*,
Whose genius has *invented* most,
And *finish'd* what the rest begun.

Ye *Fellows* of the *Royal Class*,
Who honour'd him to be your *Head*,
Erect in finest stone and brass
Statues of the *Illustrious Dead*.

Altho' more lasting than them all,
Or ev'n the *Poet's* highest strain,
His *Works*, as long as wheels this ball,
Shall his great memory sustain.

May from your *Learned Band* arise,
Newtons to shine thro' future times,
And bring down knowledge from the *skies*,
To plant on wild *Barbarian* climes.

'Till nations, few degrees from brutes,
Be brought into each proper road,
Which leads to wisdom's happiest fruits,
To know their Saviour and their God.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILE of War-
wickshire, Esq; on reading several of
his excellent Poems.

SIR, I have read, and much admire
Your muse's gay and easy flow,
Warm'd with that true *Idalian* fire
That gives the bright and chearful glow.

I con'd each line with joyous care,
As I can such from sun to sun;
And like the glutton o'er his fare
Delicious, thought them too soon done.

178 To William Somervile, Esq;

The witty smile, nature and art,
In all your numbers so combine,
As to complete their just desert,
And grace them with uncommon shine.

Delighted we your muse regard,
When she like *Pindar's* spreads her wings;
And virtue being its own reward,
Expresses by the *Sister Springs*.

Emotions tender croud the mind,
When with the royal bard you go,
To sigh in notes divinely kind,
The mighty slain on mount Gilbo.

Much surely was the virgin's joy,
Who with the *Iliad* had your lays;
For e'er, and since the siege of *Troy*
We all delight in love and praise.

These heaven-born passions, such desire,
I never yet cou'd think a crime;
But first-rate virtues which inspire
The soul to reach at the sublime.

But often men mistake the way,
And pump for fame by empty boast,
Like your *gilt Ass*, who stood to bray,
'Till in a flame his tail he lost.

Him th' incurious benchman hits,
With his own tale, so tight and clean,
That while I read, streams gush, by fits
Of hearty laughter, from my een.

Old *Chaucer*, bard of vast ingine,
 Fontaine and *Prior*, who have sung
Blyth tales the best; had they heard thine
 On *Lob*, they'd own'd themselves out-done.

The plot's pursu'd with so much glee,
 The two officious *Dog* and *Priest*,
The '*Squire oppress'd*', I own, for me,
 I never heard a better jest.

POPE well describ'd an *Omber Game*,
 And *King revenging Captive Queen*;
He merits; but had won more fame,
 If author of your *Bowling-green*.

You paint your parties, play each bowl,
 So natural, just, and with such ease;
That while I read, upon my soul!
 I wonder how I chance to please.

Yet I have pleas'd, and please the best;
 And sure to me laurels belong,
Since *British* fair, and 'mongst the best,
 Somervile's consort likes my song.

Ravish'd I heard th' harmonious fair
 Sing, like a dweller of the sky,
My verses with a *Scotian* air;
 Then fairs were not so blest as I.

In her the valu'd charms unite;
 She really is what all would seem,
Gracefully handsome, wise and sweet:
 'Tis merit to have her esteem.

180 To William Somervile, Esq;

Your noble kinsman her lov'd mate,
Whose worth claims all the world respect,
Met in her love a smiling fate,
Which has, and must have good effect.

You both from one great lineage spring,
Both from *de Somervile*, who came,
With *William*, *England's* conquering king,
To win fair plains, and lasting fame.

WHICH NOUR he left to's eldest son;
That first-born chief you represent:
His second came to *Caledon*,
From whom our *SOME R'LE* takes descent.

On him and you may fate bestow
Sweet balmy health and cheerful fire,
As long's ye'd wish to live below,
Still blest with all you wou'd desire.

O fir! oblige the world, and spread
In print * those and your other lays;
This (shall be better'd while they read)
And after ages sound your praise.

I cou'd enlarge — but if I shou'd
On what you've wrote, my *Ode* wou'd run
Too great a length — Your thoughts so croud,
To note them all, I'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a muse,
Who on her *Pictland* hills ne'er tires:
Nor shou'd (when worth invites) refuse
To sing the person she admires.

* Since the writing of this Ode, Mr. Somervile's poems are printed by Mr. Lintot in an 8vo vol.

An Epistle from Mr. SOMERVILE.

N E A R fair *Avona's* silver tide,
Whose waves in soft meanders glide,
I read, to the delighted swains,
Your jocund songs, and rural strains.
Smooth as her streams your numbers flow,
Your thoughts in vary'd beauties show,
Like flow'rs that on her borders grow. }
While I survey, with ravish'd eyes,
This * friendly gift, my valu'd prize,
Where sister *Arts*, with charms divine,
In their full bloom and beauty shine,
Alternately my soul is blest.
Now I behold my welcome guest,
That graceful, that engaging air,
So dear to all the brave and fair.
Nor has th' ingenious artist shown
His outward lineaments alone,
But in th' expressive draught design'd,
The nobler beauties of his mind;
True friendship, love, benevolence,
Unstudied wit, and manly sense.
Then, as your book, I wander o'er,
And feast on the delicious store,
(Like the laborious busy bee,
Pleas'd with the sweet variety)
With equal wonder and surprize,
I see resembling portraits rise.
Brave archers march in bright array,
In troup the vulgar line the way.

* Lord Somerville was pleased to send me his own picture, and Mr. Ramsay's works.

Here the droll figures flily sneer,
 Or coxcombs at full length appear.
 There woods and lawns, a rural scene,
 And swains that gambol on the green.
 Your pen can act the pencil's part
 With greater genius, fire and art.

Believe me, bard, no hunted hind
 That pants against the southern wind,
 And seeks the stream thro' unknown ways;
 No matron in her teeming days,
 E'er felt such longings, such desires,
 As I to view those lofty spires,
 'Those domes, where fair *Edina* shrouds
 Her tow'ring head amid the clouds.
 But oh! what dangers interpose?
 Vales deep with dirt, and hills with snows,
 Proud winter floods with rapid force,
 Forbid the pleasing intercourse.
 But sure we bards whose purer clay,
 Nature has mixt with less allay,
 Might soon find out an easier way.
 Do not sage matrons mount on high,
 And switch their broom-sticks thro' the sky;
 Ride post o'er hills, and woods, and seas,
 From *Thule* to th' † *Hesperides*?
 And yet the men of *Gresham* own
 That this and stranger feats are done,
 By a warm fancy's power alone.
 This granted; why can't you and I
 Stretch forth our wings, and cleave the sky?
 Since our poetick brains, you know,
 Than theirs must more intensely glow.

* The Scilly Islands were so called by the antients, as Mr. Camden observes.

Did not the *Theban* swan take wing,
Sublimely soar, and sweetly sing?
And do not we of humbler vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier strain,
Mount sheer out of the reader's sight,
Obscurely lost in clouds and night?

Then climb your *Pegasus* with speed,
I'll meet thee on the banks of *Tweed*:
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To swell the flood with crimson gore;
Like the *Cadmean* murd'ring brood,
Each thirsting for his brother's blood.
For now all hostile rage shall cease;
Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,
Our honest hands and hearts shall join,
O'er jovial banquets, sparkling wine.
Let *Peggy* at thy elbow wait,
And I shall bring my bonny *Kate*.
But hold — oh! take a special care,
T' admit no prying *Kirkman* there;
I dread the *Penitential Chair*.
What a strange figure shou'd I make,
A poor abandon'd *English* rake;
A squire well-born, and six foot high,
Perch'd in that sacred pillory?
Let spleen and zeal be banish'd thence,
And troublesome impertinence,
That tells his story o'er again:
Ill manners and his saucy train,
And self conceit, and stiff-rumprt pride,
That grin at all the world beside;
Foul scandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies;

184 *An Estistle from Mr. Somervile.*

Fame's busy hawker, light as air,
 That feeds on frailties of the fair:
 Envy, hypocrisy, deceit,
 Fierce party-rage, and warm debate;
 And all the hell-hounds that are foes
 To friendship, and the world's repose.
 But mirth instead, and dimpling smiles,
 And wit, that gloomy care beguiles;
 And joke, and pun, and merry tale,
 And toasts, that round the table sail:
 While laughter, bursting thro' the crowd
 In volleys, tells our joys aloud.
 Hark! the shrill piper mounts on high,
 The woods, the streams, the rocks reply,
 To his far-sounding melody.
 Behold each lab'ring squeeze prepare
 Supplies of modulated air.
 Observe *Croudero's* active bow,
 His head still noddling to and fro,
 His eyes, his cheeks with raptures glow,
 See, see the bashful nymphs advance,
 To lead the regulated dance;
 Flying still, the swains pursuing,
 Yet with backward glances wooing.
 This, this shall be the joyous scene;
 Nor wanton elves that skim the green
 Shall be so blest, so blyth, so gay,
 Or less regard what dotards say.
 My *Rose* shall then your *Thistle* greet,
 The *Union* shall be more compleat;
 And, in a bottle and a friend,
 Each national dispute shall end.

Answer

*Answer to the above Epistle from WIL-
LIAM SOMERVILE, Esq; of War-
wickshire.*

SIR, I had your's, and own my pleasure,
On the receipt, exceeded measure.
You write with so much sp'rit and glee,
Sae smooth, sae strong, correct and free;
That any he (by you allow'd
To have some merit) may be proud.
If that's my fault, bear you the blame,
Wha've lent me sic a lift to fame.
Your ain tours high, and widens far,
Bright glancing like a first-rate star,
And all the world bestow due praise
On the *Collection* of your lays;
Where various arts and turns combine,
Which even in parts first poets shine:
Like *Mat* and *Swift* ye sing with ease,
And can be *Waller* when you please.
Continue, sir, and shame the crew
That's plagu'd with having nought to do,
Who fortune in a merry mood
Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,
But has deny'd a genius fit
For action or aspiring wit;
Such kenna how t'employ their time,
And think activity a crime:
Aught they to either do, or say,
Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!
When money, their *Factotum*'s able
To furnish them a numerous rabble,

Who

186 *Answer to Mr. Somervile's Epistle.*

Who will, for daily drink and wages,
 Be chair-men, chaplains, clerks, and pages:
 Could they, like you, employ their hours
 In planting these delightful flowers,
 Which carpet the poetick fields,
 And lasting funds of pleasure yields;
 Nae mair they'd gaunt and gove away,
 Or sleep or loiter out the day,
 Or waste the night damning their fauls
 In deep debauch, and bawdy brawls:
 Whence pox and poverty proceed
 An early eild, and spirits dead.
 Reverse of you; — and him you love,
 Whose brighter spirit tours above
 The mob of thoughtless lords and beaus,
 Who in his ilka actions shows
True friendship, love, benevolence,
Unstudy'd wit, and manly sense.
 Allow here what you've said your fell,
 Nought can b' exprest so just and well:
 To him and her, worthy his love,
 And every blessing from above,
 A son is given, G o d save the boy,
 For theirs and every *Som'ril's* joy.
 Ye wardins round him take your place,
 And raise him with each manly grace;
 Make his *Meridian* vertues shine,
 To add fresh lustres to his line:
 And many may the mother see
 Of such a lovely progeny.

Now, fir, when *Boreas* nae mair thuds
 Hail, snaw and fleet, frae blacken'd clouds;
 While *Caledonian's* hills are green,
 And a' her *Straths* delight the een;

While

Answer to Mr. Somerville's Epistle, 187

While ilka flower with fragrance blows,
And a' the year it's beauty shows;
Before again the winter lour,
What hinders then your nothern tour?
Be fure of welcome: nor believe
These wha an ill report would give
To *Ed'nburgh* and the land of cakes,
That nought what's necessary lacks.
Here plenty's goddess frae her horn
Pours fish and cattle, claith and corn,
In blyth abundance; — and yet mair,
Our men are brave, our ladies fair.
Nor will *North Britain* yield for fouth
Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,
To any but her sister *South*. —

True, rugged roads are cursed driegh,
And speats aft roar frae mountains high:
The body tires, — poor tottering clay,
And likes with ease at hame to stay;
While fauls stride warlds at ilka stend,
And can their widening views extend.
Mine sees you, while you chearfu' roam
On sweet *Avona's* flow'ry howm,
There recollecting, with full view,
These follies which mankind pursue;
While, conscious of superior merit,
You rise with a correcting spirit;
And, as an agent of the gods,
Lash them with sharp satyrick rods:
Labour divine! Next, for a change,
O'er hill and dale I see you range,
After the fox or whidding hare,
Confirming health in purest air;

While

188 *Reasons for not answering the Scriblers.*

While joy frae heights and dales resounds,
Rais'd by the *Hola*, *Horn* and *Hounds*:
Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chace out-run,
I see the friend, and setting sun,
Invite you to the temp'rate bicquor,
Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.
The clock strikes twelve, to rest you bound,
To save your health by sleeping sound.
Thus with cool head and healsome breast
You see new day stream frae the east:
Then all the muses round you shine,
Inspiring every thought divine;
Be long their aid — Your years and blessings,
Your servant *ALLAN RAMSAY* wishes.

REASONS for not answering the Hackney Scriblers, my obscure Enemies.

THESSE to my blyth indulgent friends;
Dull faes nought at my hand deserve:
To pump an answer's a' their ends;
But not ae line, if they shou'd starve.

Wha e'er shall with a midding fight,
Of victory will be beguil'd;
Dealers in dirt will be to dight,
Fa' they aboon or 'neath, they're fil'd.

It helps my character to heez,
When I'm the butt of creeping tools;
The world, by their daft medley, sees,
That I've nae enemies but fools.

But sae it has been, and will be,
While real poets rise to fame,
Sic poor *Macflecknos* will let flee
Their venom, and still miss their aim.

Should ane like *Young* or *Somer'le* write,
Some canker'd coof can say 'tis wrang:
On *Pope* sic mungrels shaw'd their spite;
And shot at *Addison* their stang.

But well dear *Spec* the feckless asses
To wiest insects even'd and painted,
Sic as by magnifying glassees
Are only kend when throu' them tented.

The blundering fellows ne'er foryet,
About my tade to f—— their fancies,
As if, forsooth, I wad look blate
At what my honour maist advances.

Auld *Homer* sang for's daily bread;
Surprizing *Shakespeare* fin'd the wool;
Great *Virgil* creels and baskets made;
And famous *Ben* employ'd the trowel,

Yet *Dorset*, *Launsdown*, *Lauderdale*,
Bucks, *Stirling*, and the son of *Angus*,
Even monarchs, and of men the wale,
Were proud to be inrow'd amang us.

Then, hackneys, write 'till ye gae wood,
Drudge for the hawkers day and night;
Your malice cannot move my mood,
And equally your praise I flight.

190 *To Mr. DONALD MACEWEN.*

I've gotten mair of fame than's due,
Which is secur'd amang the best;
And shou'd I tent the like of you,
A little faul wad be confest.

Nae mastive minds a yamphing cur;
A craig defies a frothy wave;
Nor will a lyon raise his fur,
Altho' a monkey misbehave.

Nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere.

*To Mr. DONALD MACEWEN Jeweller
at St. Petersburg.*

HOW far frae hame my friend seeks fame!
And yet I canna wyte ye,
T'employ your fire, and still aspire,
By vertues that delyte ye.

Should fortune lour, 'tis in your power,
If heaven grant bawmy health,
T'enjoy ilk hour a faul unfowr;
Content's nae bairn of wealth.

It is the mind that's not confin'd
To passions mean and vile,
That's never pin'd, while thoughts refin'd
Can gloomy cares beguile.

Then *Donald* may be e'en as gay,
On *Russia's* distant shore,
As on the *Tay*, where *Usquebae*
He us'd to drink before.

But

But howsoe'er, haste, gather gear,
And syne pack up your treasure;
Then to *Auld Reekie* come, and beek ye,
And close your days with pleasure.

*To the same, on receiving a Present from
him of a Seal, Homer's Head finely cut
in Chrystal, and set in Gold.*

THANKS to my frank ingenious friend;
Your present's most gentile and kind,
Baith rich and shining as your mind;
And that immortal laurell'd pow,
Upon the gem sae well design'd
And execute, sets me on low.

The heavenly fire inflames my breast,
Whilst I unweary'd am in quest
Of fame, and hope that ages nieft
Will do their highland bard the grace,
Upon their seals to cut his crest,
And blytheft strakes of his short face.

Far less great *Homer* ever thought
(When he, harmonious beggar! sought
His bread throu' *Greece*) he should be brought,
Frae *Russia's* shore by Captain * *Hugh*,
To *Pictland* plains, sae finely wrought
On precious stone, and set by you.

* Captain Hugh Eccles, Master of a fine Merchant ship, [which he
lost in the unhappy fire at St. Petersburg.

A Ballad on bonny KATE.

CEASE, poets, your cunning devising
Of rhimes that low beauties o'er-rate;
They all, like the stars at the rising
Of *Phæbus*, must yield to fair *KATE*.

We sing, and we think it our duty
To admire th' kind blessings of fate
That has favour'd the earth with such beauty,
As shines so divinely in *KATE*.

In her smiles, in her features and glances,
The graces shine forth in full state,
While the god of love dang'rously dances
On the neck and white bosom of *KATE*.

How straight, how well-turn'd, and gentile, are
Her limbs! and how graceful her gait!
Their hearts made of stone, or of steel are,
That are not adorers of *KATE*.

But ah! what a sad palpitation
Feels the heart, and how simple and blate
Must he look, almost dead with vexation,
Whose love is fixt hopeless on *KATE*?

Had I all the charms of *Adonis*,
And galleons freighted with plate,
As *SOLOMON* wise; I'd think none is
So worthy of all, as dear *KATE*.

Ah! had she for me the same passion,
 I'd tune the lyre early and late;
 The sage's song on his *Circasian*,
 Should yield to my sonnets on *KATE*.

His pleasure each moment shall blossom,
 Unfading, gets her for his mate;
 He'll grasp every bliss in his bosom,
 That's linked by *Hymen* to *KATE*.

Pale envy may raise up false stories,
 And hell may prompt malice and hate;
 But nothing shall sully their glories,
 Who are shielded with vertue like *KATE*.

This name, say ye, many a lais has,
 And t'apply it may raise a debate;
 But sure he as dull as an ass is,
 That cannot join *COCHRAN* to *KATE*.

*To Dr. J. C. who got the foregoing to give
 to the young Lady.*

HERE, happy Doctor, take this sonnet,
 Bear to the fair the faithful strains:
 Bow, make a leg, and d'off your bonnet;
 And get a kiss, for *ALLAN*'s pains.

For such a ravishing reward,
 The *Cloud Compeller*'s self would try
 To imitate a *British* bard,
 And bear his ballads from the sky.

PROLOGUE, *before the acting of A U-
RENZEBE and the DRUMMER, by
the young Gentlemen of the Grammar
School of HADDINGTON, August
1727, spoke by Mr. CHARLES COCK-
BURN, Son to Colonel COCKBURN.*

BE hush, ye crowd, who pressing round appear
Only to stare — we speak to those can hear
The nervous phrase, which raises thoughts more hy,
When added action leads them thro' the eye.
To paint fair vertue, humours and mistakes,
Is what our school with pleasure undertakes,
Thro' various incidents of life, led on
By *DRYDEN*, and immortal *ADDISON*:
Those study'd men, and knew the various springs,
That mov'd the minds of *Coachmen* and of *Kings*.
Altho' we're young — allow no thought so mean,
That any here's to act the *Harlequin*
We leave such dumb-show mimickry to fools,
Beneath the sp'rit of *Caledonian Schools*.
Learning's our aim, and all our care, to reach
At elegance and gracefulness of speech,
And the address, from bashfulness refin'd,
Which hangs a weight upon a worthy mind.
The *Grammar*'s good, but pedantry brings down
The gentle *Dunce* below the sprightly *Clown*.
Get seven score verse of *Ovid's Trist* by heart,
To rattle o'er, else I shall make you smart,

Cry

Cry snarling *Dominies* that little ken:
Such may teach parots, but our * *LESLY* men.

EPILOGUE, *after the acting of the*
DRUMMER, *spoke by Mr. MAURICE*
COCKBURN, *another Son of Colonel*
COCKBURN'S.

OUR plays are done — now criticise, and spare not;
And tho' you are not fully pleas'd, we care not.
We have a reason on our side — and that is,
Your treat has one good property — 'tis *gratis*.
We've pleas'd our selves; and if we have good judges,
We value not a head where nothing lodges.
The generous men of sense will kindly praise us,
And, if we make a little snapper, raise us:
Such know th' aspiring soul at manly dawn,
Abhors the sowl rebuke, and carping thrawin;
But rises, on the hope of a great name,
Up all the rugged roads that lead to fame.
Our breasts already pant to gain renown
At *Senates*, *Courts*, by *Arms* or by the *Gown*;
Or by improvements of *Paternal* fields,
Which never failing joy and plenty yields;
Or by deep draughts of the *Castalian* springs,
To soar with *Mantuan* or *Horatian* wings.

Hey boys! the day's our ain! the *Ladies* smile!
Which over-recompenses all our toil!

* Mr. John Lesly, master of the school, a gentleman of true learning;
who, by his excellent method, most worthily fills his place.

196 PROLOGUE *spoke by, &c.*

Delights of mankind, tho' in some *small Parts*
We are deficient, yet our wills and hearts
Are your's; and, when more perfect, shall endeavour,
By *acting better*, to secure your favour:
To spinnets then retire, and play a few tunes,
'Till we get thro' our *Gregories* and *Newtons*;
And, some years hence, we'll tell another tale;
'Till then, ye bonny blooming buds, — farewell.

PROLOGUE *spoke by Mr. ANTHONY*
ASTON, the first Night he acted in
Winter 1726.

'TIS I, — dear *Caledonians*, blythsome TONY,
That oft, last winter, pleas'd the brave and bonny
With medley, merry song, and comick scene;
Your kindness *then* has brought me here again:
After a circuit round the queen of isles,
To gain your friendship and approving smiles,
Experience bids me hope; — tho' south the *Tweed*
The dastards said, 'He never will succeed:
'What! such a country look for any good in!
'That does not relish plays, — nor pork, — nor pud-
ding!'

Thus great *Columbus* by an idiot crew
Was ridicul'd, at first, for his just view;
Yet his undaunted spirit ne'er gave ground,
'Till he a new and *better* world had found.
So I — laugh on — the simile is bold;
But faith 'tis just: for 'till this body's cold,
Columbus like, I'll push for fame and gold.

}
A C H A.

A CHARACTER.

OF judgment just, and fancy clear,
 Industrious, yet not avaritious;
 No slave to groundless hope and fear,
 Cheerful, yet hating to be vicious.

From envy free, tho' prais'd not vain,
 Ne'er acting without honour's warrant;
 Still equal, generous and humane,
 As husband, master, friend and parent.

So modest, as scarce to be known
 By glaring, proud conceited asses,
 Whose little spirits often frown
 On such as their less worth surpasses.

Ye'll own he's a deserving man,
 That in these out-lines stand before ye;
 And trowth the picture I have drawn,
 Is very like my friend *

* The Character, tho' true, has something in it so great, that my too modest friend will not allow me to set his name to it. But this, and some few other wants, shall be made out afterwards from my register of supplies.

Ode to ALEXANDER MURRAY of
Brughton, Esq; on his Marriage with
Lady EUPHEMIA, Daughter to the
Right Hon. Earl of GALLOWAY.

'T IS conquering love alone can move
The best to all that's great ;
It sweetly binds two equal minds,
And makes a happy state,
When such as MURRAY, of a temper even,
And honour'd worth receives a mate from heaven.

Joy to you, Sir, and joy to her,
Whose softer charms can sooth,
With smiling pow'r, a fullen hour,
And make your life flow smooth.
Man's but unfinish'd, 'till by *Hymen's* ties,
His sweeter half lock'd in his bosom lyes.

The general voice, approve your choice,
Their sentiments agree,
With fame allow'd, that she's a good
Branch sprung from a right tree.
Long may the Graces of her mind delight
Your soul, and long her beauties bless your sight.

May the bright guard, who love reward,
With man recoyn'd again,
In offspring fair make her their care,
In hours of joyful pain :
And may my PATRON healthful live to see,
By her a brave and bonny progeny.

Let youthful swains who 'tend your plains,
Touch the tun'd reed, and sing,
While maids advance in sprightly dance,
All in the rural ring;
And with the *Muse* thank the immortal powers,
Placing with joy *EUPHEMIA*'s name with your's.

*Ode to the Memory of Mrs. FORBES,
Lady NEWHALL.*

AH life! thou short uncertain blaze,
Scarce worthy to be wish'd, or lov'd;
When by strict death, so many ways,
So soon the sweetest are remov'd.

In prime of life and lovely glow,
The dear *BRUCINA* must submit;
Nor could ward off the fatal blow,
With every beauty, grace and wit.

If outward charms, and temper sweet,
The chearful smile, and thought sublime,
Could have preserv'd, she ne'er had met
A change, 'till death had sunk with time.

Her soul glanc'd with each heavenly ray,
Her form with all these beauties fair,
For which young brides and mothers pray,
And wish for to their infant care.

Sowr spleen or anger, passion rude,
These opposites to peace and heaven,
Ne'er pal'd her cheek, or fir'd her blood;
Her mind was ever calm and even.

Come, fairest nymphs, and gentle swains,
 Give loose to tears of tender love ;
 Strow fragrant flowers on her remains,
 While sighing round her grave you move.

In mournful notes your pain express,
 While with reflection you run o'er,
 How excellent, how good she was !
 She was ! alas ! but is no more !

Yet piously correct your moan,
 And raise religious thoughts on hie,
 After her spotless soul, that's gone
 To joys that ne'er can fade or die.

*On a Slate's falling from a House on Mrs.
 M. M——k's Breast.*

WAS *Venus* angry, and in spite,
 Allow'd that stone to fa',
 Imagining these breasts so white
 Contain'd a heart of snaw ?

Was her wing'd *Son* sae cankert set
 To wound her lovely skin,
 Because his arrows could not get
 A passage farder in ?

No : She is to love's goddess dear,
 Her smiling boy's delight —
 It was some hag that doughtna bear
 Sic charms to vex her sight.

Some

Some silly fowr pretending faint,
In heart an imp of hell,
Whase hale religion lyes in cant,
Her vertue in wrang zeal;

She threw the stane, and ettled death:
But watching *Zylphs* flew round,
So guard dear *MADIE* from all skaith,
And quickly cur'd the wound.

To my kind and worthy Friends in IRELAND, who on a Report of my Death, made and published severall Elegies Lyrick and Pastoral, very much to my Honour.

SIGHING shepherds of *Hibernia*,
Thank ye for your kind concern a',
When a fause report, beguiling,
Prov'd a draw back on your smiling;
Dight your een, and cease your grieving,
ALLAN's hale, and well, and living,
Singing, laughing, sleeping foundly,
Cowing beef, and drinking roundly;
Drinking roundly *Rum* and *Claret*,
Ale and *Usquae*, bumpers fair out,
Supernaculum but spilling,
The least diamond * drawing, filling;
Sowfing sonnets on the lasses,
Hounding satyres at the asses;

* See Note Vol. I. p. 18.

202 *To my Friends in IRELAND.*

Smiling at the furly criticks,
 And the pack-horse of politicks ;
 Painting meadows, Schaws and mountains,
 Crooking burns and flowing fountains ;
 Flowing fountains, where ilk gowan
 Grows about the borders glowan,
 Smelling sweetly, and inviting
 Poets lays, and lovers meeting ;
 Meeting kind to niffer kisses,
 Bargaining for better bleffes.

Hills in dreary dumps now lying,
 And ye *Zephyrs* swiftly flying,
 And ye rivers gently turning,
 And ye *Philomellas* mourning,
 And ye double sighing ecchoes,
 Cease your sobing, tears, and hey ! ho's !
 Banish a' your care and grieving,
ALLAN's hale, and well, and living,
 Early up on morning's shining,
 Ilka fancy warm refining,
 Giving ilka verse a burnish
 That maun *Second Volume* furnish,
 To bring in frae lord and lady
 Meikle fame and part of Ready ;
 Splendid thing of constant motion,
 Fish'd for in the southern ocean ;
 Prop of gentry, nerve of battles,
 Prize for which the Gamester rattles ;
Belzie's banes, deceitfu', kittle,
 Risking a' to gain a little.

Pleasing *Philip*'s tunefu' tickle,
Philomel, and kind *Arbuckle* :

Singers

Singers sweet, baith lads and lasses,
Tuning pipes on hill *Parnassus*,
ALLAN kindly to you wishes
Lasting life, and rowth of blesses ;
And that he may, when ye surrender,
Sauls to heaven, in number tender
Give a' your fames a happy heezy,
And gratefully immortalize ye.





T H E
GENTLE SHEPHERD,
A

Pastoral Comedy ;

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable,

SUSANNA Countess of EGLINTOUN.

M A D A M,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with chearfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says, The Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think my self safe from the aukward censure of some pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will croud into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree
in

in their sentiments with the Countess of EGLINTOUN, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shines with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship; here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what's due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field's ample, and presents us with numberless, great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY: be that the care of the herauld and historian. 'Tis personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flatter'd; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect: for whilst you are possess'd of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

All this is very true, cries one of better sense than good nature: but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence? — Very true; but I have the liberty to use the Poet's privilege, which is, To speak what every body thinks. Indeed there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life but the Bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure, in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished

guished Characters. — I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: but if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be class'd with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,

*If 'tis allowed to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.*

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,

and most devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.



To the Countess of EGLINTOUN, with the
following Pastoral.

ACCEPT, O EGLINTOUN! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays:
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on *Scotia's* blefsful plains,
That oft has fung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, thro' the verdant meads to stray.
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The *Gentle Shepherd's* tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears.
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise!
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
When first the Fair One, pitious of his fate,
Kind of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And blushing beauteous smiles the kind consent!
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In *Charlot's* smile, or in *Maria's* frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age,

Pure

Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
 Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
 His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
 His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
 He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
 As thy *Eliza* might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the *Rural State* bestows
 Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
 Secure alike from envy and from care;
 Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear:
 Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
 Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
 No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
 No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
 Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
 In humble goodness, and in calm content.
 Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
 Sinless and pure, in fair *Humeia's* soul.

But now the *Rural State* these joys has lost;
 Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
 Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
 Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
 Now *Happiness* forsakes her blest retreat,
 The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat.
 The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
 Companion to an upright sober race;
 When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
 Free and familiar with the sons of men,
 To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
 She uninvited came a welcome guest:
 Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
 Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts;
 Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
 Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed;

Then

Then dowerless beauty lost the power to move;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with strangers blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise.
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;
The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And *Happiness* forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh *Happiness*! from humane search retir'd,
Where art thou to be found by all desir'd?
Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aspect mild! ah why unkind,
Fly'st thou displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
Where, with thy sire *Content*, thou lov'st to dwell.
Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or, with th' industrious planter, dost thou talk,
Conversing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold
Watchful and studious of the treasured gold?
Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
Still musing silent at the morning hour?
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
In *Stair's* wisdom, or in *Erskine's* charms.

210 *To the Countess of Eglington.*

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil :
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,
 Alone with vertue knows the pow'r to dwell.
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast ;
 But many passions must the blessing cost :
 Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
 And envy, grieving at another's state.
 Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
 Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
 When these are in the humane bosom nurs'd,
 Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst ?
 Unlike, O *EGLINTOUN*! thy happy breast,
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest ;
 From the tumultuous rule of passions free'd,
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
 In vertues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind ;
 Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
 How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame ?
 Bold in thy presence *Bashfulness* appears,
 And backward *Merit* loses all its fears.
 Supremely blest by heav'n, heav'n's richest grace,
 Confest is thine, an early blooming race.
 Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
 Divine Instruction ! taught of thee to charm.
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart ?
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
 When thou beholdst them of each grace possess'd,
 And sighing youths imploring to be blest ;
 After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
 Or in the visit, or the dance to shine.

Thrice

Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely *EGLINTOUNS* of other days.

Mean while peruse the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains.
In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
The garb our muses wore in former years;
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
Or vertuous love, the likeness of thy own;
While 'midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
Let this, *O EGLINTOUN!* delight thee most,
T'enjoy that *Innocence* the world has lost.

W. H.



The P E R S O N S.

M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, { *The Gentle Shepherd, in Love
with Peggy.*

ROGER, { *A rich young Shepherd, in
Love with Jenny.*

SYMON, { *Two old Shepherds, Tenants
GLAUD, { to Sir William.*

BAULDY, *A Hynd engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

PEGGY, *Thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, { *An old Woman suppos'd to
be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields
some few Miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, *within Twenty Hours.*

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.

Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at Nine o' Clock at Night.

Fifth Act begins by Day-Light next Morning.



T H E
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

PROLOGUE to the S C E N E.

*Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where chrystal springs the halesome waters yield,
Twa youthful shepherds on the gowans ly,
Tenting their flocks ae bony morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, 'till hollow echo's ring;
But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. *Tune, The wawking of the faulds.*

PATIE. *M*Y Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.

*My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
When'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naithing gi'es me sic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae softly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae softly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.*

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How hartsome is't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants?

How

How halefom 'tis to snuff the cawler air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care.
What ails thee, *Roger*, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O *Patie*, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tod3 to grein for lambkins blood.
But I, oppress'd with never ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall loath the flour, and quit the hive,
The faughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornful queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase faul is sadly out of tune.
You have sae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling baith of auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with many a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a las's eye.
For ilka sheep ye have I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But ablins, Nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Roger. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were
smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
 Less you wad los, and less ye wad repine.
 He that has just enough can soundly sleep :
 The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
 That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a los :
 O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
 That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench :
 'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool !
 And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I fauld them ilka clute
 At the *West-port*, and bought a winsome flute,
 Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round ;
 A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound :
 I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool !
 Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

Roger. Na, *Patie*, na ! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
 Some other thing lyes heavier at my breast :
 I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
 That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

Patie. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence
 To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens.
 Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
 Your well-seen love, and dorty *Jenny's* pride :
 Take courage, *Roger*, me your sorrows tell,
 And safely think nane kens them but your sell.

Roger. Indeed now, *Patie*, ye have guess'd o'er true,
 And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.
 Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon asquint ;
 To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
 In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
 And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate :
 But yesterday I met her yont a know,
 She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.

She

She *Bauldy* looes, *Bauldy* that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell of Tar.

Patie. But *Bauldy* looes not her, right well I wat,
He sighs for *Neps*;—sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'dna loo her—but in vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.

My *Bawty* is a cur I dearly like,
'Till he yowl'd fair she strak the poor dumb tyke:

If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.

When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a caulrife scorn.

Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite;

O'er *Bogie* was the spring, and her delyte:

Yet tauntingly she at her cusin spear'd,

Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.

Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,

I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'en do sae, *Roger*, wha can help misluck?
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabit chuck.

Yonder's a Craig, since ye have tint all hope,

Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

Roger. I needna mack sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Patie. Daft gowk! leave off that silly whinging way;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.

Hear how I serv'd my las I love as weel

As ye do *Jenny*, and with heart as leel.

Last morning I was gay and early out,

Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about,

I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the lee;

I saw my *Meg*, but *Peggy* saw na me:

For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,

And she was close upon me e'er she wist.

Her

Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
 Less you wad los, and less ye wad repine.
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Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.

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As ye do *Jenny*, and with heart as leel.

Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about,

I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the lee;
I saw my *Meg*, but *Peggy* saw na me:

For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist.

Her

218 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs that whyter were than snaw.
 Her cockernony snooded up fou fleek,
 Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek;
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her Eyen sae clear;
 And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
 Blythsome, I cry'd, my bony *Meg*, come here,
 I ferly wherefore ye're so soon asteer:
 But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew:
 She scour'd awa, and said, What's that to you?
 Then fare ye weel, *Meg-Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came with a right thieveless errand back:
 Miscaw'd me first—than bad me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh; and sae did she; then with great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
 About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul cam lowping to my lips.
 Sair fair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack;
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
 Dear *Roger*, when your Jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood:
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG

S A N G II. *Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.*

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight :
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse — then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.*

*When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean ;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue ;
But tent the language of their een :
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

*Roger. Kind Patie, now fair-fa your honest heart,
Ye're ay fae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane : For now as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,
(y mother, rest her faul ! she made it fine ;)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawflock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blew :
With spraings like gowd, and filler cross'd with bl
I never had it yet upon my back.*

*Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have fae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.*

*Patie. Weel, hald ye there --- and since ye've frank-
ly made*

To me a present of your braw new plaid,

220 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

My flute's be yours, and she too that's fae nice
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't ;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bony spring ;
For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Patie. But first we'll take a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right :
Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please :
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they fae wise
To season meat with health, instead of spice.
When we have tane the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my fell. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

*A flowrie bowm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths,
A trotting burnie wimpling throw the Ground,
Its channel peebles, shining smooth and round,
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear ;
First please your eye, then gratify your ear ;
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sense true love defends.*

P E G G Y and J E N N Y.

Jenny. **C**OME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this
 green,
The shining day will bleech our linen clean ;
The water's clear, the list unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

Peggy.

Peggy. Go farer up the burn to *Habie's How*,
 Where a' that's sweet in spring and simmer grow :
 Between twa birks out-o'er a little lin
 The water fa's, and makes a sing and din :
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glafs,
 Kisses with easy whirles the bordering grafs.
 We'll end our washing, while the morning's cool,
 And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
 There wash our fells——'Tis healthfou now in *May*,
 And sweetly cauler on fae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
 Gif our twa *Herd*s come brattling down the brae,
 And see us fae ? that jeering fallow *Pate*
 Wad taunting say, haith lasses ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight ;
 The lads they're feeding far beyont the height :
 But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, we're our-lane,
 What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain ?
 The neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
 That *Roger* loo's ye, yet ye carena by.
 What ails ye at him ? Troth between us twa,
 He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an end,
 A *Herd* mair sheepish yet I never kend.
 He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
 With ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet lug ;
 Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,
 And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
 He falds his owrelay down his breast with care,
 And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair,
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
 Except, *How d'ye ?* —— or, *There's a bony day*.

Peggy. Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride,
 Hatred for love is unco fair to bide :

But

But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld.
 What like's a dorty maiden, when she's auld ?
 Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckless whim will orp and greet :
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,
 And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.
 Fy, *Jenny*, think, and dinna fit your time.

S A N G III. *Tune, Polwart on the Green.*

*The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld :*

*The dawted Bairn thus takes the pet,
 Nor eats tho' hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the dinner's past,
 Thus by it sell abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I — but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jenny. If *Roger* is my jo, he kens himsel,
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
 He glowts and fighs, and I can guess the cause,
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws.
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're

They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peggy. Be doing your ways; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my *Patie's* kind.

Jenny. Heh Lafs! how can ye loo that rattle-skull?
A very deel, that ay maun hae his will.
We'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
'Till I with pleasure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my *Patie's* breast I'll lean my head.
There he may kiss as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do, there's none dare call it rude.
He's get his will: why no? 'tis good my part
To give him that, an he'll give me his heart.

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco fraise,
And daut ye baith afore fowk, and your lane:
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
And may be, in his barlicods ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a lounding lick.

SANG IV. *Tune,* O dear mother, what shall I do?

*O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd;*

Running

*Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.*

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as that want pith
 to move.

My settl'd mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.

Patie to me is dearer than my breath,

But want of him I dread nae other skaith.

There's nane of a' the *Herd*s that tread the green

Has sic a smyle, or sic twa glancing een.

And then he speaks with sic a taking art,

His words they thirle like musick throw my heart.

How blithely can he sport, and gently rave,

And jest at little fears that fright the lave.

Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,

He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.

He is — but what need I say that or this,

I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!

In a he says or does, there's sic a gate,

The rest seem coofs compar'd with my dear *Pate*.

His better sense will hang his love secure:

Ill nature heffs in fauls are weak and poor.

SANG V. *Tune*, How can I be sad on my, &c.

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,

That has better sense than any of thae

Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,

To sink their ain Joy, and make their wives snools.

The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,

Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;

He praises her virtue, and ne'er will abuse

Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Jenny. Hey Bony Lass of Branksome, or't be lang,
 Your witty *Pate* will put you in a sang.

O 'tis

O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syne whindging gets about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous din:
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads it fell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
 The *Deel* ga'es o'er John Wobster: hame grows hell;
 When *Pate* miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, it's a handsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them tight.
 Wow *Jenny*! can there greater pleasure be
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
 When a' they ettle at — their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?

Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like of them, when love makes care delight?

Jenny. But poortith, *Peggy*, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw:
 There little love or canty chear can come
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom!
 Your nowt may die — the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay —
 The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
 A dyvor buies your butter, woo and cheese,
 But or the day of payment breaks and flees.
 With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent:
 'Tis no to gie; your merchant's to the bent.
 His honour manna want, he poinds your gear:
 Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
 Dear *Meg*, be wise, and lead a single life:
 Troth its nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill luck befa' that filly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd: let heav'n make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads should a' for wives that's vertuous pray:
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A well-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let:
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
 For hale some, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware:
 A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sold to pay the laird his due.
 Syne a' behind's our ain; — thus without fear,
 With love and rowth we throw the world will steer:
 And when my *Pate* in bairns and gear grows rife,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglit on the green,
 With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
 Should gar your *Patie* think his half-worn *Meg*,
 And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg.

Peggy. Nae mair of that — Dear *Jenny*, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we:
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them with solidity of mind.
 They'll reason caumly, and with kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile:
 Sae, whensoe'er they flight their maiks at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
 To keep him chearfu', and secure his heart.
 At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll have a' things made ready to his will.

In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane:
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething Pot's be ready to tak aff.
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can afford.
Good humour and white bigonets shall be,
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish of married love right soon grows
cauld,

And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
That in return defends it frae the west.
Sic as stand single (a state fae lyk'd by you!)
Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done --- I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield,
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lyes dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Tune, Nansy's to the green wood gane*

*I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying;*

*For a' that we can do or say
 'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us,
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
 That by the Heartstrings leads us.*

Peggy. Alake! poor pris'ner! *Jenny*, that's no fair,
 That ye'll no let the wie thing take the air:
 Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
 Gif he be *Bauldy's*, or poor *Roger's* man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good — for see the sun
 Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
 To freath the graith; — if canker'd *Madge* our aunt
 Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
 But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
 For this seems true, nae las can be unkind. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug thack house, before the door a green;
 Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
 On this side stand a barn, on that a bayer:
 A peet-stack joins, and forms a rural squair.
 The house is *Glaud's*; — there you may see him lean,
 And to his divet-seat invite his frien.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud. **G**OOD-MORROW, nibour *Symon*, —
 come sit down,
 And gie's your cracks. — What's a' the news in town?
 They tell me ye was in the ither day,
 And sold your *Crummock*, and her bassend quey.

I'll

I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Symon. With a' my heart; — and tent me now, auld
boy,

I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.
I cou'dna rest 'till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glaud. Fy blaw! — Ah *Symmie!* ratling chieles
ne'er stand

To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round like will-fire far and near:
But loose your poke, be't true or faulse, let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, *Glaud*, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our *Master* been,
Our brave good *Master*, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head,
Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose
To shine, or set in glory with *Montrose*.

Now *Cromwell's* gane to *Nick*; and ane ca'd *Monk*,
Has plaid the *Rumple* a right flee begunk;
Restor'd king *Charles*, and ilka thing's in tune;
And *Habby* says, we'll see fir *William* soon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna flaw,
Tell o'er your news again! and swear til't a'.
And saw ye *Hab*! and what did *Halbert* say?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now god be thanked that our laird's come hame,
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Symon. They that hag-rid us 'till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good fir *William* fall enjoy his ane.

S A N G VII. *Tune, Cald Kale in Aberdeen.*

*Could be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high his station,
That bravely stands in the Defence
Of conscience, king and nation.*

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
Us in our thriving with a racker rent;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Out mailens, when we pat on *Sunday's* claiiths.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

‘ Put on your bonnet, *Symon* — tak a seat —

‘ How’s all at hame? — How’s *Elspa*? — How does
Kate? —

‘ How fells black cattle? -- What gies woo this year? --
And sic like kindly questions wad he spear.

S A N G VIII. *Tune, Mucking of Geordy's byer.*

*The Laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
To rise aboon poverty:
Else like the pack-horse that's unfother'd
And burthen'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

Glaud. Then wad he gat his *Butler* bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,

Whilk

Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
 As gar me mony a time gae dancing hame.
 My heart's e'en rais'd! Dear nibour will ye stay,
 And tak your dinner here with me the day.
 We'll fend for *Elspith* too — and upo' sight,
 I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the height.
 I'll yoke my sled, and fend to the neist town,
 And bring a draught of ale, baith stout and brown,
 And gar our cottars a', man, wife and wean,
 Drink 'till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
 For here-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;
 A furlet of good cakes my *Elspa* beuk,
 And a large ham hangs reeling in the nook.
 I saw my fell, or I came o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pot, that scads the whey, put on,
 A mutton bouk to boil; — and ane we'll roast;
 And on the haggies *Elspa* spares nae cost.
 Small are they shorn; and she can mix fou nice
 The gusty ingans with a corn of spice.
 Fat are the puddings, — Heads and feet well sung;
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this after-noon with glee and game,
 And drink our *Master's* health and welcome-hame.
 Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
 Bring wi'ye all your family, and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r fell, auld-birky, never fear
 But at your banquet I shall first appear:
 Faith we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 'Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.

Auld, said I! — Troth, I'm younger be a score
 With this good news, than what I was before.
 I'll dance or een! hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Madge. The man's gain gyte! Dear *Symon*, welcome here:

What wad ye, *Glaud*, with a' this haste and din?
 Ye never let a body fit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! Snuff! — Gae break your wheel, and
 burn your tow,

And set the meiklest peet-stack in a low.

Syne dance about the bane fire 'till ye die,

Since now again we'll soon fir *William* see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed! — And wha was't tald
 you o't.

Glaud. What's that to you? — gae get my *Sunday's*
 coat;

Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands,

My whyt-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;

Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,

And mak ye'r fells as trig, head, feet, and waist,

As ye were a' to get young lads or een;

For we're gawn o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

Symon. Do honest *Madge* — and, *Glaud*, I'll o'er
 the gate,

And see that a' be done as I wad ha'e't. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*The open field. — A cotage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end. —
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With falded arms, and baff-rais'd look ye see.*

BAULDY *his lane.*

Bauldy. WHAT's this! — I canna bear't! 'Tis war
than hell;

To be sae burnt with love, yet darna tell!
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay:
Blyther than lambs that frisk out-o'er the knows,
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows:
Her een the clearest blob of dew out-shines:
The lilly in her breast its beauty tines.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my deid, that will be shortly seen!
For *Pate* loes her, — waes me! and she loes *Pate*;
And I with *Neps*, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow! — O! but ane be a beast,
That makes rash aiths, 'till he's afore the priest.
I darena speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
'Tis fair to thole — I'll try some witchcraft art,
To brak with ane, and win the other's heart.
Here *Mausy* lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
Can cast her cantraips, and give me advice.
She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the moon;
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.

At

234 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,
 And howks uncristen'd weans out of their graves ;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow ;
 Rins withershins about the humlock low ;
 And seven times does her prayers backwards pray,
 'Till *Plotcock* comes with lumps of *Lapland* clay,
 Mixt with the venom of black taid and snakes.
 Of this unfonsy pictures aft she makes
 Of any ane she hates ; — and gars expire
 With flaw and racking pains afore a fire,
 Stuck fou of prines ; the devilish pictures melt,
 The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's *Mause* : Ay, ay, she kens fou weil,
 When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard,
 To speak my errand, faith amaißt I'm fear'd :
 But I maun do't tho' I shou'd never thrive ;
 They gallop fast, that deels and lasses drive. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*A green kail-yard, a little fount,
 Where water popilan springs,
 There sits a wife with wrinkle-front,
 And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX. *Tune, Carle and the King come.*

MAUSE. PEGGY, now the king's come,
 Peggy, now the king's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 Peggy, since the king's come :

Nae

*Nae mair the bawkys shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.*

Enter BAULDY.

Bauldy. How does auld honest lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and rash at threescore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And Beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate fae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead, ——— to thresh, nae corn?

Bauldy. Enough of baith — But something that
requires

Your helping hand employs now all my cares.

Mause. My helping hand, alake! what can I do
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Mause. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possess't,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Bauldy. Well vers'd in herbs and seasons of the moon,
By skilfu' charms 'tis kend what ye have done.

Mause. What fowk say of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear,

Bauldy. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, bot a flaw.

When last the wind made *Glaud* a roofless barn,

When last the burn bore down my *Mither's* yarn,

When *Brawny* elfshoot never mair came hame;

When *Tibi* kirk'd and there nae butter came;

When *Bessy Freetock's* chuffy-cheeked wean

To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane.

When *Wattie* wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,

And tint himsel amais't amang the snaw.

When

236 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

When *Mungo's* mear stood still, and swat with fright,
When he brought east the *Howdy* under night.

When *Bawfy* shot to dead upon the green,
And *Sara* tint a snood was nae mair seen ;

You, *Lucky*, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about ;
And sae they may that mean to do ye skaith ;

For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith :

But when I neist make grots, I'll strive to please

You with a furlet of them mixt with pease.

Maufe. I thank ye lad---now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauldy. Then I like *Peggy*---*Neps* is fond of me---
Peggy likes *Pate* ;---and *Patie's* bauld and flee,
And looes sweet *Meg*---But *Neps* I downa see---
Cou'd ye turn *Patie's* love to *Neps*, and then
Peggy's to me, --- I'd be the happiest man.

Maufe. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night ;
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth all your pease and grots, tak ye na care.

Bauldy. Well, *Maufe*, I'll come, gif I the road can
find ;

But if ye raise the *Deel*, he'll raise the wind ;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.

We're a' to rant in *Symmie's* at a feast,
O will ye come like badrans for a jest ;
And there ye can our different haviours spy ;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Maufe. 'Tis like I may---but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast,

Bauldy. If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to *France*. [*Exit Bauldy.*

Maufe.

Mause. [*her lane.*] This fool imagines, as do many sic,
That I'm a witch in compact with *Auld Nick*,
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear,
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Now since the royal *Charles*, and right's restor'd.
A shepherdes is daughter to a lord.
The *bony foundling* that's brought up by *Glaud*,
Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,
Her infant life I sav'd, when a false friend
Bow'd to the *Usurper*, and her death design'd ;
To establish him and his in all these plains
That by right heritage to her pertains.
She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms.
None knows't but me ;---and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gat them all sing dumb.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*Behind a tree upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet,
In love without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and chearfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

PEGGY. O PATIE, let me gang, I maunna stay ;
We're baith cry'd hame, and *Jenny*
she's away.

Patie.

Patie. I'm laith to part fae soon; now we're alane,
 And *Roger* he's away with *Jenny* gane;
 They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
 Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
 Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
 How fast the westlin winds fough through the reeds.

Peggy. The scented meadows——birds——and
 healthy breeze,
 For aught I ken, may mair than *Peggy* please.

Patie. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
 In speaking fae, ye ca' me dull and blind.
 Gif I could fancy aught's fae sweet or fair
 As my sweet *Meg*, or worthy of my care.
 Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
 Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear.
 Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
 That warble through the merle or mavis' throtes.
 With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
 Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
 The sweetest fruits, that hing upon the tree,
 Are far inferior to a kifs of thee.

Peggy. But *Patrick* for some wicked end may fleech,
 And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
 I darna stay,——ye joker, let me gang,
 Or swear ye'll never tempt to do me wrang.

Patie. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
 And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap.
 The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
 The gaits to clim——the sheep to yield the fleece,
 Ere ought by me be either said or done,
 Shall do thee wrang, I swear by all aboon.

Peggy.

Peggy. Then keep your aith — But mony lads
will swear,

And be mansworn to twa in half a year :

Now I believe ye like me wander well ;

But if anither lass your heart shou'd steel,

Your *Meg*, forsaken, bootless might relate

How she was daunted anes by faithless *Pate*.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,

Tho' we're but young I've loo'd you mony a year.

I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,

Or lisp our words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang

Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,

Aft to the tansy-know or rashy strand ;

Thou smiling by my side——I took delyte

To pou the rushes green, with roots sae whyte,

Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,

For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade with shepherds to the
hill,

And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill,

To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,

When at the bought at ev'n I met with thee.

S A N G X. *Tune,* Winter was cauld, and my
Cleathing was thin.

P E G G Y.

When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,

And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,

To bear the milk-bowie, no pain was to me,

When I at the boughting forgather'd with thee.

P A T I E.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether-bells

Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,

Nae

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*Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.*

PEGGY.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putied the stane,
And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain :
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me ;
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the cowdon broom-knows,
And Rosie liltis swiftly the milking the ews
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
At throw the wood laddie, bels gars our lugs ring :
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The Boatman, Twede-side, or the Lafs of the Mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

PEGGY.

*How easy can lasses trow what they desire ?
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire ;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make my self better and sweeter for thee.*

Patie. When corns grew yellow, and the hether
bells

*Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me :
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.*

Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or put that
stane,

*And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain :
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me ;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.*

Patie.

Patie. Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Cowdon Knows*,
And *Rosie* lilt the *Milking of the Ews* ;
There's nane, like *Nansie*, *Jenny Nettles* sings :
At turns in *Maggy Lawder*, *Marion* dings :
But when my *Peggy* sings with sweeter skill
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill* ;
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me,
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can lassies trow what we desire,
And roos d, by them we love, blaws up that fire :
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try ;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

Patie. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave.
At naught they'll farley, — fenseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly hechts, for trifles grieve —
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou in better sence, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed ;--but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Patie. And let them ferly, — now a kindly kiss,
Or fivescore good anes wad not be a-miss ;
And syne we'll sing the song with tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hyre —

Patie. — Well I agree.

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SANG XI. To its own Tune.

PATIE [sings.]

*By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eye that smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
Ye're made for love, and why should ye deny?*

PEGGY [sings.]

*But ken ye, lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.*

PATIE [sings.]

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.
Red-cheeked ye compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haf-year.*

PEGGY [sings, falling into Patie's arms.]

*Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace.
And mint nae farther, till we've got the grace,*

PATIE [with his left hand about her waist.]

*O charming armfu', hence ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day,
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;*

O last

*O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal-day ;
And if you're weary'd, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

[Let down the curtain, and let them kiss.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lyme,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd with time ;
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedler been :
But whilst it is the knight in masquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'rer moves
Throw his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.*

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE Gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost,---which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me ! it desolately stands,
Without a roof, the gates faln from their bands ;
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tapstry all bereft.
My stables and pavillions, broken walls !
That with each rainy blast decaying falls.

244 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

My gardens once adorn'd the most compleat
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet :
 Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
 The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks :
 But overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,
 No *Jaccacinths* or *Eglantines* appear.
 How fail'd and broke's the rising ample shade,
 Where *Peach* and *Nect'rine* trees their branches spread,
 Basking in rays, and early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use ;
 All round in gaps, the walls in ruin lie,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd ; — and now my joy
 Forbids all grief, — when I'm to see my BOY,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since heaven too soon call'd home his mother fair :
 Him, e'er the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful *Symon* brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 'Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life ! that's from ambition free,
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 A calm, contented mortal, spends his time
 In health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

S A N G XII. *Tune, Happy Clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blown,
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his bleeting flocks.*

Healthful

*Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.*

*Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisie,
When truth and love with joy agree,
Unsullied with a crime:
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.*

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to day,
All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaylie dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
And vissy't round and round,
There's nought superfluous to give pain,
Or costly to be found.
Yet all is clean: A clear peat ingle
Glances amidst the floor;
The green-horn spoons, beech-luggies mingle
On skelfs foregainst the door.*

*While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld anes think it best,
With the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and take their rest.*

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. **W**E anes were young our fells — I like
to see

The bairns bob round with other merrylic,
Troth, *Symon*, *Patie*'s grown a strapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade,
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elspa. Poor man! — he's a great comfort to
us baith;

God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be with *Peggy*'s beauty tane,
And troth, my *Niece* is a right dainty wean,
As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
Nor better — be't she were nae kin to me,

Symon. Ha, *Glaud*! I doubt that ne'er will be
match,

My *Patie*'s wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools my fell.

Glaud. What reason can ye have, there's nane I'm
sure,

Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ane *Jenny* kind;
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,

I'll gie to *Peggy* that day she's a bride ;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs, at spaining time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind *Glaud*, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or this day eight days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna flight his bairn.

Glaud. Well nae mair o't, — come gi's the other
bend,
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*

Symon. But will ye tell me, *Glaud*, --- by some 'tis
said,

Your niece is but a *fundling*, that was laid
Down at your hallon fide, ae morn in *May*,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clattern *Madge*, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our *Meg* her cankart humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen :
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look :
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard,
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to day.

[*Exit Jenny.*

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout. [*Returns Jenny,*
bringing in Sir William; with them Patie.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest carle---here, take a seat.

Sir Will. I give ye thanks, goodman, Ise no be blate.

Glaud. [*drinks.*] Come, t'ye, friend — How far cam ye the day?

Sir Will. I pledge ye, Nibour, e'en but little way :
Rousted with eild, a wie piece gate seems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay all night with me,
And take sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

Sir Will. That's kind, unfought---well, gin ye have
a bairn

That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon. [*pointing to Patie.*] Only that lad——alack !
I have nae mae,

Either to make me joyful now or wae.

Sir Will. Young man, let's see your hand——what
gars ye sneer ?

Patie. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Will. Ye cut before the point---But Billy byde,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elspa. Betootch-us-to ! and well I wat that's true,
Awa, awa, the deel's owre grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spair'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elspa. A laird ! — Hear ye, goodman—— what
think ye now ?

Symon. I dinna ken ! strange auld man, what art
thou ?

Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth,
Come, turn the timmer to laird *Patie's* health.

[*Patie's health gaes round.*

Patie.

Patie. A laird of twa good whistles, and a kent,
Twa curs my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is all my great estate——and like to be;
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, *Patie*——let the man look owre
your hand,
Aftymes as broken a ship has come to land.

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand,
then counterfeits falling into a trance,
while they endeavour to lay him right.*]

Elspa. Preserve's!---the man's a warlock, or posselt
With some nae good, or second sight at least,
Where is he now? ——

Glaud. —— He's feeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elspa. These second-fighted fowks, his peace be here!
See things far aff, and things to come as clear
As I can see my thumb——wow! can he tell?
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsel)
How soon we'll see *Sir William*. Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better,---*Elspa* haste ye gae
And fill him up a tafs of *Usquebae*.

Sir Will. [*starts up and speaks.*]

“ A *Knight* that for a LYON fought
“ Against a herd of bears,
“ Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
“ In which some thousands shares:
“ But now again the LYON rares,
“ And joy spreads o'er the plain,
“ The LYON has defeat the bears,
“ The *Knight* returns again.

“ The

" The *Knight* in a few days shall bring

" A shepherd frae the fauld;

" And shall present him to the king,

" A subject true and hauld.

" He Mr. *Patrick* shall be call'd —

" All you that hear me now,

" May well believe what I have tald,

" For it shall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel;

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deel,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep,
Or do you get them tald you in your sleep.

Sir Will. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward:
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
'That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Symon. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken
The wimples meaning of your unko tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how *Sym* believes,
And taks't for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to *Pate*:
But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

Sir Will. Whisht! doubtfu' carle, for e'er the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Well, be't sae, friend, I shall say naithing
mair,

But I have twa sonfy lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

Sir Will.

Sir *Will.* Nae mair through secrets can I sift,
 'Till darknes black the bent,
 I have but anes a day that gift;
 Sae rest a while content.

Symon. *Elspa*, cast on the claith, fetch but some meat,
 And, of your best, gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir *Will.* Delay a while your hospitable care,
 I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair
 Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk
 With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Symon. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire —
 And, *Glaud*, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;
 We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
 Syne sup together, and tak your pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a space, and see the young anes play,
 My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Jenny pretends an errand hame,
 Young Roger draps the rest,
 To whisper out his melting flame,
 And thow his lassie's breast.
 Behind a bush, well hid frae sight they meet.
 See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.
 Poor Shepherd!*

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. **D**EAR *Jenny*, I wad speak t'ye wad ye let,
 And yet I'ergh ye'r ay sae scornfu' set.

Jenny. And what wad *Roger* say, if he cou'd speak;
 Am I oblig'd to guess what ye'r to seek?

Roger.

Roger. Yes, ye may guess, right eith for what Igrein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een:
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn,
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith even and morn.
Ah! cou'd I loo ye less, I'd happy be,
But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

Fenny. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say, that e'er I said ye nay.

Roger. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

Fenny. I loo my father, cufin *Meg* I love;
But to this day, nae man my heart could move;
Except my kin, ilk lad's alyke to me;
And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear *Fenny*, — sayna that again,
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free,
Wha kens but ye may rew, and pity me?

Fenny. Ye have my pity else, to see you sit
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon foryet.
Wow! but we're bony, good, and every thing!
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kiss or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Than we our daffine, and tint power repent:
When prison'd in four waws a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens, when for sake of gear,
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
(Tho' thou should scorn) still to delight in thee.

Fenny.

Jenny. What fuggard words frae wooers lips can fa' !
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies,
I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear.
The bridegroom may rejoyce, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
The day unclouded, sink in calmest night.
I've seen the spring run wimpling throw the plain,
Increase and join the ocean, without stain.
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
Rejoyce throw life, and all your fears beguile.

S A N G XIII. *Tune, Leith-Wynd.*

J E N N Y.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain,
The easy maid, beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain;
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

R O G E R.

*I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline!
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then sae kind? —*

O let

254. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

*O let me briss thee to my heart!
And round my arms entwine:
Delytful thought, we'll never part!
Come press thy mouth to mine.*

Jenny. Were I but sure ye lang wou'd love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart could gain:
For I mawn own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Roger I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!--
This gush of pleasure's like to be my deid.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fyr'd
With wondering love! let's kifs 'till we be tyr'd.
Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine
And briss thy bony breasts and lips to mine.

[They embrace.]

Jenny. With equal joy my faster heart does yield,
To own thy well-try'd love has won the field.
Now by these warmest kiffes thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane,

Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
There shall not be a kyndlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

Jenny. Well, I agree — neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent, — he'll hardly say ye nay.
Ye have what will commend ye to him well,
Auld fowks like them that wants na milk and meal.

SANG XIV. *Tune, O'er Bogie.*

*Well, I agree, ye're sure of me;
Next to my father gae:
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you nay
For ye have what he wad be at,
And will commend you well,
Since parents auld think love grows could
Where bairns want milk and meal.*

*Should he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain.
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high degree:
And if you prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.*

*Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my bayers rowt:
Five pack of woo I can at Lammass fell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that makes a hartsome house and tight
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all, which now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can give a', my dear, to thee.
And had I fifty times as mickle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the famen skair.
My love and all is yours, now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.*

Jenny.

256 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

Jenny. I'll do my best, but see wha gangs this way,
Patie and *Meg* — besides I maunna stay;
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn,
 If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn.

Roger. To where the faugh-tree shades the men-
 nin-pool,
 I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool;
 Keep tryft, and meet me there, there let us meet,
 To kifs and tell our loves; there's nought sae sweet.

S C E N E IV.

PROLOGUE.

*This scene presents the Knight and Sim,
 Within a Galery of the place,
 Where all looks ruinous and grim,
 Nor has the baron shown his face;
 But joking with his shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the gate he kens fu' well.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Will. **T**O whom belongs this house, so much
 decay'd?

Symon. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
 To bear the *Head* up, when rebellious *Tail*
 Against the laws of nature did prevail,
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Wha fills us all with joy, now *He's come hame.*

PROLOGUE.

*Sir William draps his masking beard;
 Symon, transported, sees
 The welcome knight, with fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.*

My

My master! my dear master! — do I breath!
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!
Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants fight!
To bless his SON, my charge, the world's delight.

Sir *Will.* Rise, faithful *Symon*, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And never to him his real birth reveal'd.

Symon. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock — neist my ane judgment fand
Out reason's plenty — Since, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir *Will.* And aften vain and idly spend their time,
'Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends—which gi'es their fauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Symon. Now, well I wat, sir, ye have spoken true;
For there's laird *Kytie's* son, that's loo'd by few.
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name:
He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace,
Oppressing all as punishment of their sin
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust.
To his ane fam'lie as to give him trust.

Sir *Will.* Such usefess branches of a common-wealth
Should be lopt off, to give a state mair health.
Unworthy bare reflection — *Symon*, run
O'er all your observations on my son;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

258 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

Symon. To speak his praise, the langest simmer day
Wad be owre short — cou'd I them right display.
In word and deed he can sae well behave,
That out of sight he runs before the lave:
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best,
And his decree stands good — he'll gar it stand:
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand,
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir Will. Your tale much pleases — my good friend,
proceed:

What learning has he? can he write and read?

Symon. Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna spare
To gie him at the school enough of lair;
And he delyts in books — He reads and speaks
With fowks that ken them, *Latin* words and *Greeks*.

Sir Will. Where gets he books to read — and of
what kind?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our Sheep to *Edinburgh*
port,

He buys some Books of History, fangs or sport:
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.

About ane *Shakespear* and a famous *Ben*,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
How sweetly *Hawthrenden* and *Sterling* sing,
And ane caw'd *Cowley*, loyal to his king,
He kens fou well, and gars their verses ring.

I sometimes thought, that he made o'er great fraise
About fine poems, histories and plays.

When I reprov'd him anes — a book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

Sir Will.

Sir *Will.* He answer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,

When such accounts I of my shepherd hear:
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
Except on rainy *Sundays*, on a book?

When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,
'Till a' the rest sleep round as well's our fell.

Sir *Will.* Well jested, *Symon*, — but one question more,

I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age, when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves;
Has no young lassie, with inviting mein
And rosie cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthful heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest part,
'Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
(With *Glaud's* fair *Niece*) than I thought right or meet.
I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like your self, your son will soon appear,
A gentleman enrich'd with all these charms,
May blest the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

Sir *Will.* This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me,
None but your self shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servant nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command:
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Symon. With how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know that is not down-right me.

[Exit *Symon*.

Sir William solus. Whene'er th' event of hopes
success appears,

One happy hour cancels the toil of years.
A thousand toils are lost in *Lethe's* stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.

But from his rustick business and love,
I must, in haste, my *Patrick* soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve:
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shews its light,
'Till artful polishing has made it shine:
Thus education makes the genius bright.

S A N G XV. *Tune, Wat ye wha I met yestreen.*

*Now from rusticity, and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,
My Gentle Shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn:
As the rough diamond, from the mine,
In breakings only shews its light,
'Till polishing has made it shine,
Thus learning makes the genius bright.*

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*The Scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset — Enter Maufe and Madge.*

Maufe. O UR laird come hame! and owns young
Pate his heir,
That's news indeed! —

Madge. — As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir *William*, like a warlock, with a beard,
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd mickle at his unco look,
While frae his poutch he whirl'd forth a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his een;
Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

Maufe. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Madge. As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee tod *Lawrie* hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In summer days slides backward in a pool:
In short he did for *Pate* braw things fortel,
Without the help of conjuring or spell;
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd aff his beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew
His welcome master; — round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.

Patrick was sent for — happy lad is he!

Symon tald *Elspa*, *Elspa* tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon;

And troth 'tis e'en right odd when a' is done,

To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,

Na, no fae meikle as to *Pate* himsell.

Our *Meg*, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mause. It may be fae, wha kens, and may be no.

To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain;

Even kings has tane a queen out of the plain,

And what has been before, may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense! love tak root, but tocher-good,

'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood:

Sic fashions in king *BRUCE*'s days might be;

But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif *Pate* forsakes, *Bauldy* she may gain, }
Yonder he comes, and wow! ~~but he looks faint~~ }
Nae doubt he thinks that *Peggy*'s now his ain.

Madge. He get her! flaverin doof! it sets him well

To yoke a plough where *Patrick* thought to teil!

Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young master see —

Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;

And so wad I: but whisht! here *Bauldy* comes.

Enter BAULDY [*singing*.]

Jocky said to *Jenny*, *Jenny* wilt thou do't,

Ne'er a fit, quoth *Jenny*, for my tocher-good;

For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee,

E'en's ye like, quoth *Jocky*, ye may let it be.

Madge. Well liltit, *Bauldy*, that's a dainty sang.

Bauldy. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

[*sings again*.]

I bae

*I hae gowd and gear, I have land enough,
I have seven good owfen gangin in a pleugh;
Gangin in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a bayer,
A peatstack fore the door, we'll make a rantin fire;
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry sall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass my sell;
Ye're a bony lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.*

*I trow sae, - lasses will come to at last,
Tho' for awhile, they maun their snaw-baws cast,
Mause. Well Bauldy, how gaes a'. —*

*Bauldy. — Faith unco right:
I hope we'll a' sleep sound, but ane, this night.
Madge. And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask?
Bauldy. To find out that, is nae difficult task.*

*Poor bony Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honest Mause, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me,
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove;
Less wilful, and ay constant in my love.*

*Madge. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.
Fy Bauldy blush, and vows of love regard;
What other lass will trow a mansworn herd;
The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate,
Nor will she be advis'd fou well I wate.*

Bauldy. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest;
Ye leed, auld roudes, — and in a faith had best
Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand
With a het face afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabit brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o'ye'r cheeks out-o'er your chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye witnefs, *Maufe*, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn, — I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witnefs to, he ca'd me bony names,
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog! — [*Flees to his hair like a fury*
— *A stout battle* — *Maufe endeavours to redd them.*]

Maufe. Let gang your grips, fy *Madge*! howt *Bauldy*
leen,

I wadna wish this tuilzie had been seen;
'Tis sae daft like. —

[*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches, with a bleeding nose.*]

Madge. — 'Tis dafter-like to thole
An ether-cap like him, to blaw the coal.
It sets him well with vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And, or they died, their bairns bairns have seen.

Maufe. That's true, and *Bauldy* ye was far to blame,
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain christen'd name. }

Bauldy. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same. }

Madge. Auld roudes! Filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

Maufe. Howt no; — ye'll e'en be friends with honest *Bauldy*:

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgi'e 'm: I see the lad looks wae.

Bauldy.

Bauldy. In troth now *Mause*, I have at *Madge* nae spite;

But she abusing first was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet,

And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform as well as sweer,
Vow and lowp back! — was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him deel, he's owre lang out of hell.

Bauldy [*running off*] His presence be about us!
Curst were he.

That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Madge [*laughing.*] I think I have towzled his hari-
galds a-wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towin'd him tightly,—I commend ye
for't,

His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport:
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,
He hoped I was a *witch*, and wadna stand,
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A *Witch*!—how had ye patience this to
bear,

And leave him een to see, or luggs to hear.

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like
mine,

Obliges folk resentment to decline,

Till

Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
 With cunning can the lack of pith supply :
 Thus I put aff revenge till it was dark,
 Syne bad him come, and we should gang to wark;
 I'm sure he'll keep his tryft ; and I came here
 To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll have as I protest ;
 Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist.
 A linnen sheet wond round me like ane dead,
 I'll cawk my face, and grane and shake my head.
 We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
 A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us go, for see, 'tis hard on night,
 The westlin cloud shines with setting light.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

PROLOGUE.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
 And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew,
 While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
 The gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
 Walks throw the broom with Roger ever-leel,
 To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewel.*

Roger. **W O W !** but I'm cadgie, and my heart
 lowps light ;

O Mr. *Patrick*, ay your thoughts were right :
 Sure gentle-fowk are farrer seen than we,
 That nathing ha'e to brag of pedigree.

My *Fenny* now, wha' brak my heart this morn,
 Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn.

I spak

I spak my mind — she heard — I spak again,
She smil'd — I kiss'd — I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

S A N G XVI. *Tune, Kirk wad let me be.*

*Duty and part of reason,
Plead strong on the parents side,
Which love superior calls treason,
The strongest must be obey'd:
For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My constancy falshood repels;
For change in my heart is no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

Patie. I'm glad to hear't--But O my change this day,
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me boon the lave.
With looks all kindness, words that love confest:
He all the father to my soul exprest,
While close he had me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth!
Who set too soon! — And while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail.
That speechless lang, my late kend Sire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
Unusual transports made my hand turn round,
Whilst I my self with rising raptures found,
The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
But he has heard, — too faithful Symon's fear!
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,

Which

Which he forbids,—ah! this confounds my peace,
While, thus to beat, my heart must sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand:
But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Patie. Duty, and hasten reason plead his cause:
But love rebels against all bounding laws;
Fixt in my soul the shepherdess excels,
And part of my new happiness repels.

Roger. Enjoy them baith,—Sir *William* will be won:

Your *Peggy's* bonny,—you're his only son.

Patie. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
And frae these bands nae fate my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true,
But still odedience is a parent's due.

Roger. Is not our master and your fell to stay
Amang us here,—or are ye gawn away
To *London* court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

Patie. To *Edenburgh* straight to-morrow we ad-
vance,
To *London* neist, and afterwards to *France*,
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to
dance,

And twa three other monky-tricks;—That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel:
But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Roger. *They who have just enough can soundly sleep,
The Owercome only fashes fowk too keep.*—

Good

Good master *Patrick*, tak your ain tale hame.

Patie. What was my morning thought, at
night's the same :

The poor and rich but differ in the name.

Content's the greatest blis we can procure

Frae 'boon the list.—Without it kings are poor.

Roger. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pike it scanty on the bent :

Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,

Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,

Submissive servants, honour, wealth and ease,

Wha's no content with these are ill to please.

Patie. Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their blis :

The passions rule the roast—and if they're four,

Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour :

The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,

Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.

The gouts, and gravels, and the ill disease,

Are frequentest with fouk owrelaid with ease,

While o'er the moor the shepherd, with less care,

Enjoys his sober wish, and hale some air.

Roger. Lord, man, I wonder, ay, and its delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.

How gat ye a' that sense I fain wad lear,

That I may easier disappointments bear.

Patie's Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some
skill,

These best can teach what is real good and ill :

Near grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,

To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Roger. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy :

Faith I've hae books, tho' I shou'd sell my ky :

But now lets hear how you're design'd to move

Between Sir *William's* will and *Peggy's* love.

Patie.

Patie. Then here it lies--his will maun be obey'd,
 My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride:
 But I some time this last design maun hide.
 Keep you the secret close, and leave me here,
 I sent for *Peggy*, yonder comes my my dear.

Roger. And proud of being your secretary, I
 To wyle it frae me a' the deels defy. [*Exit Roger.*]

Patie. [*solus*] With what a struggle must I now
 impart

My father's will to her that hads my heart:
 I ken she loves, and her fast soul will sink,
 While it stands trembling on the hated brink
 Of disappointment—heav'n support my fair,
 And let her comfort claim your tender care,
 Her eyes are red ————— [*Enter Peggy*]

—————My *Peggy* why in tears?
 Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
 Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

SANG XVII. *Tune,* Waes my heart that we
 shou'd sunder.

PEGGY. *Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
 A gentler face and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake poor me! will now conspire,
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.*

*No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.*

*Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander;
 Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?
 Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou should'st prove a wand'ring lover,
 Throw life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.*

I dare not think sae high—I now repine
 At the unhappy chance, that made not me
 A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
 Wha can withouten pain see frae the coast
 The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
 Like to be carried by some rever's hand,
 Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me re-
 mains

To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
 My father has forbid our loves, I own:
 But love's superior to a parent's frown.
 I falsehood hate: come kiss thy cares away;
 I ken to love as well as to obey.

Sir *William's* generous, leave the task to me
 To make strict duty and true love agree.

SANG XVIII, *Tune*, TWEED-SIDE.

PEGGY. When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will sav't for thy sake.

Where-e'er

*Where-e'er my love travels by day,
 Where-ever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay;
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.*

*With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 So lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height is becoming thy wife.*

*For beauty that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans of May,
 But inwardly rooted, will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love.
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.*

Speak on!—speak ever thus, and still my grief,
 But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
 New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
 That with nice air swims round in silk attire;
 Then I! poor me!--with sighs may ban my fate,
 When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome *Pate*.
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
 By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
 Nae mair be envied by the tatling gang,
 When *Patie* kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang:
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play!
 And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay,

As astitmes I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpose that I might be tane.
Nae mair around the *Foggy-know* I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.
But hear my vow — 'twill help to give me ease,
May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

Patie. Sure heaven approves — and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:
And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this isle;
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
The fair foundation of our faithful love.
If at my foot were crowns and scepters laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid;
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
To sic as have the patience to be kings.
Wherefore that tear? believe and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy, to hear my love sae kind;
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,
Made me think life was little worth my care:
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy generous thoughts will save thy heart for me.
With patience then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Dream thro' that night, 'till my day star appear:
And all the while I'll study gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:
I'll gain on uncle *Glaud*, — he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me throw ilk school,
Where I may manners learn —

Patie. ——— That's wisely said,
And what he wares that way shall be well paid.

Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart,
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes, to innocence unkend;
 Affect oft-times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity, to keep up state:
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
 And, for the fashion, when we're blith, seem wae:
 Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them, when their backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still — but I'll be ought with thee.

Patie. No, no, my *Peggy*, I but only jest
 With gentry's apes; for still amangst the best,
 Good manners give integrity a bleeze,
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peggy. Since with nae hazard, and sae small expence,
 My lad frae books can gather siccan sense;
 Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous sea
 Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
 Sir *William's* cruel that wad force his son,
 For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but trav'ling does improve,
 Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love:
 But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast
 In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

S.A.N G XIX. *Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.*

P E G G Y.

*At setting day and rising morn,
 With Soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.*

*I'll visit oft the birken-bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.*

*To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood-shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.*

With every setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heaven, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the Suckler-brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play;
And to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers,
With joy that they'll bear witness I am yours.

Patie. My dear allow me frae thy temples fair
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

Peggy. Were ilka hair that appertains to me
Worth an estate, they all belong to thee:
My sheers are ready, take what you demand,
And aught what love with virtue may command.

Patie. Nae mair I'll ask; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words, wad border on a crime,
Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
When it's with kisses on the heart imprest.

[Here they embrace, and the curtain's let down.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane posselt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest:
Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes foreward to the sot.*

Symon. **W**HAT want ye, *Bauldy*, at this silent
hour,

When nature nods beneath the drowsy power.
Far to the *North* the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake, and glowre and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Bauldy. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy, — legs with shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be my sell again.

I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon*, O *Symon*! O!

[*Symon gives him a drink.*]

Symon. What ails thee, gowk! -- to make sae loud ado.
You've wak'd Sir *William*, he has left his bed,
He comes, I fear ill pleas'd; I hear his tread.

[*Enter Sir William.*]

Sir Will. How goes the night? Does day-light yet
appear?

Symon, you're very tymously asteer.

Symon. I'm sorry, fir, that we've disturb'd your rest,
But some strange thing has *Bauldy's* sp'rit oppress'd,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist. }

Bauldy.

Bauldy. O! ay — dear fir, in troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir Will. (smiling.) I lang to hear't —

Bauldy. ——— Ah! fir, the witch caw'd *Mause*,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart:
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night,
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaist, or deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead coarfe in sheet as white as milk,
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
Lows'd down my breeks, while I like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp,
I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,
'Till, with an elritch laugh they vanish'd quite;
Syne I haf dead with anger, fear and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, fir, to you,
Hoping your help to gi'e the deel his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
'Till in a fat tar-barrel *Mause* be burnt.

Sir Will. Well *Bauldy*, what e'er's just shall granted
be,

Let *Mause* be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your *Honour*, soon shall I obey,
But first I'll *Roger* raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
And cast her cantraips that bring up the deel.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

278 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

Sir Will. Troth *Symon*, *Bauldy's* more afraid than hurt,

The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
What filly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is, throw want of education, blind!

Symon. But does your *Honour* think there's nae sic thing,

As witches raising deels up-throw a ring,
Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Will. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoyc'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp,
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aft-times like *Bawty*, *Badrans*, or a *Sow*;
Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,
While they on cats or clowns, or broomstuffs ride,
Or in the egg-shell skim out-o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in *France* or *Spain*;
Then aft by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cub-boards, chairs and stools.
What e'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich:
But *Maufe*, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life.
That gars me think this hoblefnew that's past
Will land in naithing but a joke at last.

Sir Will. I m sure it will; — but see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night:
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX. *Tune, Bony gray-ey'd morn.*

*The bony gray-ey'd morning begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day,
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving the plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
Be my portion, health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
With a blew snood Jenny binds up her hair,
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
The rising sun shines motty throw the reek.
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

Glaud. **I** With, my bairns, it may keep fair 'till night,
Ye do not use so soon to see the light;

Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
 To take your leave of *Patrick* or he gang :
 But, do ye think, that now when he's a laird,
 That he poor landwart lasses will regard.

Jenny. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,
 He has mair sence than slight auld friends, tho' poor :
 But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
 And kiss'd my cusin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again ;
 But, be advis'd, his company refrain :
 Before, he, as a shepherd, fought a wife,
 With her to live a chaste and frugal life :
 But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
 Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peggy. A rake, what's that ?—— Sure if it means
 ought ill,
 He'll ne'er be't, else I have tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
 Ane young and good, and gentle's unco rare :
 A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
 To do what like of us thinks sin to name ;
 Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap
 To brag how often they have had the clap ;
 They'll tempt young things like you, with youdith
 flush'd,

Syne mak ye a' their jest when ye'er debauch'd.
 Be warry then I say, and never ge'e
 Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

Peggy. Sir *William's* vertuous, and of gentle blood.
 And may not *Patrick* too, like him, be good.

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
 As they are wiser better are than we ;
 But thinner sawn ; they're sae puft up with pride,
 There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,

That

That shaws the gate to heaven ;-- I've heard my fell,
Some of them laugh at doomſday, ſin and hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us, father ! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doomſday, doubts a god.

Glaud. Doubt ! why they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear, but curſe, debauch, and drink :
But I'm no ſaying this, as if I thought

That *Patrick* to ſic gaitſ will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The lord forbid !--- Na, he kens better things :
But here comes *Aunt*, her face ſome ferly brings.

[*Enter Madge.*

Madge. Haſt, haſt ye, we're a' ſent for owre the gate,
To hear, and help to red ſome odd debate

'Tween *Maufe* and *Bauldy*, 'bout ſome witchcraft ſpell
At *Symon's* houſe, the knight ſits judge himſel.

Glaud. Lend me my ſtaff, —— *Madge*, lock the
outer-door,

And bring the laſſies wi'ye, I'll ſtep before.

[*Exit Glaud.*

Madge. Poor *Meg* ! —— Look *Jenny*, was the like
e'er ſeen,

How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een !

This day her brankan wooer takes his horſe,

To ſtrute a gentle ſpark at *Edenburgh* croſs,

To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain

For a nice ſword, and glancing-headed cane ;

To leave his ram-horn ſpoons and kitted whey,

For gentler tea, that ſmells that new-won hay :

To leave the green-ſwaird dance, when we gae milk,

To ruſtle amang the beauties clad in ſilk.

But *Meg*, poor *Meg* ! maun with the ſhepherd ſtay,

And take what god will ſend in hodden-gray.

Peggy.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn?

That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.

Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,

I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the green:

Now since he rises, why should I repine?

If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:

And then, the like has been, if the decree

Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bony story trouth! — But we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now it's tell'd him that the tawz
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak good breeding's laws,
And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

Sir Will. **A**ND was that all? -- well, *Archbald*, ye
was ferv'd

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.

Was it so small a matter to defame,

And thus abuse an honest woman's name?

Besides your going about to have betray'd,

By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauldy.

Bauldy. Sir, I confefs my faut thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to *Neps*.

Mause. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your *Honour*, I believ'd it well;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the deel:
Yet with your *Honour's* leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and revengefu' —

And that my *Some-place* finds ;——but I had best
Had in my tongue, for yonder comes the *Ghaist*,
And the young bony *Witch*, whase rosie cheek
Sent me without my wit the deel to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy and Jenny.

Sir Will. [*looking at Peggy.*] Whose daughter's she
that wears th' *Aurora* gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes? what this I find
The girl brings all my sifter to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, *Glaud* —

Glaud. — Sir, she's my niece —
And yet she's not — but I should had my peace.

Sir Will. This is a contradiction, what d'ye mean?
She is, and she is not ! pray, *Glaud*, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should mak appear
What I have kept a secret thirteen year. }

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear. }

Sir Will. Speak soon, I'm all impatience! —

Patie. — So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then since my master orders, I obey —
This bony fundling, ae clear morn of *May*,

Close

284 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD:*

Clofs by the lee-side of my door I found,
 All fweat and clean, and carefully hapt round,
 In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make.
 What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
 Wha, warfe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
 Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
 Sae helpless young; for she appear'd to me,
 Only about twa towmands auld to be.
 I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd
 With sic a look, wad made a savage mild.
 I hid the story, she has pass'd sincefyne,
 As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:
 Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
 For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.
 Ye see she's bony, I can swear she's good,
 And am tight sure she's come of gentle blood;
 Of whom I kenna — naithing ken I mair,
 Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir Will. This tale seems strange! —

Patie. — The tale delights my ear!

Sir Will. Command your joys, young man, till
 truth appear.

Mause. That be my task--now, Sir, bid all be hush,
Peggy may smile — Thou hast no cause to blush.
 Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,
 That I might safely to the truth give way;
 That I may now *Sir William Worthby* name
 The best and nearest parent she can claim.
 He saw't at first, and with quick eyes did trace
 His sister's beauties in his daughter's face.

Sir Will. Old woman do not rave — prove what
 you say;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Patie. What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
 To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave?

But

But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I every thing that looks like reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out---

Sir Will. Mak hast good woman, and resolve each
doubt.

[*Maufe goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*

Maufe. Sir, view me well, has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand
Who nurs'd her mother, that now holds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir Will. Ha honest nurse! where were my eyes
before,

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[*Sir Will. embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*

Sir Will. Yes surely thou'rt my niece, truth must
prevail?

But no more words, 'till *Maufe* relate her tale.

Patie. Good nurse dispatch thy story wing'd with
blisses,

That I may give my cusin fifty kisses.

Maufe. Then it was I that sav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threatened by an uncle's wife,
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd with avaricious view
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess:
All this to me a confident confest.

I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight-hour the floor I fastly prest.

And staw the sleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few miles e'er day.

All day I hid me,——when the day was done,
 I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
 'Till east-ward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needful plenty glads your chearful swains.
 Then fear of being found out, I, to secure
 My *charge*, I laid her at this shepherd's door,
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I
 Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
 Here, honest *Glaud* himsel, and *Symon* may
 Remember well how I that very day
 Frae *Roger's* father took my little crove.

Glaud, [*with tears of joy happing down his beard.*]

I well remember't : LORD reward your love :
 Lang have I wish'd for this ; for aft I thought,
 Sic knowledge sumetime should about be brought.

Patie. 'Tis now a crime to doubt,---my joys are full,
 With due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms :
 She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
 Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir *Will*. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my
 care,

Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
 Equal with *Patrick*, now my greatest aim
 Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.
 My boy receive her from your father's hand,
 With as good will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir Will.*]

Patie. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
 As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

Sir *Will. raises them.*] I give you both my blessing,
 may your love
 Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peggy.

Peggy. My wishes are compleat, — my joys arise,
While I'm haf dizzy with the blest surprise;
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindnefs had?
Lang may Sir *William* blefs these happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie;
Th' estate be yours, my *Peggy's* ane to me. }

Glaud. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Will. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below;
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peggy. To me the views of wealth, and an estate
Seem light, when put in balance with my *Pate*:
For his sake only I'll ay thankful bow,
For such a kindnefs, *best of men*, to you.

Symon What double blythnefs wakens up this day,
I hope now, sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Sall I unfadle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare.
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even *Bauldy*, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell *Madge's* tawz, and pawky *Mause's* plot.

Sir Will. Kindly old man, remain with you this day!
I never from these fields again will stray;
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And buffy gardners shall new planting rear:
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Symon. That's the best news I heard this twenty year!
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud.

Glaud. God save the king, and save Sir *William* lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Roger. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna like the spring;

Bauldy. I'm friends with *Mause*,—with very *Madge*
I'm gree'd,

Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid;
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, *lang may Sir William live.*

Madge. Lang may he live;—and *Archbald* learn
to steek

Your gab a-wee, and think before ye speak,
And never ca' her auld, that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witches fingers ban.
This day I'll with the youngest of ye rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,——my dear bony bairn!

Peggy. No other name I'll ever for you learn:—
And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

Mause. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Will. To faithful *Symon*, and, kind *Glaud*, to
you,

And to your heirs I give in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.

Mause, in my house, in calmness, close your days,
With nought to do but sing your maker's praise.

Omnes. The LORD of heaven return your honour's
love,

Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

Patie. [*presenting Roger to Sir William*]

Sir,

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd.
 My bosom secrets, e'er I was a laird,
Glaud's daughter *Janet* (*Jenny* thinks nae shame)
 Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
 Lang was he dumb, at last he spak and won,
 And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
 Be pleas'd to speak to *Glaud* for his consent,
 That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir Will. My son's demand is fair — *Glaud*, let me
 crave,
 That trusty *Roger* may your daughter have
 With frank consent; and while he does remain
 Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You croud your bounties, Sir, what can
 we say,
 But that we're Dyvours that can ne'er repay?
 Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey.
Roger, my daughter with my blessing take,
 And still our master's right your business make.
 Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
 Shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good a-speaking a' my days,
 Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise:
 But for my master, father, and my wife,
 I will employ the cares of all my life.

Sir Will. My friends, I'm fatisfy'd you'll all behave
 Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
 Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
 Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
 The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
 And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
 Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
 Some happy turn with joy dispels our care,
 Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peggy. When you demand, I readiest should obey ;
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

SANG XXI. *Tune, Corn-Riggs are bonny.*

*My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy ;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy ;
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's comely in his wawking,
The shining in his een surprise,
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.*

*Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spak
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing since syne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.*

*Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chastly should be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my Cockernony
He's free to touzel, air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.*

*To Mrs. A. C. A Song. To the Tune
of, All in the Downs,*

WHEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muse can no more cease to sing,
Than can the lark, with rising light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.

The morning shines, harmonious birds mount hy;
The dawning beauties smiles, and poets fly.

Young ANNIE's budding graces claim
The inspir'd thought, and softest lays;
And kindle in the breast a flame,

Which must be vented in her praise.
Tell us, ye gentle shepherds, have you seen
E'er one so like an angel tread the green.

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts;
When she appears, take the alarm:
Love on her beauty points his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,
And to her snowy neck and breasts resort.

But vain must every caution prove;
When such enchanting sweetness shines,
The wounded swain must yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
Such flames the foppish butterfly shou'd shun;
The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the opening lilly-fair,
 Her lovely features are compleat;
 Whilst heaven indulgent makes her share
 With angels all that's wise and sweet.
 These vertues, which divinely deck her mind,
 Exalt each beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural scenes,
 Or sparkle in the airy town,
 O! happy he her favour gains,
 Unhappy! if she on him frown.
 The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme,
 Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her name.

*To Mrs. E. C. A Song. To the Tune of,
 Tweed-side.*

NOW *Phæbus* advances on hy;
 No footsteps of winter are seen;
 The birds carrol sweet in the sky,
 And lambkins dance reels on the green.

Thro' groves, and by rivulets clear,
 We wander for pleasure and health,
 Where buddings and blossoms appear,
 Giving prospects of joy and wealth.

View every gay scene all around,
 That are, and that promise to be;
 Yet in them all nothing is found
 So perfect, *Elisa*, as thee.

Thine

Thine eyes the clear fountains excell;
 Thy locks they out-rival the grove;
 When *Zephyrs* these pleasingly swell,
 Each wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lillies combin'd,
 And flowers of most delicate hue,
 By thy cheek and thy breasts are out-shin'd,
 Their tinctures are nothing so true.

What can we compare with thy voice,
 And what with thy humour so sweet?
 No musick can bless with such joys;
 Sure angels are just so compleat.

Fair blossom of every delight,
 Whose beauties ten thousands out-shine,
 Thy sweets shall be lastingly bright,
 Being mixt with so many divine.

Ye powers, who have given such charms
 To *Elisa*, your image below,
 O! save her from all humane harms,
 And make her hours happily flow.

To CALISTA: A Song, To the Tune of,
 I wish my Love were in a Mire.

SHE sung, — the youth attention gave,
 And charms on charms espies;
 Then all in raptures falls a slave,
 Both to her voice and eyes.

So spoke and smil'd the eastern maid,
 Like thine, seraphick were her charms,
 That in *Circassa's* vineyards stray'd,
 And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair of high desert
 Strave to enchant the amorous king,
 But the *Circassian* gain'd his heart,
 And taught the royal bard to sing.
Calista thus our sang inspires,
 And claims the smooth and highest lays;
 But while each charm our bosom fires,
 Words seem too few to found her praise.

Her mind in ev'ry grace compleat,
 To paint, surpasses humane skill,
 Her majesty, mixt with the sweet;
 Let seraphs sing her if they will:
 Whilst wondring, with a ravish'd eye;
 We all that's perfect in her view,
 Viewing a sister of the sky,
 To whom an adoration's due.

A S O N G. *Tune of, Lochaber no more.*

FAREWELL to *Lochaber*, and farewell, my
Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;
 For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
 We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir,

Tho'

Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind:
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's nathing like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd.
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jeany*, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame;
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

LASS with a Lump of Land.

G I'E me a lass with a lump of land,
And we for life shall gang thegither;
Tho' daft or wise I'll never demand,
Or black or fair it mak'sna whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is no worth a shilling;
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lafs with a lump of land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
 Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
 Shou'd love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;
 Unless they bring cash, or a Lump of Land,
 They'fe never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags.
 And filler and gowd's a sweet complection;
 But beauty, and wit, and vertue in rags.
 Have tint the art of gaining affection.
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles, and riggs, and moors, and meadows;
 And nathing can catch our modern sparks,
 But well tocher'd lasses, or jointer'd widows.

*V E R T U E and W I T, the Preservatives
 of Love and Beauty. To the Tune of,
 Gillikranky.*

To Mrs. K. H.

C O N F E S S thy love, fair blushing maid;
 For since thine eye's consenting,
 Thy faster thoughts are a' betray'd,
 And na'fays no worth tenting.
 Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,
 With words thy wish denying?
 Since nature made thee to be kind,
 Reason allows complying.

Nature

Nature and reason's joint consent
 Make love a sacred blessing ;
 Then happily that time is spent,
 That's war'd on kind carelling.
 Come then, my *Katie*, to my arms,
 I'll be nae mair a rover,
 But find out heaven in a' thy charms,
 And prove a faithful lover.

S H E.

What you design by nature's law,
 Is fleeting Inclination ;
 That *Willy* — *Wisp* bewilds us a',
 By its infatuation.
 When that gaes out, carells tire,
 And love's nae mair in season ;
 Syne weakly we blaw up the fire,
 With all our boasted reason.

H E.

The beauties of inferior cast
 May start this just reflection ;
 But charms like thine maun always last,
 Where wit has the Protection.
 Vertue and Wit, like *April* rays,
 Make beauty rise the sweeter :
 The langer then on thee I gaze,
 My love will grow compleater.

SONG.

SONG. *To the Tune of, I'll gar ye
be fain to follow me.*

H E.

A DIE U for a while, my native green plains,
My nearest relations, and neighbouring swains,
Dear *Nelly*, frae these I'd start easily free,
Were minutes not ages while absent frae thee.

S H E.

Then tell me the reason thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away:
Alake! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
A lover sae roving will never mind me.

H E.

The reason unhappy is owing to fate,
That gave me a being without an estate,
Which iays a necessity now upon me,
To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

S H E.

Small fortune may serve where love has the sway:
Then, *Johny*, be counsel'd nae langer to stray;
For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

H E.

O cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray
A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondness which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

Bear

Bear witness, ye streams, and witness, ye flowers;
 Bear witness, ye watchful invifible powers,
 If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
 May nothing propitious e'er smile upon me.

S O N G. *To the Tune of, We'll a' to
 Kelso go.*

A N N I'll awa' to bonny *Tweed*-fide,
 And see my deary come throw,
 And he fall be mine
 Gif fae he incline;
 For I hate to lead *Apes* below.

While young and fair,
 I'll make it my care,
 To secure my fell in a jo;
 I'm no sic a fool,
 To let my blood cool,
 And fyne gae lead *Apes* below.

Few words, bonny lad,
 Will eithly persuade,
 Tho' blushing, I daftly say no,
 Gae on with your strain,
 And doubt not to gain;
 For I hate to lead *Apes* below.

Unty'd to a man,
 Do whate'er we can,
 We never can thrive or dow:
 Then I will do well,
 Do better wha will,
 And let them lead *Apes* below.

Our time is precious,
 And gods are gracious,
 That beauties upon us bestow ;
 'Tis not to be thought
 We got them for nought,
 Or to be set up for show.

'Tis carry'd by votes
 Come kilt up your coats,
 And let us to *Edinburgh* go,
 Where she that's bonny
 May catch a *Johny*,
 And never lead *Apes* below.

The W I D O W.

THE Widow can bake, and the Widow can brew,
 The Widow can shape, and the Widow can shew,
 And mony braw things the Widow can do ;
 Then have at the Widow, my laddie.
 With courage attack her baith early and late,
 To kiss her and clap her ye mauna be blate:
 Speak well, and do better ; for that's the best gate
 To win a young Widow, my laddie.

The Widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair
 The war of the wearing, and has a good skair
 Of every thing lovely ; she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
 What cou'd ye wish better your pleasure to crown,
 Than a Widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
 With nathing, but draw in your stool, and sit down,
 And sport with the Widow, my laddie.

Then

Then till her, and kill her with courtesy dead,
Tho' stark love and kindness be all ye can plead;
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

With a bonny gay Widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
Unfit for the Widow, my laddie.

*The STEP-DAUGHTER'S Relief. To the
Tune of, The Kirk wad let me be.*

I Was anes a well tocher'd lass
My mither left dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
My step-dame has gart them flee.
My father he's aften frae hame,
And she plays the deel with his gear;
She neither has lateth nor shame,
And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She's barmy fac'd, thriftless and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, haff naked and cauld,
I see her destroy what's mine:
But soon I might hope a revenge,
And soon of my sorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth *Ringan*, wha lang time had loo'd,
This bonny lass tenderly,
I'll tak thee, sweet *May*, in thy snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me,

'Tis only your fell that I want;
 Your kindness is better to me,
 Than a' that your step-mother, scant
 Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,
 And ye are the sprout of a laird;
 But I have milk-cattle enow,
 And rowth of good rucks in my yard.

Ye fall have nathing to fash ye;
 Sax servants fall jouk to thee:
 Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,
 And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,
 Not thinking the offer amiss,
 Consented: — while *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,
 Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.
 And now she sits blithly singan,
 And joking her drunken step-dame,
 Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,
 That makes her goodwife at hame.

The SOGER LADDIE.

MY soger laddie is over the sea,
 And he will bring gold and money to me;
 And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady:
 My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
 And can as a soger and lover behave:
 True to his country, to love he is steady;
 There's few to compare with my soger laddie,

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with lawrels to my langing arms,
Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my wishes my soger ye gi'e me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must, if he get his due;
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.



A GLOS-



A
G L O S S A R Y,
O R

EXPLANATION of the *Scots* Words
us'd by the Author, which are rarely
or never found in the modern *En-
glish* Writings.

*Some general Rules, shewing wherein many
Southern and Northern Words are ori-
ginally the same, having only a Letter
changed for another, or sometimes one
taken away or added.*

I. *In many Words ending
with an l after an a or
u, the l is rarely soun-
ded.*

Scots.	English.
A Ba, Ca,	A ^{LL} . Ball. Call.

II. *The l changes to a, w,
or u, after o or a, and
is frequently sunk before
another Consonant; as,*

Scots.	English.
B Awm, Bauk, Bouk,	B ^{Alm} . Baulk. Bulk.

Fa,

Scots.	English.
Fa,	Fall.
Ga,	Gall.
Ha,	Hall.
Sma,	Small.
Sta,	Stall.
Wa,	Wall.
Fou, or fu,	Full.
Pou, or pu,	Pull.
Woo, or U,	Wool.

II. The l changes to a, w, or u, after o or a, and is frequently sunk before another Consonant; as,

Bow,	Boll.
Bowt,	Bolt.
Caff,	Calf.
Cow,	Coll or Clip.
Faut,	Fault.
Fause,	False.
Fowk,	Folk.
Fawn,	Fallen.
Gowd,	Gold.
Haff,	Half.
How,	Hole or hollow.
Howms,	Holms.
Maut,	Malt.
Pow,	Poll.
Row,	Roll.
Scawd,	Scald.
Stown,	Stoln.
Wawk,	Walk.

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III. An o before ld, changes to an a, or au; as,

Scots.	English.
Uld,	OLD.
Bauld,	Bold.
Cauld,	Cold.
Fauld,	Fold.
Hald, or had,	Hold.
Sald,	Sold.
Tald,	Told.
Wad,	Would.

IV. The o, oe, or ow is changed to a, ae, aw, or ai; as,

A E, or ane	O Ne.
Aeten,	Oaten.
Aff,	Off.
Aften,	Often.
Aik,	Oak.
Aith,	Oath.
Ain, or awn,	Own.
Alane,	Alone.
Amait,	Almost.
Amang,	Among.
Airs,	Oars.
Aits,	Oats.
Apen,	Open.
Awner,	Owner.
Bain,	Bone.
Bair,	Bear.
Baith,	Both.
Blaw,	Blow.
Braid,	Broad.

X

Cloath,

Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
Claith,	Gloath.	Slaw,	Slow.
Craw,	Crow.	Snaw,	Snow.
Drap,	Drop.	Strake,	Stroak.
Fae,	Foe.	Staw,	Stole.
Frae,	Fro, or from.	Stane,	Stone.
Gae,	Go.	Saul,	Soul.
Gaits,	Goats.	Tae,	Toe.
Grane,	Groan.	Taiken,	Token.
Haly,	Holy.	Tangs,	Tongs.
Hale,	Whole.	Tap,	Top.
Halesome,	Wholesome.	Thrang,	Throng.
Hame,	Home,	Wae,	Woe.
Hait, or het,	Hot.	Wame,	Womb.
Laith,	Loath.	Wan,	Won.
Laid,	Lead.	War,	Worse.
Lain, or Len,	Loan.	Wark,	Work.
Lang,	Long.	Warld,	World.
Law,	Low.	Wha,	Who.
Mae,	Moae.	V. The o or u is frequently changed into i; as,	
Maist,	Most.		
Mair,	More.	A Nither,	A Nother.
Mane,	Moan.	Bill,	Bull.
Maw,	Mow.	Birn,	Burn.
Na,	No.	Brither,	Brother.
Nane,	None.	Fit,	Foot.
Naithing,	Nothing.	Fither,	Fother.
Pape,	Pope.	Hinny,	Hony.
Rae,	Roe.	Ither,	Other.
Rair,	Roar.	Mither,	Mother.
Raip,	Rope.	Nits,	Nuts.
Raw,	Row.	Nise,	Nose.
Saft,	Soft.	Pit,	Put.
Saip,	Soap.	Rin,	Run.
Sair,	Sore.	Sin,	Sun.
Sang,	Song.		

B A

A *Blins*, perhaps.
Abeit, albeit.
Aboon, above.

Aikerbraid, the breadth of an acre.

Air, long since. *It.* early. *Air up*, soon up in the morning.

Ambrie, cupboard.

Anew, enow.

Arles, earnest of a bargain.

Ase, ashes.

Atains, or *Atanes*, at once, at the same time.

Attour, out-over.

Auld-farran, ingenious.

Aurglebargin, or *Eagglebargin*, to contend and wrangle.

Awsome, frightful, terrible.

Aynd, the breath.

Ayont, beyond.

B A

B *Ack-sey*, a furloin.

Badrans, a cat.

Baid, staid abode.

Bairns, children.

Balen, whalebone.

Bang, is sometimes an action of haste. We

B E

say, he or it came with a bang. — *A bang* also means, a great number. *Of customers she had a bang.*

Bangster, a blustering roaring person.

Bannocks, a sort of bread thicker than cakes, and round.

Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like a bark.

Barklihood, a fit of drunken angry passion.

Barrow Trams, the staves of a hand-barrow.

Batts, colick.

Bawbie, halfpenny.

Bauch, sorry, indifferent.

Bawsey, bawfand fac'd, is a cow or horse with a white face.

Bedeem, immediately; in haste.

Bedrals, beadles.

Best, beaten.

Begoud, began.

Begrutten, all in tears.

Beik, to bask.

Beild, or *beil*, a shelter.

B I

Bein or *been*, wealthy. A
been House, a warm
 well furnished one.
Beit or *beet*, to help, re-
 pair.
Bells, bubbles.
Beltan, the 3d of May, or
Rcod-day.
Bend, to drink.
Bended, drunk hard.
Benn, the inner-room of
 a house.
Bennison, blessing.
Bensell or *bensail*, force.
Bent, the open field. A
 tough grass growing in
 sand.
Beuk, baked.
Bewith, Something in
 mean time.
Bicker, a wooden dish.
Bickering, fighting, run-
 ning quickly; school-
 boys battling with stones.
Bigg, build. *Bigget*, built.
Biggings, buildings.
Biggonet, a linnen cap or
 coif.
Billy, brother.
Bindging, becking, court-
 fying.
Byre or *byar*, a cow-stall.
Birks, birch-trees.
Birle, to drink. Com-
 mon people joining their
 farthings for purchasing

B O

liquor, they call it *Birl-*
ing a *Bawbie*.
Birn, a burnt mark.
Birns, the stalks of burnt
 heath.
Birr, force, flying swift-
 ly with a noise.
Birs'd, bruised.
Bittle or *beetle*, a wooden
 mell for beating hemp,
 or a fuller's club.
Black-a-vic'd, Of a black
 complexion.
Blae, pale blew, the colour
 of the skin when bruised.
Blaflum, beguile.
Blate, bashful.
Blatter, a rattling noise.
Bleeck, to blanch or whi-
 ten.
Bleer, to make the eye
 water.
Bleez, blaze.
Blether, foolish discourse.
Bletherer, a babler. Stam-
 mering is called *blether-*
ing.
Blin, cease. *Never blin*,
 never have done.
Blink, glance of the eye.
Blinkan, The flame rising
 and falling, as of a lamp
 when the oil is exhausted.
Bluter, plunder.
Boak or *boke*, vomit.
Boal,

B R

Boal, a little press or cupboard in the wall.
Bode, predict.
Bodin or *bodden*, provided or furnished.
Bodle, one sixth of a penny *English*.
Bodword, an ominous message, *Bodwords* are now used to express ill-natur'd messages.
Boglebo, hobgoblin or spectre.
Bony, beautiful.
Bonywalys, toys, gu-gaws.
Boss, empty.
Bugils, sounding horns.
Bouk, bulk.
Bountith, gratuity.
Bourd, jest or dalley.
Bouze, to drink.
Brachen, a kind of water gruel of oat-meal, butter and honey.
Brae, the side of a hill, bank of a river.
Braird, the first sprouting of corns.
Brander, a gridiron.
Brands, calves of the legs.
Brankit, prim'd up.
Brankan, prancing, a capering.
Branks, wherewith the countrymen bridle their horses.

B U

Brattle, noise, as of horse feet.
Brats, rags. Sometimes children.
Braw, fine in apparel, brave.
Brecken, fearn.
Brent-brow, smooth high forehead.
Brigs, bridges.
Briiss, to press.
Broach, a buckle.
Brack, Broken parts or refuse.
Brock, a badger.
Broe, broth.
Brow, forehead.
Browden, fond.
Browster, brewer. *Browst*, a brewing.
Bruliment, a broil.
Bruik, to love and enjoy.
Bucky, the large sea-nail. a term of reproach, when we express a cross natur'd fellow, by *thrawa bucky*.
Buff, nonsense. As, *Hablether'd buff*.
Bught, the little fold where the ewes are inclosed at milking-time.
Buller, to bubble. The motion of water at a spring-head, or noise of a ri-

a rising tide.

Bumbazed, confused. Made to stare and look like an idiot.

Bung, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung.

Bunkers, a bench, or sort of long low chests that serve for seats.

Bumler, a bungler.

Burn, a brook.

Busk, to deck. Dress.

Bustine, fustian (cloath.)

But, often, for *without*.

As, *but feed or favour*.

Byer, a cowhouse.

Bykes, or *Bikes*. Nests or hives of bees.

Bygane, bypast.

Byword, a proverb.

C A

CAdge, carry. *Cadger*, is a country carrier, &c.

Cadgie, chearful.

Caff, a calf. Chaff.

Callan, boy.

Camschough, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance.

Cangle, to wrangle.

Cankerd, angry, passionately snarling.

Canna, cannot.

Canz, to tell merry old tales.

Cantraips, incantations.

Canty, chearful and merry.

Capernoited, whimsical, ill-natur'd,

Car, sledge,

Carna, care not.

Carle, an old word for a man.

Carline, an old woman.

Parch'd pease. *Gire-carline*, a giant's wife.

Cathel, an hot pot, made of ale, sugar and eggs.

Caudle.

Cauldrife, spiritless. Wanting chearfulness in address.

Cauler, cool or fresh.

Cawk, chalk.

Chasts, chops.

Chaping, an ale measure or stoup, somewhat less than an *English* quart.

A-Char or *a-jar*, aside.

When any thing is beat a little out of its position, or a door or window a little open'd, we say, they're *a-char* or *a-jar*.

Charlewain, Charleswain. The constellation called the plough, or *Ursa major*.

Chancy, fortunate, good-natur'd. *Char*,

Chat, a cant name for the gallows.

Chiel, a general term, like *fellow*, used sometimes with respect; as, *He's a very good chiel*; and contemptuously, *That chiel*.

Chirm, chirp and sing like a bird.

Chucky, a hen.

Clag, failing or imperfection.

Clan, tribe, family.

Clank, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise.

Clashes, chat.

Clate, a rake.

Clatter, to chatter.

Clauht, took hold.

Claver, to speak nonsense.

Claw, Scratch.

Cleck, To catch as with a hook.

Cleugh, A den betwixt rocks.

Clinry, hard, stony.

Clock, A beetle.

Cloited, The fall of any soft moist thing.

Closs, A court or square; and frequently a lane or alley.

Clour, The little lump that

rises on the head, occasioned by a blow or fall.

Clate or *cloot*, Hoof, of cows or sheep.

Cockernony, The gathering of a woman's hair, when 'tis wrapt or *snooded* up with a band or *Snood*. A woman's head dress or cap.

Cockstool, A pillory.

Cod, A pillow.

Coft, Bought.

Cog, A pretty large wooden dish the country people put their potage in.

Cogle, When a thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall.

Coodies, A small wooden vessel used by some for chamber-pots.

Coof, a stupid fellow.

Coor, to cover.

Cooser, a ston'd horse.

Coost, did cast. *Coost* thrown.

Corby, a raven.

Cosie, shelter'd in a convenient place.

Cotter, a sub-tenant.

Comp, to fall; also a fall.

Comp, to change or barter.

Comp, a company of people;

ple ; as, merry, senseless, corky *comp.*

Cour, to crouch and creep.

Couth, frank and kind.

Crack, to chat,

Creel, basket.

Crish, grease.

Croil, a crooked dwarf.

Creon or *crune*, to murmur, or hum o'er a song. The lowing of bulls.

Crouse, bold.

Crove, a cotage.

Crummy, a cow's name.

Cryn, shrink, or become less by drying.

Cudiegh, a bribe, present.

Culzie, intice or flatter.

Cun, to taste, learn, know.

Cunzie or *coonie*, coin.

Curn, a small parcel.

Cursche, a kerchief. A linen dress wore by our highland women.

Cutled, used kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship.

Cuts, lots. These *Cutts* are usually made of straws unequally cut.

Cutty, short.

D A

Dab, a proficient.

Dad, to beat one thing against another. *He fell with a dad.* He *dadded* his head against the wall, &c.

Dast, foolish; and sometimes wanton.

Daffin, folly. *Wagrie*.

Dail or *dale*, a valley. plain.

Daintiths, delicates. *Dainties*.

Dainty, Is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman.

Dander, wander to and fro, or faunter.

Dang, *did ding*. Beat, thrust, drive. *Ding*, *dang*, Moving hastily one on the back of another.

Darn, to hide.

Dash, to put out of countenance.

Dawty, a fondling. *Darling*. *To dawt*, to cocker, and caress with tenderness.

Deave, to stun the ears with noise.

Dees, dairy maids.

Deray,

D O

Deray, merriment. *Jolli-*
ty. Solemnity. Tu-
 mult. Disorder. Noise.
Dern, secret. Hidden.
 Lonely.
Deval, to descend, fall,
 hurry.
Dewgs, rags or shapings
 of cloath.
Didle, to act or move
 like a dwarf.
Dight, deck'd. Made rea-
 dy; also, to clean.
Dinna, do not.
Dirle, a smarting pain
 quickly over.
Dit, to stop or close up a
 hole.
Divet, broad turf.
Docken, a dock, (the
 herb.)
Doilt, confused and silly.
Doited, dosed or crazy, as
 in old age.
Doll, a large piece. *Dole*
 or share.
Dunk, moist.
Donsie, affectedly neat.
Can, when applied to
 any little person.
Doofart, a dull heavy
 headed fellow.
Dool or *drule*, the gaol
 which gamesters strive
 to gain first (as at foot-
 ball)

D R

Dool, pain, grief.
Dorts, a proud pet.
Doray, proud. Not to be
 spoke to. Conceited,
 appearing as disobliged.
Dosend, cold. Impotent.
Dought, could. Avail'd.
Doughty, strong, valiant
 and able.
Douks, dives under water.
Douse, solid, grave, pru-
 dent.
Dow, to will, to incline,
 to thrive.
Dow, dove.
Dow'd, (liquor) that's
 dead, or has lost the
 spirits; or whither'd
 (plant.)
Dowf, mournful, wanting
 vivacity.
Dowie, melancholy, sad,
 doleful.
Downa, *dow not*, i. e. Tho'
 one has the power, he
 wants the heart to it.
Dowp, the arse, the small
 remains of a candle, the
 bottom of an eggshell.
Better haff egg as toom
dowp.
Drant, to speak slow,
 after a fighting manner.
Dree, to suffer, endure.
Dreery, Wearisome, fright-
 ful. *Dreigh*,

EL

Dreigh, slow, keeping at distance. Hence an ill payer of his debts, we call *dreigh*. Tedious.

Dribs, drops.

Drizel, a little water in a rivule, scarce appearing to run.

Droning, sitting lazily, or moving heavily. Speaking with groans.

Drouked, drench'd, all wet.

Dubs, mire.

Dung, defeat.

Dunt, stroke or blow.

Dunty, a doxy.

Dark, a poinyard or dagger.

Dynles, trembles, shakes.

Dyver, a bankrupt.

EA

E *Ags*, incites, stirs up.
Eard, earth, the ground.

Edge, of a hill, is the side or top.

Een, eyes.

Eild, age.

Eildeens, of the same age.

Eith, easy. *Eithar*, easier.

Elbuck, elbow.

Elfshot, See note on *Patie* and *Roger*, vol. i. line.

42.

Elson, a shoe-makers awl.

Elritch, wild, hideous,

FA

uninhabited, except by imaginary ghosts.

Endlang, along.

Ergh, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing without a steady resolution.

Erst, time past.

Estler, hewn stone. Buildings of such we call *Estler-work*.

Ether, an adder.

Etle, to aim, design.

Euen'd, compared.

Eydent, diligent, laborious.

FA

FA, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice.

Fadge, a spongy sort of bread in shape of a roll.

Fag, to tire, or turn weary.

Fail, thick turf, such as are used for building dikes for folds, inclosures, &c.

Fain, expresses earnest desire; as, *Fain would I*. Also, joyful, tickled with pleasure.

Fait, neat, in good order.

Fairfaw, when we wish well to one, that a good or

or *fair* fate may befall him.

Fang, the talons of a fowl.
To *fang*, to grip, or hold fast.

Fash, vex or trouble. *Fashous*, troublesome.

Faugh, a colour between white and red. *Faugh Riggs*, fallow ground.

Feck, a part, quantity; as, *Maist Feck*, the greatest number; *Nae Feck*, very few.

Feckfew, able, active.

Feckless, feeble little and weak.

Feed or *Fead*, feud, hatred, quarrel.

Feil, many, several.

Fen, shift. *Fending*, living by industry. *Make a Fen*, fall upon methods.

Ferlie, wonder.

Fernzier, the last or fore-run year.

File, to defile or dirty.

Fi eflaught, a flash of lightning.

Fistle, to stir, a stir.

Fitsted, the print of the foot.

Fizzing, whizzing.

Flaffing, moving up and down, raising wind by

motion, as birds with their wings.

Flags, flashes, as of wind and fire.

Flane, an arrow.

Flang, hung.

Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground.

Flaw, lie or fib.

Fleetch, to coax or flatter.

Fleg, fright.

Flewet, a smart blow.

Fley, or *flie*, to affright.

Fleyt, afraid or terrified.

Flinders, splinters.

Flit, to remove.

Flite, or *flyte*, to scold, chide. *Flet*, did scold.

Flushes, floods.

Fog, mofs.

Feordays, the morning far advanc'd, fair day-light.

Forby, besides.

Forebears, forefathers, ancestors.

Forfairn, abused, bespatter'd.

Forfoughten, weary, faint and out of breath with fighting.

Forgainst, opposite to.

Forgether, to meet, encounter.

Forleet, to forsake or forget.

Forestam, the fore-head.

Fouth,

G A

Fourth, abundance, plenty.
Fozy, spungy, soft.
Frais, to make a noise.
 We use to say one
makes a frais, when
 they boast, wonder, and
 talk more of a matter
 than it is worthy of,
 or will bear.
Fray, bustle, fighting.
Freik, a fool, light, im-
 pertinent fellow.
Fremit, strange, not a kin.
Fristed, trusted.
Frush, brittle, like bread
 baked with butter.
Fuff, to blow. *Fuffin*,
 blowing.
Furder, prosper.
Furthy, forward.
Fush, brought.
Fyk, to be restless, uneasy.
Furlet, four pecks.

G A

G*Ab*, the mouth. To
 prat, *Gab sae gash*.
Gabbing, prattling pertly.
 To *gab* again, when ser-
 vants give saucy returns
 when reprimanded.
Gabby, one of a ready and
 easy expression; the
 same with *auld gabbet*.
Gadge, to dictate imperti-
 nently, talk idly with a

G I

stupid gravity.
Gafaw, a hearty loud
 laughter. To *gawf*,
 laugh.
Gait, a goat.
Gams, gums.
Gar, to cause, make or
 force.
Gare, greedy, rapacious,
 earnest to have a thing.
Gash, solid, sagacious.
 One with a long out
 chin, we call *Gash-gab-*
bet, or *Gash-beard*.
Gate, way.
Gaunt, yawn.
Gawky, idle, staring, idio-
 tical person.
Gawn, going.
Gaws, galls,
Gawsy, jolly, buxome.
Geck, to mock.
Geed, or *Gade*, went.
Genty, handsome, genteel.
Get, brat, a child, by way
 of contempt or derision.
Gielainger, an ill debtor.
Gif, if.
Gillygacus, or *Gillygapus*,
 a staring gaping fool, a
 gormandizer.
Gilpy, a roguish boy.
Gimmer, a young sheep,
 (Ew.)
Gin, if.
Gird,

G O

Gird, to strike, pierce.
Girn, to grin, snarl. Also
 a snare or trap, such as
 Boys make of horse hair
 to catch birds.
Girth, a hoop.
Glaiks, an idle good for
 nothing fellow. *Glai-*
ked, foolish, wanton,
 light. To give the *Gla-*
iks, to beguile one, by
 giving him his labour
 for his pains.
Glaister, to bawl or bark.
Glamour, juggling. When
 devils, wizards or jugg-
 lers deceive the sight,
 they are said to cast *Gla-*
mour o'er the eyes of
 the spectator.
Glar, mire, ouzy mud.
Glee, to squint.
Gleg, sharp, quick, active.
Glen, a narrow valley be-
 tween mountains.
Gloom, to scowl or frown.
Glowming, the twilight or
 evening-gloom.
Glowr, to stare, look stern.
Glunsh, to hang the brow
 and grumble.
Goan, a wooden dish for
 meat.
Goolie, a large knife.
Gorlings, or *Gorblings*,
 young unfleg'd birds.

G R

Gossie, gossip.
Gowans, dazies.
Gove, to look broad and
 steadfast, holding up the
 face.
Gowf, besides the known
 game, a racket or sound
 blow on the chaps, we
 call a *Gowf on the Haf-*
fet.
Gowk, the cuckow. In
 derision we call a
 thoughtless fellow, and
 one who harps too long
 on one subject, a *Gowk*.
Gowl, a howling, to bel-
 low and cry.
Gousty, ghastly, large,
 waste, desolate, and
 frightful.
Grany, grandmother, any
 old woman.
Grape, a trident fork. Al-
 so to grope.
Gree, prize, victory.
Green, to long for.
Greet, to weep. *Gra*
wept.
Grieve, an overseer.
Groff, gross, coarse.
Grotts, mill'd oats.
Grouf, to ly flat on the
 belly.
Grounche or *glunsh*, to
 murmur, grudge.
Grutten,

H A

Grutten, wept.
Gryse, a pig.
Gumption, good sense.
Gurly, rough, bitter, cold
 (weather.)
Gysened, when the wood
 of any vessel is shrunk
 with driness.
Gyttings, young children.

H A

H*Affet*, the cheek, side
 of the head.
Hagabag, coarse napery.
Haggise, a kind of pud-
 ding made of the lungs
 and liver of a sheep, and
 boiled in the big bag.
Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or
 breaks in mossy ground.
Hain, to save, manage
 narrowly.
Halesome, wholesome: as
Hale, whole.
Hallen, a screen. See note
 vol. 1. p. 131.
Hameld, domestick.
Hamely, friendly, frank,
 open, kind.
Hanty, convenient, hand-
 some.
Harle, drag.
Harns, brains. *Harn-pan*,
 the scull.
Harship, ruin.
Hash, a sloven.

H I

Haveren or *havrel*, *ibid*.
Haughs, valleys, or low
 grounds on the sides of
 rivers.
Havins, good breeding.
Haviour, behaviour.
Haws, the throat, or
 fore-part of the neck.
Heal or *heel*, health or
 whole.
Heepy, a person hypocon-
 driack.
Heeryestreen, the night be-
 fore yesternight.
Heez, to lift up a heavy
 thing a little. A *Heezy*
 is a good lift.
Hestit, accusom'd to live
 in a place.
Heght, promised. Also,
 named.
Hempy, a tricky wag,
 such for whom the
 hemp grows.
Heren, ruined in estate,
 broke, spoiled.
Hesp, a clasp or hook, bar
 or bolt. Also, in yarn,
 a certain number of
 threeds.
Hether-bells, the heath-
 blossom.
Heugh, a rock, or steep
 hill. Also, a coal-pit.
Hiddils or *hidlings*, lurk-
 ing,

H Y

ing, hiding-places. To do a thing *in hidlings*, i. e. privately.

Hirple, to move slowly and lamely.

Hirfle, to move as with a rustling noise.

Hirfle or *birdsale*, a flock of cattle.

Ho, a single stocking.

Hobbleshem, confused racket, noise.

Hool, husk. *Hool'd*, inclosed.

Hooly, flow.

Host or *whost*, to cough.

Hou or *hu*, a cap or roof-tree.

How, low ground, a hollow.

How! ho!

Howdered, hidden.

Howdy, a midwife.

Howk, to dig.

Howms, plains on river-sides.

Howt! fy!

Howtowdy, a young hen.

Hurkle, to crouch or bow together like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare.

Hut, a hovel.

Hyt, mad.

J I

J A

Jack, jacket.

Jag, to prick as with a pin.

Jaw, a wave or gush of water.

Jamp, the dashing of water.

Iceshogles, icicles.

Fee, to incline to one side.

To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a balk up and down, to this and the other side.

Fig, to crack, make a noise like a cart-wheel.

Fimp, slender.

Fip, gypsie.

Ilk, each. *Ilka*, every.

Ingan, onion.

Ingle, fire.

Jo, sweet-heart.

Jouk, a low bow.

Irie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition. Also, melancholy.

I'se, I shall; as *I'll* for I will.

Isles, embers.

Junt, a large joint or piece of meat.

Jute, sour or dead liquor.

Fibe, to mock. *Gibe*, taunt.

K A

K I

K A

K *Aber*, a rafter.

Kale or *kail*, colewort, and sometimes broth.

Kacky, to dung.

Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls.

Kame, comb,

Kanny or *canny*, fortunate. also, warry, one who manages his affairs discreetly.

Kebuck, a cheese.

Keckle, to laugh, to be noisy.

Kedgy, jovial.

Keek, to peep.

Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool.

Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same work, in the same time.

Ken, to know; used in *England* as a noun. A thing within ken, i. e. within view.

Kent, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches.

Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one.

Kiest, did cast. *Vid. Coost.*

L A

Kilted, tuck'd up.

Kimmer, a female gossip.

Kirn, a churn, to churn.

Kirtle, an upper petticoat.

Kitchen, all sort of eatables, except bread.

Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings.)

Kittle, to tickle, ticklish.

Knacky, witty and facetious.

Knoir, to beat or strike sharply.

Knoos'd, buffeted and bruised.

Knoost or *knuist*, a large lump.

Know, a hillock.

Knublock, a knob.

Knuckles, Only used in *Scots* for the joints of the fingers next back of the hand.

Kow, Goblin, or any person one stands in awe to disoblige, and fears.

Ky, Kine or cows.

Kyth, to appear. *He'll kyth in his ain colours.*

Kyte, the belly.

L A

L *Agger*, bespatter'd, cover'd with clay.

Laigh, low.

Knoos'd,

LE

Lais, manners.

Lak or *Lack*, undervalue, contemn; as, *He that laks my mare, would buy my mare.*

Landart, the country, or belonging to it. *Ru-ftick*.

Lane, alone.

Langour, languishing, melancholy. To hold one out of *Langour*, i. e. divert him.

Lankale, coleworts uncut.

Lap, Leaped.

Lapper'd, Crudled or clot-
ted.

Lare, a place for laying, or that has been layn in.

Lare, bog.

Lave, the rest or remain-
der.

Lawin, a tavern reckon-
ing.

Lawland, Low country.

Lavrock, the lark.

Lawry or *lawrith*, Justice, fidelity, honesty.

Leal, True, upright, ho-
nest, faithful to trust,
loyal. *A leal heart ne-
ver lied.*

Leam, Flame.

Lear, Learning, to learn.

Lee, Untill'd ground; also
an open grassy plain.

Leglen, a milking-pale

LO

with one *Lug* or handle.

Leman, a kept miss.

Lends, buttocks, loins.

Leugh, Laughed.

Lew-warm, Lukewarm.

Libbit, Gelded.

Lick, to whip or beat. *It*.

A wag or cheat, we call
a great *Lick*.

Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie,

Lift, the sky or firmament.

Liggs, lyes.

Lills, the holes of a wind
instrument of musick;
hence, *Lilt up a spring*.
Lilt it out, take of your
drink merrily.

Limmer, a whore.

Limp, to halt.

Lin, a cataraft.

Ling, quick career in a
straight line, to gallop.

Lingle, cord, shoe-maker's
threed.

Linkan, walking speedily.

Lire, breasts. *Item*, the
most muscular parts;
sometimes the air or
complexion of the face

Lirk, a wrinkle or fold.

Lisk, the flank.

Lith, a joint.

Loan, a little common
near to country villages,
where they milk their
cows.

Loch, a lake, Y *Loo*,

M A

M I

- *Loo*, to love.
- Loof*, the hollow of the hand.
- Looms*, tools, instruments in general. Vessels.
- Loot*, did let.
- Low*, flame. *Lowan*, flaming.
- Lown*, calm. *Keep lown*, be secret.
- *Loun*, rogue, whore, villain.
- Lounder*, a sound blow.
- *Lout*, to bow down, making courtesie. To stoop.
- *Luck*, to enclose, shut up, fasten; hence, *Lucken Handed*, close fist, *Lucken Gowans*, booths, &c.
- *Lucky*, grandmother or goody.
- *Lug*, ear. Handle of a pot or vessel.
- *Luggie*, a dish of wood with a handle.
- Lum*, the chimney.
- Lure*, rather.
- *Lyart*, hoary or grey-haired.

M A

- M* *Agil*, to mangle.
- Mark* or *make*, match, equal.
- Maikless*, matchless.
- Maiten*, a farm.

- Makly*, seemly, well proportion'd.
- Maksna*, 'tis no matter.
- Malison*, a curse, malediction.
- Mangit*, gall'd or bruised by toil or stripes.
- Mank*, a want.
- Mant*, to flammer in speech.
- March* or *merch*, a landmark, border of lands.
- Mark*, the marrow.
- Marrow*, mate, fellow, equal, comrade.
- Mask*, to mash, in brewing. *Masking-loom*, mash-vat.
- Maun*, must, *Mauna*, must not, may not.
- Meikle*, much, big, great, large.
- Meith*, limit; mark, Sign.
- Mends*, satisfaction, revenge, retaliation. To *make a Mends*, to make a grateful return.
- Mense*, discretion, sobriety, good breeding.
- Mensfon*, mannerly.
- Menzie*, company of men, army, assembly, one's followers.
- Messen*, a little dog, lap-dog.
- Midding*, a dunghill.
- Midges*,

Midges, gnats, little flies.

M-m, affectedly modest.

Min, aim, endeavour.

Mirk, dark.

Miscaw, to give names.

Mischance, misfortune.

Misken, to neglect or not take notice of one; also, let alone.

Misushous, malicious, rough.

Misters, necessities, wants.

Mivans, woollen gloves.

Mony, many.

Mools, the earth of the grave.

Mou, mouth.

Moup, to eat, generally used of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move fast, tho' they eat but slow.

Mow, a pile or hing, as of fuel, hay, sheaves of corn, &c.

Mows, jests.

Muckle, see *Meikle*.

Murgullied, mismanaged, abused.

Mutch, coif.

Mutchken, an English pint.

N A

N *Acky* or *knacky*, clever, active in small affairs.

Neese, nose.

Netle, to fret or vex.

Newfangle, fond of a new thing.

Nevel, a sound blow with the *Nive* or fist.

Nick, to bite or cheat.

Nicked, cheated; also as a cant word to drink heartily; as, *He nicks fine*.

Nist, next.

Nisser, to exchange or barter.

Niffnasan, trifling.

Nignays, trifles.

Nips, bits.

Nither, to straiten. *Nithered*, hungered or half starved in maintenance.

Nive, the fist.

Noik, notch or nick of an arrow or spindle.

Noit, see *Knoit*.

Nowt, cows, kine.

Nowther, neither.

Nuckle, new calv'd (cows.)

O E

O *E*, a grandchild.

O'er or *owre*, too much; as, *A' O'ers is Vice*.

O'ercome, superplus.

Ory, any.

O, sometimes used for *e'er*.

e'er or before. *Or day*,
i. e. before day break.
Ora, any thing over what's
 needful.
Orp, to weep with a con-
 vulsive pant.
Oughtlens, in the least.
Owk, week.
Owrlay, a cravat.
Owsen, oxen.
Owthir, either.
Oxter, the arm-pit.

P A

P*Addock*, a frog. *Pad-
 dock Ride*, the spawn
 of frogs.
Paiks, chastisement. *To
 paik*, to beat or belabour
 one soundly.
Pangs, to squeeze, press or
 pack one thing into ano-
 ther.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pawky, witty or fly in
 word or action, with-
 out any harm or bad
 designs.
Peer, a key or wharf.
Peets, turf for fire.
Pegh, to pant.
Penfy, finical, foppish, con-
 ceited.
Perquire, by heart.
Petr, a favourite, a fond-
 ling. *To pettle*, to
 dandle, feed, cherish,

flatter. Hence, to take
 the *Pett*, is to be peevish
 or fullen, as commonly
Petts are when in the
 least disobliged.
Pibroughs, such *Highland*
 tunes as are play'd on
 bag-pipes before them
 when they go out to
 battle.
Pig, an earthen pitcher.
Pike, to pick out, or chuse.
Pimpin, pimping, mean,
 scurvy.
Pine, pain or pining.
Pingle, to contend, strive
 or work hard.
Pirn, the spool or quill
 within the shuttle, which
 receives the yarn. *Pir-
 ny*, (cloth or a web)
 of unequal threads or co-
 lours, stripped.
Pith, strength, might, force.
Plack, two bodles, or the
 3d of a penny *English*.
Pople or *Paple*, the bub-
 ling, purling or boyling
 up of water. (*Popling*.)
Poortith, poverty.
Powny, a little horse or
 galloway; also a turkey.
Pouse, to push.
Poutch, a pocket.
Pratick, practice, art, stra-
 tagem. *Priving Pratick*,
 trying

R A

trying ridiculous experiments.

Prets, tricks, rogueries.

We say, *He plaid me a Pret*, i. e. cheated. *The Callan's fou of Prets*, i. e. has abundance of waggish tricks.

Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.

Prin, a pin.

Prive, to prove or taste.

Propine, gift or present.

Prym or *Prime*, to fill or stuff.

Putt a stane, throw a big stone.

Quey, a young cow.

R A

R*ackless*, careless. One who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackless banded*.

Rae, a roe.

Raffan, merry, roving, hearty.

Raird, a loud sound.

Rair, a roar.

Rak or *Rook*, a mist or fog.

Rampage, to speak and act furiously.

R I

Rashes, rushes.

Rave, did rive or tear.

Raught, reached.

Rax, to stretch. *Rax'd*, reached.

Ream, cream. Whence *Reaming*, as, *Reaming Liquor*.

Redd, to rid, unravel. To separate folks that are fighting. It also signifies clearing of any passage. *I'm redd*, I'm apprehensive.

Rede, counsel, advice; as, *I wad na rede ye to do that*.

Reek, reach; also smoak. *Reest*, to rust, or dry in the smoak.

Rest, bereft, robbed, forced or carried away.

Reif, rapine, robbery.

Reik or *Rink*, a course or race.

Rever, a robber or pirate.

Rew:b, pity.

Rice or *Rise*, bukushes, bramb'le-branches, or twigs of trees.

Rise or *Ryse*, plenty.

Rist, to belch.

Rigging, the back or rig-back, the top or ridge of a house.

Ripples, a weakness in the back.

S A

back and reins.
 Rock, a distaff.
 Roose or Ruse, to commend,
 extol.
 Roove, to rivet.
 Rottan, a rat.
 Roundel, a witty, and of
 ten satyrick kind of
 rhyme.
 Roman, rolling.
 Romt, to roar, especially
 the lowing of bulls and
 cows.
 Rowth, plenty.
 Ruck, a rick or stack of
 hay or corn.
 Rude, the red taint of the
 complexion.
 Ruefu, doleful.
 Rug, to pull, take away
 by force.
 Rurple, the rump.
 Rungs, small boughs of
 trees lopp'd off.
 Runkle, a wrinkle. Runc-
 kle, to ruffle.
 Rype, to search.

S A

S A beins, seeing it is
 Since.
 Saiklef, guiltless, free.
 Sam'd, blessed.
 Sall, shall. Like Soud for
 Should.
 Sand blind, pur-blind, short-
 sighted.

S H

Sar, favour or smell.
 Sank, a shirt.
 Saugh, a willow or fallow
 tree.
 Sam, an old saying, or
 proverbial expression.
 Scad, scald.
 Scar, the bare places on
 the sides of hills wa-
 shen down with rains.
 Scart, to scratch.
 Scawp, a bare, dry piece
 of stony ground.
 Scon, bread the country
 people bake over the
 fire, thinner and broader
 than a Banbock.
 Scomp, to leap or move
 hastily from one place
 to another.
 Scowth, toom, freedom.
 Scrimp, narrow, straitned,
 little.
 Scroggs, shrubs, thorns,
 briers. Scroggy, thorny.
 Scuds, ale. A late name
 given it by the benders.
 Scunner, to loath.
 Sell, self.
 Sauch, furrow, ditch.
 Sey, to try.
 Seybow, a young onion.
 Shan, pitiful, dily, poor.
 Sharn, cow's dung.
 Shaw, a wood or forrest.
 Shawl, shallow.
 Shamps,

S K

Shamps, empty husks.
Sheen, shining.
Shill, shrill, having a sharp sound.
Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloath, or clear liquor, *Shire*; also, a clever wag, a *shirelick*.
Shog, to wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.
Shool, shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to threaten.
Shorle, a drawer.
Sib, a kin.
Sin, such.
Sicker, firm, secure.
Sike, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in summer.
Siller, silver.
Sindle or *Sinle*, seldom.
Sinsyne, since that time.
Lang sinsyne, long ago.
Skail, to scatter.
Skair, share.
Skath, hurt, damage, loss.
Skigh, skiffish.
Skelf, shelt.
Skelp, to run. Used when one runs bare-foot. Also a small splinter of wood. It is to flog the hips.
Skiff, to move smoothly away.
Skink, a kind of strong broth made of cows

S M

hams or knuckles; also to fill drink in a cup.
Skirl, to shreik or cry with a shrill voice.
Sklate, slate, *Skailie*, is the fine blue slate.
Skowrie, ragged, nasty, idle.
Skreed, a rent.
Skybald, a tatterdemalion.
Skyt, fly out hastily.
Slade, or *Slaid*, did slide, moved, or made a thing move easily.
Slap, or *Slak*, a gap, or narrow pass between two hills. *Slap*, a breach in a wall.
Slack, smooth.
Sleet, a shower of half melted snow.
Sleg, to bedawb or plaister.
Slid, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, *he's a slid Lown*. *Slidry*, slippery.
Slippery, sleepy.
Stonk, a mire, ditch or slough; to wade thro' a mire.
Slote, a bar or bolt for a door.
Sleugh, husk or coat.
Smaik, a lilly little pitiful fellow; the same with *Smatchet*.
Smirk, smiling.
Smitile, infectious or catching.
Smoor,

Smoor, to smother.
Snack, nimble, ready, cliver.
Sned, to cut.
Sneer, to laugh in derision.
Sneg, to cut; as, *Sneg'd off at the web-end.*
Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm.
Snib, snub, check or reprove, correct.
Snifter, to snuff or breathe thro' the nose a little stopt.
Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight.
Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair.
Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; also, a pitiful grovling slave.
Snoove, to whirl round.
Snotter, snout.
Snurl, to ruffle or wrinkle.
Sod, a thick turf.
Sonsy, happy, fortunate, lucky; sometimes used for large and lusty.
Sore, sorrel, redish coloured.
Sorn, to sponge.
Soss, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground.
Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping.
Sowens, flumry, or oat-

meal sow'd amongst water for some time, then boil'd to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter.
Sowf, to conn over a tune on an instrument.
Spae, to foretel or divine.
Spaemen, prophets, augurs.
Spain, to wean from the breast.
Spair, a torrent, flood or inundation.
Spang, a jump; to leap or jump.
Spaul, shoulder, arm.
Speel, to climb.
Speer, to ask, inquire.
Spelder, to split, stretch, spread out, draw asunder.
Spence, the place of the house where provisions are kept.
Spill, to spoil, abuse.
Spoolie, spoil, booty, plunder.
Sprains, stripes of different colours.
Spring, a tune on a musical instrument.
Sprush, spruce.
Spruttl'd, speckled, spotted.
Spunk, tinder.
Stalwart, strong and valiant.

Stang, did sting; also a
 sting or pole.
Stank, a pool of standing
 water.
Stark, strong, robust.
Starns, the stars. **Starn**,
 a small moiety. We say,
Neiter a starn.
Stay, sleep; as, *set a stout
 heart to a stay brae*.
Steek, to shut, close.
Stegh, to cram.
Stend or **sten**, to move
 with a hasty long pace.
Stent, to stretch or extend.
Stipend, a benefice.
Stirk, a steer or bullock.
Stoit or **stot**, to rebound
 or reflect.
Stoor, rough, hoarse.
Stou, to cut or crop. *A
 stou*, a large cut or piece.
Stound, a smarting pain or
 flitch.
Stour, dust agitated by
 winds, men or horse
 feet. *To stour*, to run
 quickly.
Stowth, stealth.
Strapan, clever, tall, hand-
 some.
Strath, a plain on a river-
 side.
Streek, to stretch.
Striddle, to stride, applied
 commonly to one that's
 little.

Strinkle, to sprinkle or
 straw.
Stroot or **strute**, stuff'd full,
 drunk.
Strunt, a pett. *To take
 the strunt*, to be petted
 or out of humour.
Studdy, an anvil, or smith's
 stithy.
Sturdy, giddyheaded. *It.
 strong*.
Sture or **stoor**, stiff, strong,
 hoarse.
Sturt, trouble, disturbance,
 vexation.
Stym, a blink, or a little
 fight of a thing.
Saddle, to sully or defile.
Sumph, blockhead.
Sunkan, spleenatick.
Sunkots, something.
Swak, to throw, cast with
 force.
Swankies, clever young
 fellows.
Swarf, to swoon away.
Swash, squat, fuddled.
Swatch, a pattern.
Swats, small ale.
Swecht, burden, weight,
 force.
Smeer, lazy, slow.
Sweeties, confections.
Swelt, suffocated, choked
 to death.
Swith, begun quickly.
Swish

Swither, to be doubtful
whether to do this or
that.

Syne, afterwards, then.

T A

Tackel, an arrow.

Taid, toad.

Tane, taken.

Tap, a head. Such a quan-
tity of lint as spinsters
put upon the distaff, is
called a *lint-tap*.

Tape, to use any thing
sparingly.

Tappet hen, the Scots
quart-stoup.

Tarrow, to refuse what we
love, from a cross hu-
mour.

Tartan, cross striped stuff,
of various colours,
checker'd. The high-
land plaids.

Tass, a little dram-cup.

Tate, a small lock of hair,
or any little quantity of
wool, cotton, &c.

Taunt, to mock.

Tawpy, a foolish wench.

Taz, a whip or scourge.

Ted, to scatter, spread.

Tee, a little earth on which
gamesters at the *Gowf*
set their balls before they
strike them off.

Teen or *synd*, anger, rage,

sorrow.

Teet, to peep out.

Tensome, the number of
ten.

Tent, attention. *Tenty*,
cautious.

Thack, thatch.

Thae, those.

Tharmes, small tripes.

Theek, to thatch.

Trig, to beg or borrow.

Thir, these.

Thole, to endure, suffer.

Thow, thaw.

Thowless, unactive, silly,
lazy, heavy.

Thrawart, froward, cross,
crabbed.

Thrawin, stern and cross-
grain'd.

Threep or *threap*, to aver,
alledge, urge and affirm
boldly.

Thrimal, to press or squeez
through with difficulty.

Thud, a blast, blow, storm,
or the violent sound of
these. *Cry'd hey at ilka*

Thud, i. e. Gave a groan
at every blow.

Tid, tide or time, proper
time; as, *he took the tid*.

Tist, good order, health.

Tine, to lose. *Tint*, lost.

Tinsel, loss.

Tip or *tippony*, ale sold for

two

T Y

twopence the Scots pint.
Tirle or *tirr*, to uncover a
 house.
Tit, sister.
Tocher, portion, dowry.
Tod, a fox.
Tooly, to fight. A fight or
 quarrel.
Toom, empty, applied to a
 barrel, purse, house, &c.
It. to empty
Tosh, tight, neat.
Tosi, warm, pleasant, half
 fuddled.
To the fore, in being, alive,
 unconsumed.
Touse or *tousle*, to rumple,
 teeze.
Tout, the sound of a horn
 or trumpet.
Tow, a rope.
Towmond a year or twelve-
 month.
Trewes, hose and breeches
 all of a piece.
Trig, neat, handsome.
Troke, exchange.
True, to trow, trust, be-
 lieve.
Truf, steal.
Tryst, appointment.
Turs, turfs. *Turs*, trufs.
Twin, to part with, or se-
 parate from.
Twitch, touch.
Twinters, sheep of two
 years old.

W A

Tydie, plump, fat, lucky.
Tynd, vid. *Teen*.
Tyst, to entice, stir up, al-
 lure.
 U A G
UGg, to detest, hate,
 nauseate.
Ugsome, hateful, nauseous.
Ummhile, the late, or de-
 ceased sometime ago. Of
 old.
Undocht or *Wandocht*, a fil-
 ly weak person.
Uneith, not easy.
Ungeard, naked, not clad,
 unharnessed.
Unko or *unco*, uncouth,
 strange.
Unlusum, unlovely.
Vougy, elevated, proud.
Wad or *Wed*, pledge, wa-
 ger, pawn; also, would.
Waff, wandring by itself.
Wak, moist, wet.
Wale, to pick and chuse.
Walop, to move swiftly
 with much agitation.
Wally, chosen, beautiful,
 large.
Wame, womb.
Wandought, want of
 dought, impotent.
Wangrace, wickedness,
 want of grace.
War, worse.
Warlock, wizard.
Wat or *Wit*, to know.
Waucht.

W I

Waught, a large draught.
Wee, little.
Wean or *wee ane*, a child.
Ween, thought, imagined, supposed.
Weer, to stop or oppose.
Weir, war.
Weird, fate or destiny.
Weir, rain.
Wersh, insipid, wallowish, wanting salt.
Whauk, whip, beat, flog.
Whid, to fly quickly.
Whilk, which.
Whilly, to cheat. *Whilly-wha*, a cheat.
Whindging, whining.
Whins, furze.
Whisht, hush. Hold your peace.
Whisk, to pull out hastily.
Whomilt, turn'd upside down.
Wight, stout, clever, active.
Item, a man or person.
Wimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river.
Win or *Won*, to reside, dwell.
Winna, will not.
Winnocks, windows.
Winsom, gaining, desirable, agreeable, *complete*, large.
Worrykorn, a bug-bear or

Y U

Wisent, parch'd, dry'd, wither'd.
Wistle, to exchange (money)
Withershins, motion against the sun.
Woo or *W*, wool.
Wood, mad.
Woody, the gallows.
Wordy, worthy.
Wow! wonderful! strange!
Wreaths, of snow, when heaps of it are blown together by the wind.
Wyssing, inclining. To *wyse*, to lead, train.
Wyson, the gullet.
Wyt, to blame. Blame.

Y A

Y Amph, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs.
Yap, hungry, having a longing desire for any thing ready.
Yealton, yea wilt thou.
Yed, to contend, wrangle.
Yeld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk.
Yerk, to do any thing with celerity.
Yesk, the hiccup.
Yett, gate.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Youdith, youthfulness.
Yowden, wearied.
Yowf, a swinging blow.
Yuke, the itch.





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